

Chapter 1 – Return

Ministry of Magic, 9th Floor, Department of Mysteries

Deep within the Ministry of Magic, 9th floor, Department of Mysteries, 3 people are seated in the office of the Head of the Unspeakables.

"So, the internationals got involved?"

"Yes. The other countries are getting restless with the problem of you-know-who. Now that the prophecy leaked out... he knows that he cannot be killed other than Harry Potter. However, after the boy disappeared 2 years ago after the tri-wizard tournament, he is now steadily enlarging his army and we can't do anything about it."

"Supposedly, one of them is the youngest unspeakable in history."

Not much is known about the Unspeakables of the Department of Mysteries. The public is told that they are highly trained individuals that perform researches about magic and its origin, which common wizards and witches can't possibly imagine. What the general public doesn't know is that there are two branches in the DoM. There's the Research and Development, and there's the 'other'.

The Unspeakables is like the CIA in the U.S., or like the MI-6 in Britain. The 'other' group handle cases that the DMLE's aurors can't. These are usually highly sensitive cases that involve other countries and /or require stealth, speed and efficiency. There are normally 10-12 teams in a department and each team are composed of some of the strongest, smartest and most skilled wizards and witches in the world. The teams are numbered from the ranking of the team members, so the higher that ranking of the members, the lower the team number.

The three people, one woman and two men, are silently sitting in the Head of the Unspeakables office sipping their tea, whispering with

each other occasionally. All of a sudden, a flash of fire erupted in front of them and three hooded individuals appeared amongst them with a phoenix on one of the person's shoulder.

The sudden appearance caused the woman sitting in the room, to yelp and drop her teacup causing it to shatter on the floor. One of the hooded individuals waved his hand and the teacup repaired itself and flew on the table.

"T-thank you." The woman who dropped the tea said. She cleared her throat and continued, "and thank you for coming on such short notice. I am Amelia Bones, Britain's Minister of Magic. These are Kingsley Shacklebolt, Head of Department of Magical Law Enforcement, and John Handel, Head of this Ministry's Unspeakables."

The three hooded people just nodded, while the phoenix took off and disappeared in a flash of fire. Amelia Bones continued, "This room is magically sealed and is impenetrable. Following Unspeakable protocol #7, no information discussed here will ever be repeated again. With that, Can I have your Unspeakable Informations and qualifications?"

As soon as she outstretched her hand, the phoenix appeared again with three sealed envelopes in its mouth. She landed on the table and dropped the envelopes in front of the minister. She trilled happily and took and landed on one of the hooded person's shoulder.

Amelia tapped the seal of each envelope which sizzled and slowly disappeared. She then took out the parchments and laid them in front of her and her colleagues to study them. The three hooded ones just stood across the desk silently, as they watched them read their backgrounds, citations and accomplishments.

"I-is t-this true?" She mused out loud, as she reread the three parchments in front of her.

Japanese Ministry Of Magic – Department of Magical Law Enforcement

Unspeakable Team 2

Unspeakable: Chameleon – Team 2's scout

Ranking:

Combat

-Offence: 9

-Defense: 9

Stealth

-Camouflage: 13

-Tracking: 9

-Transportation: 10 (Able to Shadow Stalk – Shadow Mage)

Support

-Healing: 8

-Wards: 8

Tactical Intelligence

-Adaptability: 9

-Leadership: 7

Personal Information

Sex: Female

Height?

Weight?

Age: 23

Eye Color?

Shadow Mage Class 3

-under Master Fujiwara – Japan

N.E.W.T.S.

Defence – Master

Transfiguration – Master

Charms – O

Potions – O

Herbology – A

Healing – O

History of Magic – A

Care for Magical Creatures – A

Astrology – A

Training

-Auror

-High-Auror

-HitWizard

-Ninja

-Shadow Mage

Unspeakable: Talons – Team 2's support specialist

Ranking:

Combat

-Offence: 10

-Defense: 10

Stealth

-Camouflage: 7

-Tracking: 8

-Transportation: 10 (Silent Apparition)

Support

-Healing: 15

-Wards: 11

Tactical Intelligence

-Adaptability: 9

-Leadership: 8

Personal Information

Sex: Female

Height:5'6

Weight:130 pounds

Age: 20

Eye Color: Pale Blue

Light Mage Class 2

-under Mistress S. Marie – France

N.E.W.T.S.

Defence – Master

Transfiguration – O

Charms – O

Potions – Master

Herbology – O

Healing – Master

History of Magic – O

Care for Magical Creatures – O

Astrology – O

Training

- Auror

- High-Auror

- HitWizard

- Healer

- Light Mage

Japan Unspeakable Team 2 - Leader

Unspeakable: Noxious – Team 2's Tactical Commander

Ranking:

Combat

- Offence: 11

- Defense: 11

Stealth

- Camouflage: 10

- Tracking: 9

-Transportation: 11 (Silent Apparition)

Support

-Healing: 6

-Wards: 10

Tactical Intelligence

-Adaptability: 11

-Leadership: 13

Personal Information

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11

Weight: 150 pounds

Age: 16

Eye Color: Emerald Green

War Mage Class 1

-under Master – North American Alliance

N.E.W.T.S.

Defence – Master

Transfiguration – Master

Charms – Master

Potions – O

Herbology – A

Healing – O

History of Magic – P

Care for Magical Creatures – O

Astrology – A

Training

-Auror

-High-Auror

-HitWizard

-Battlestaff Warrior

-War Mage

Team 2 additional information

-Multi-lingual (English, Japanese, French, Chinese, Spanish, German, Russian and Gobbledegook)

-Youngest Unspeakable Team in history.

-Any additional information – optional for individuals

Experience:

Italy: Capture of Italian Dark Wizard (Montacelli)

Spain: Stopped the Spanish Civil war. Captured opposing leader (Bastardo)

France: Killed French Dark Wizard (Jacque Duex) and his minions.

United States: Killed Vampire Lord (Vincent)

Japan: Stopped the invasion of the South East Asia's werewolf colony in the battle of Osaka.

The three were speechless for a while. John Handel was the one that recovered first. "S-s-sixteen? And a tactical c-c-commander?"

"Yes sir." One of the hooded people answered.

The Head of the Unspeakables stood up and went around the desk to stand in front of Team 2. "Can I see your badges?"

They nodded and waved their hands over their cloaks. Their badges appeared with their names, along with different colored bars, 3 stars and a French Legion of Honor medal on their cloaks. This left the three onlookers speechless again.

"Y-you all received the French L-I-legion of Honors?" Kingsley asked.

The person that has 'Nox' above his badge stepped forward, "Yes sir. We each received one after Killing the French Dark Wizard, Jacque Duex and his followers."

"What about the stars?" John asked as his surprised was replaced by curiosity.

The next hooded person that has 'Tal' on her badge stepped forward

and stood beside 'Nox', "Zat is the Japanese version of ze Order of Merlin. However, there are no 1st, 2nd or 3rd class."

"I see... I guess it's understandable... you did study under the tutelage of legendary individuals... Japan's national hero, Master Fujiwara and his infamous shadow mage abilities... France's Mistress Sofie Marie, 5 time winner of the Legion of Honor medal herself... and Legend himself, Master Grant Jefferson from the North American Alliance..." John mused out loud, as he scratched his chin.

Minister Amelia Bones cleared her throat to gain everyone's attention. "Now, that we have seen your qualifications, tell us about your mission here." She said, as she tried to get everyone in track.

The hooded person named 'Cami' stepped up to the table and produced a folder. She handed it to the minister. She then stepped back and stood with the rest of Team 2.

The minister, Kingsley and Handel crowded around the file and started to read the report. They read through it and then frowned. "I see the extensive report you have on v-vol... you-know-who and his death eaters and their children, but why are there reports on Headmaster Dumbledore here too?" Amelia asked.

"We have reasons to believe that we should watch out for the headmaster. We don't know where his loyalties are. I believe that he is playing a dangerous game with voldemort that may put the students in the school in danger." 'Nox' answered.

"And what reasons are those?" Kingsley Shacklebolt asked, outraged.

"I can't discuss these reasons right now... for now I will explain our plan." He answered. "We have intelligence reports that tell us that Voldemort's forces are getting bigger and bigger. We believe that he is planning a massive attack on Hogwarts to show the world that no

one can stand up against him. Not even the so called 'Leader of the Light'." He paused and watched the three people sit in contemplation. Amelia nodded and waved her hand towards him telling him to continue. "We will infiltrate the school as professors, this way we can watch Dumbledore and provide extra protection to the school when Voldemort does decide to attack."

"Looking at your N.E.W.T.S. here, you three can teach almost all the classes in the school, so which classes do you plan on teaching? I don't believe they have a lot of open positions right now in Hogwarts." The minister asked, looking down at their NEWTS.

"We'll be teaching DADA... that school never really had a decent professor. Lockhart... a death eater that just kept showing the students how to cast the unforgivables... and last year I heard some toad faced woman who tortured the students with a blood quill... only decent one I can remember was Professor Lupin. " 'Nox' answered.

"How do you know so much about the school?" Kingsley asked.

'Nox' laughed and answered, "From personal experience..." He paused and then continued. "I will become the professor and 'Cami' and 'Tal' will be my assistant professors."

Amelia opened a drawer, pulled out some parchments and turned towards the three. "I have the employment contracts here. What aliases are you going to use?" She asked.

"We won't be using aliases. We will use our real names." 'Cami' answered.

"Okay, so what is your name so I can process these tonight." Amelia asked as she dipped her quill in ink.

"Before we tell our names, we will add to our personal information." She said. "I'm a metamorphagus, that's why most of my personal info

are ? because they were not sure and was assigned my call name 'Chameleon'. I was also an ex-auror of the DMLE under the former head, Madame Amelia Bones and was trained by ex-auror 'Mad-eye' Moody."

Amelia and Kingsley was looking at her with strange expressions. She started to laugh and lowered her hood, showing off her shoulder length, bubblegum pink hair, her cute, heart-shaped face and pink eyes. " Nymphadora Tonks, well just Tonks." She said.

The quill dropped from Amelia's trembling hand. Kingsley fell off his chair, while John was sitting there with an amused expression on his face.

"T-t-tonks?" Kingsley asked, his voice trembling, not believing what he was seeing.

She smiled at him and nodded. "Hey shack, how have you been?"

"Oh Tonks!" Amelia yelled as she crossed around the table and hugged the metamorphagus, with tears in her eyes.

She patted the minister's back "Hey Madame Bones. I missed you too." After a while she pushed her back a little, "We need to finish this meeting ma'am."

Amelia gave her a weak smile, nodded and went back to her seat across the table. She picked up the quill on the floor and happily wrote Tonk's information on the contract. She stamped it and put it away. She then turned back to the group and nodded.

'Tal' stepped forward. "I'm the Under 18 duel champion of Beauxbatons. I was also their tri-wizard champion. And I'm part veela and was assigned my call name 'Talons' by Mistress Marie – since I transform to a giant bird of prey." She said as she took off her hood, showing off her long and flowing, platinum blond hair, her beautiful

face and pale blue eyes. "Fleur Delacour, support specialist of Team 2."

"Ms. D-D-Delacour?" Amelia asked.

"Oui." She smiled and nodded.

"Y-you disappeared that night... along with..." She stopped and stared at the only hooded person left, her heart beating fast. Kingsley looked at her and followed her gaze. He stared at the hooded person called 'Noxious', then understanding came to him and his heart also started to beat faster.

'Nox' laughed. "I'm the youngest seeker of the century. I faced Voldemort four times in my life already. I was Hogwarts's 4th tri-wizard champion and the winner the tri-wizard tournament. I killed a basilisk in 2nd year with the sword of Gryffindor. I'm also part metamorphagus and part veela. I'm not really sure why Grant assigned me with 'Noxious'..." He said as he slowly took off his hood. For the three people watching him the time stopped.

'There he is... Black messy hair... Bright green eyes... and the... the... scar!' Amelia thought.

"Harry James Potter." He finished.

Amelia fainted, along with Kingsley. John fell off his chair and stared at the three people standing before him. His face was white and his breathing was fast and shallow. Harry stepped up to him and pulled him up to his chair, while Tonks and Fleur 'Ennervated' Kingsley and Amelia.

"You lot okay?" Harry asked.

The three stared at him blankly and nodded, with their mouths still open. Harry, Fleur and Tonks laughed before conjuring chairs for

themselves and sat down. Harry lazily waved his hand and three cups of tea appeared in front of them. They each grabbed one and started to drink them, waiting for the three 'adults' to compose themselves.

"H-Ha... Mr. Potter?" Amelia asked still lightheaded.

"Mmmhmmm." He answered as he drank his tea. "Please call me Harry."

"Ha-Harry... What happened... W-where..." She tried but couldn't finish her questions.

"Madame Bones, once again I'm sorry, but that story is for another time." He stared directly in her eyes, waiting. She then reluctantly nodded her head. "Now, I have to go to Gringotts, and meet with Ragnok. He invited us for tea, when we told him we're coming."

"But, goblins don't drink tea." Kingsley pointed out.

"Well, yeah... but I kind of introduced him to it and it turned out that he liked it." He said as he absentmindedly scratched his head.

John, Amelia and Kingsley all laughed and nodded at them. "Alright, we'll meet again tomorrow and discuss your employment requirements." Amelia said.

"Alright, just owl me the time and the place tonight. Fleur, Nym." He said as he offered the girls his hands, they take took instantly. He wrapped his arms around their shoulders and they snuggled at his sides.

Kingsley raised his eyebrow at this and asked, "Nym?"

Harry chuckled as he paused just before walking out of the room, "Well I gave her that nickname after the three of us went on our first

date." With that, he walked out the door and left.

Amelia looked at him, "I thought she hated nicknames as much as her actual name?"

Kingsley laughed at her, "Well, I thought you should only date one girl at a time." After this the three in the room erupted in laughter.

'I can't believe it... The wizarding world's only hope just walked in and out of this room.' Amelia thought as she wiped some tears of laughter from her eyes.

"To think that a 16 year old could accomplish so much... our fates are resting on that young man's shoulder." John Handel, head of Britain's 'other' unspeakables, mused out loud.

A/N: I got the name Chameleon, Cami, from Lordddwar's amazing fic, The Summer of Change.

Chapter 2 – The phoenix

Ministry of Magic, Minister's waiting room

Harry, Nym and Fleur were once again in their Unspeakable's uniform. Deep green cloaks and hoods, just like yesterday. They stood in front of the minister's secretary, waiting for her to allow them entry.

"She just finished her meeting. You could proceed inside now." She said as she let go a small orb on her desk.

The three nodded and walked up to the door. The door suddenly opened and a very angry Narcissa Malfoy walked out. Harry quickly looked to the ground, hoping that she wouldn't be able to see his face. Not like he needed to, their Unspeakable hoods come with charms that don't allow people to completely see your face, but enough so it wouldn't be suspicious. She pushed past them and they heard her mutter something that sounded like 'No respect'.

The three shrugged and went inside the office. Inside they saw a distraught minister writing furiously on a parchment. She looked up and set down the quill with a 'Huff'.

"Bad day?" Harry asked as he waved his hand and placed Silencing, locking and other anti-eavesdropping wards he knew, and lowered his hood. The two girls followed suit and placed their cloaks on the back of the chairs they conjured.

"Mrs. Malfoy thought she could bribe and bully me to release her death eater husband from Azkaban." She said as she rubbed her temples. She heard chuckling so she opened her eyes to see. "What?"

Harry stopped chuckling, but couldn't stop the smile on his face, "Nothing, it's just that it's so nice to have a competent minister of

magic for a change." She too started to laugh, along with the two girls on his side.

"Thank you, Harry." She sat up straight and placed 3 parchments on the desk in front of them. "These are your employment contracts for Hogwarts. Harry, you'll be teaching DADA as a professor, and Tonks and Ms. Delacour will be your professor assistants. However, I didn't set up anything for your suites because I wish for you to decide now."

The three looked at each other and smiled, "Madame Bones, we've been sleeping in the same bed for a year now, so I don't see any reason to change that now..."

She laughed and wrote something on each parchment, "I thought as much." She looked at him quizzically, "Harry, something's been nagging me after you left yesterday... What did you mean by you being part metamorph and part veela?"

"I mean just that. I'm a part metamorphagus and part veela. I've only discovered it recently, but I'm developing my talents fast. I can't morph my entire body yet, but I can alter most of it. Also, I've already learned to control my veela charm, but controlling fire is still difficult." He explained. "Fleur and Nym have been helping me tremendously." He added as he squeezed the girls' shoulders.

Amelia was surprised, "Veela charm? Male veelas have the veela charm?"

"Well, I don't really know... Fleur said I am the first male veela she's ever heard of in the last 100 years so I'm not sure. However, I am sure that I have the 'ability'." As soon as he finished he blasted her with the charm.

All of a sudden Amelia was caught by something that made her look at the boy across the table. Her mouth fell open as she watched his raven hair being blown slightly by some unknown wind, his crimson

lips becoming more and more enticing and his brilliant emerald eyes, seemingly drawing her to fall into its depths.

Harry saw the minister's face get a blank look and her mouth opened. He saw her eyes daze over and just stared back at him hungrily. He smirked inwardly, 'To think, I can enthrall the minister of magic...' He was suddenly brought out of his thoughts when someone grabbed him, threw him on the floor on his back and straddled him. He was suddenly engulfed in a passionate kiss, and he lost himself on the familiar lips 'soft and sweet' and the familiar scent, 'subtle and fruity' 'Mmm Nym' he thought. They were interrupted by a laughter that came from Fleur. They broke the kiss and sat up on the floor. They noticed the minister blink, once, twice and then started to blush.

He stood up and quickly pulled Nym up off the floor. He then smiled sheepishly and scratched the back of his head. "Errr... sorry about that Amelia."

"W-well... I-I-I wa-wasn't ex-expecting that." She stuttered as she closed her eyes to try to compose herself, since she could feel her cheeks burning.

"Arry, I think you broke her." The French native said cheekily.

"You do know you are in my office, right? The minister of magic?" Amelia asked as she scowled at her playfully when she regained composure. They all started to laugh, but were interrupted by an eruption of fire and a phoenix landed on Harry's lap.

"Fawkes? What have you got for me there?" Harry said as he took off the letter from her beak, placed it in his robes and absently started to pet the phoenix. The phoenix then took off with another flash, the bird disappeared.

"Fawkes? I thought he was Dumbledore's familiar?" Amelia asked surprised.

"Phoenixes only bond with honorable people. Two days after we left, he suddenly appeared in my room and bonded with me... the fact that his phoenix abandoned him..." He trailed off.

Her face turned from shock, to serious and she looked intently into Harry's eyes, after a while she nodded, "Since you suspect something of Dumbledore, I made it so that he can't have access to your contracts, until you personally hand it in to him during the opening ceremony on Sept. 1st. We did inform him however, that the Department of Magical Education chose a DADA professor for this year."

He smirked at her, "So, he only finds out who his next professor is right before introducing us? That means he can't decline since school already started and it's too late for a new professor..." He thought out loud. "My, my minister... how very slytherin of you."

She laughed at the comment, "You need to be a little slytherin to hold this position." She stood up and held their contracts for them to take.

The three stood up and took their respective contracts. The three of them huddled together and discussed something. All of a sudden they all started to laugh. Amelia watched this with amusement, as she felt herself smile.

"Harry that's brilliant!" Nym exclaimed as she gave him a big hug and a quick peck on the lips.

"Yes, Arry, I agree. That's very sneaky of you." Fleur as she also gave him a kiss on the lips.

"Well, being a son of a Marauder and being with people like Fred and George, rubs on you after a while." He said and fresh laughter erupted from the three.

"Tonks, can I talk to you for a second?" Amelia interrupted.

Nym wiped the tears from her eyes from laughing too much. "Sure." She walked away from her boyfriend and 'sister' and walked up to her former boss.

"Tonks, are you sure about this?" Amelia asked, tilting her head towards Harry and Fleur tickling each other on the floor. "I mean his only 16, and you're 23 now?"

Nym sighed, "We've talked about it. And all three of us agree that the age difference doesn't really matter. We love him, and he loves us." She narrowed her eyes at the other woman, "So, yes I'm sure."

She smiled at her apologetically, "I'm not trying to criticize you and your relationship. All I want is for you to be happy, and I can see that you are. I'm happy for you, I remember your troubles with men when you were still under me, and to see you happy because of one makes me happy too." She said as she placed a hand on her shoulder. "All I was saying is that you know people will talk. How will you react to that? People will criticize you because of your age."

Tonks didn't answer right away, instead she turned to watch the two giggling figures on the floor. "I'm not worried about that. I'm more worried for him though. Throughout his whole life he was under scrutiny by the public, that's what he was so happy about when we disappeared. Well that, and spending a lot of time with us." She said with a smile.

"Well he has you and her by his side, I believe that is all he needs." Amelia said and nodded. "Alright, you guys can leave. You're going to ruin my office." She scolded them playfully.

Harry pulled the still giggling Fleur up and smiled sheepishly at the minister. "I'm sorry." The three wore their cloaks and pulled their hoods up.

"Thank you, Madame Bones." Harry extended his hand towards her.

She shook his hand. "Harry, it was my pleasure, please visit me anytime. And by the way, please call me Amelia."

She watched as the three cancelled the spells in the room and walked out. She sat back down and sat on her chair still staring at the door. A smile appeared on her face, 'This is going to be an interesting year for Susan' she thought and then went back to signing some papers that were on her desk.

Somewhere in England, Voldemort's Headquarters

"Wormtail!" A pale, snake-looking faced, with glowing red eyes and slits for nostrils shouted.

Somewhere from the shadows, short, stubby, rat faced man appeared, and bowed low and was shivering in fear. "Y-y-yes, L-lord Vol-Voldemort?"

Voldemort looked down at him with disgust, "What news from the ministry?"

"None much your Lord. The newest information we have is that the Ministry of Magical Education assigned a new Defence Professor in Hogwarts." The rat-faced man answered.

"Defence Professor? Who is he? What do you know about him?" Voldemort asked.

Wormtail was now shaking even more. He was scared for his life. 'I don't know anything about the new professor. All the files were gone, even the contracts.' He thought as sweat started to form on his face. "N-n-none s-so f-f-far, m-my L-lord." He stuttered out.

"You don't know anything about him?" Voldemort asked in a dangerous tone. "Then, what were you doing the whole time?" He quickly drew his wand and pointed it at the shaking man in front of him. 'Crucio' He hissed. The red beam hit Wormtail on the chest. He screamed in pain, as he convulsed on the floor. Voldemort broke the curse, and watched in disgust as the convulsing man laid in front of him is now bathing in urine. The rat-faced man, shakily stood up, dripping. "Wormtail, be useful next time." He said as he waved his hand and the urine disappeared. "Now, Leave!"

Wormtail scurried away quickly, and promised himself he will do everything never to anger his lord again.

'A new DADA professor? What are you planning old fool?' He thought. "Severus!" he yelled.

The potions master appeared in front of him and bowed down. "Yes, my lord?"

"I hear that there will be a new Defense Professor this year at Hogwarts, I want you to watch this new professor for me. And you'll report everything to me." He ordered.

"As you wish my lord. However, I don't think it will cause concern. That school haven't had a decent DADA professor for 6 years. I should've been it, but Dumbledore doesn't trust me teaching about the dark arts." Snape sneered.

"Severus, I never asked for your opinion. 'Crucio'" Voldemort hissed. He watched in amusement as the potions master writhed and screamed in pain. After a minute he released the curse, and the only thing that can be heard is the panting of the man on the floor. "Now, Leave!" He commanded.

Snape shakily stood up, painfully bowed down and silently walked out the room, wincing with every step. As soon as he was out the

door, he collapsed on the floor because of the pain. He laid there, just waiting for the pain to subside just a little so he can reach in his robes and drink his pain reliever potion.

When the pain subsided, he drew a vial from his robes and emptied it in his mouth in one gulp. He waited for the pain to completely disappear from his body before he stood up and walked down the hallway. 'New Professor? Who is it? I never heard anything from Dumbledore...' He thought.

Grimmauld Place, London

Sirius Black, Harry Potter's godfather, was suddenly awoken from his sleep on the couch, when Harry followed by, Fleur, then Nym walked out of the fireplace.

"Hey pup, how was your day?" He said as he rubbed his eyes.

"It was great! We just came from a dinner and dance restaurant in Diagon Alley. We actually got kicked out because Nym here got sloshed and made a complete fool of herself." He said as he held her upright, while Fleur started to giggle.

"She is a Black after all." He said and they laughed.

"Stop it...Sorry Sirius, I'm going to take this one upstairs." He said laughing, since Nym was now starting to lick his neck. He then picked her up and led Fleur upstairs as Nym snuggled into his chest.

He watched The three retreating upstairs, laughing and giggling, with an amused expression. 'Two beautiful girls at the same time? James you would be so proud...' As he also got up and followed them upstairs and going to his room.

As soon as Harry got back to England, he went straight to Sirius. He explained his plans and retold him about the life he lived while he

was gone. Told him about their training, their masters, their missions and of course how they fell in love. At first Sirius didn't believe it, who would? His sixteen year old godson is an unspeakable, and supposedly stopped Dark Lords around the world... but then he showed him things, things that shouldn't even be possible. Did wandless magic casually around the house. He would also start playing with the fire in the fireplace with his hands, and Tonks would just disappear all of a sudden and appear in a dark spot in the room. Slowly, his disbelief turned into curiosity and then turned into pride. He was proud of him, being able to accomplish all the things he did. That and also the fact that he was able to get two beautiful women to love him. 'Lucky Sod...' He thought before he extinguished the lamp beside his bed and to sleep.

In another room in the house...

"Mmmmm..." Fleur moaned as Harry gently sucked on her left nipple. They on their queen size bed, with Nym passed out beside them. Fleur had her hands tangled in his hair as he lavished her breasts. He then proceeded to keep going down trailing kisses as he moved and paused to lick her navel.

He slowly pulled her lace knickers down and kissed the exposed flesh. 'Mmmm... Arry.' She moaned as he teased her by kissing around her folds. He then grabbed her derriere and squeezed them, making her squeal in delight. Hearing this snapped something in him, something took over him and he hungrily kissed, licked and nipped her folds.

He slid three fingers in her as he caught her clit in his lips and sucked on it. She was now moaning loudly as the pleasure coursed through her body. Her thighs clenched on his head, as he pumped his fingers in her, while he licked her sensitive bulb of nerves.

She started to pant and Harry knew she was close to climax. He quickened his pace and felt her thrusting back on his fingers. "Oh...

Oh... Arry..." She panted out. He felt her suddenly pause and knew what was about to happen. He quickly covered her wet entrance with his mouth and he roughly shoved his middle finger in her asshole. The sudden sensation of the penetration pushed her over the edge and climaxed into an earth-shattering orgasm with a scream. Her whole body shook as the waves of pleasure coursed through every nerve in her body.

Harry greedily lapped the fluids coming out of her honey pot, and felt her clenching and unclenching on the finger in her ass. He waited for her body to stop shaking, he swallowed the fluids in his mouth, retrieved his finger and moved up to kiss her.

She tasted herself in his mouth as she slid her tongue in his mouth and massaged his, his body pressed completely over her. When they broke the kiss for air, "Mon Dieu Arry, that was amazing, you were amazing." She whispered in his ear as she tried to catch her breath.

Harry just laid there on top of her, but didn't put his entire weight on her so she could catch her breath. After a couple of minutes, she finally recovered from the unbelievable orgasm, he just gave her. She felt him poking her thigh, so she rolled them over so she ended up on top and grabbed his member and started to stroke it.

He groaned in pleasure as her small, soft hands stroked him in long, firm strokes, while she kissed, licked and nipped his ear, jawline, throat, collar bone and chest. She started to move down to reciprocate what he did for her, but he stopped her.

She looked at him quizzically, "No, not tonight love. I want this night to be all about you." He said softly.

She looked into his eyes for a moment and saw the sincerity and all the love he had for her, she gave him a small smile and nodded. She positioned herself over him and slowly lowered herself, her eyes fluttering shut as she relished the feeling of him penetrating her,

filling her, making her feel complete.

Harry and Fleur made love all through the night and very early morning, until Fleur collapsed on him after another orgasm surged through her. He wrapped his arms around her and held her tightly as she rested her head on his chest and heard and felt his steady heart beat against her cheek. It was comforting, made her feel safe, and it made her happy since she knew that the same heart was beating for her.

Harry broke the silence since he was confused about something, "Fleur, when we were doing it... it felt like something took over me... made me better... and I didn't get tired at all..."

"Arry, veelas are sexual by nature. Therefore, instinctively your veela part will come out. This will enhance your endurance and you'll become sexually empathic, meaning you'll be able to tell what your partner desires and you'll do it. You did everything I wanted you to do. This means that every time you sleep with a someone... It'll be the best sex of their lives."

"Oh... okay." He said, still a little bit confused because there was doubt in her eyes. "Hey" He said as he cupped her face. "There are only two women in this world this male veela want to give the best sex to... Well, one right now, since the other one is piss drunk and passed out... and I am holding her right now. " She chuckled and smiled.

"I love you." He whispered as he kissed the top of her head.

"I love you too." She whispered back and kissed his chest right above his heart.

She felt him shift under her a little. She looked up to see what he was doing, and smiled as she realized what it was. Harry leaned over Nym and gave her a peck on the lips.

"I love you." He whispered in her ear.

"Mmm... I love you too." She mumbled back as she sleepily draped an arm over the two.

Harry and Fleur exchanged glances and smiled. After a while they too fell asleep.

The next morning the three walked down the stairs happily. They walked in the kitchen and sat around the table. Harry immediately started to make breakfast, since it was decided that they will let him do it since none of them could cook.

The three sat in a comfortable silence as they ate their toast and eggs. After they were done, Fleur waved her hand over the table and the plates, glasses and utensils washed, and dried themselves and stacked neatly on top of each other. Tonks then walked to the teapot and poured themselves tea.

They sat there talking about the day ahead as they drank tea, when an owl swooped down. It placed the Daily Prophet in front of Harry on the table. He took it off the owl's leg. He gave it a knut and an owl treat and watched as it bobbed its head once and took off.

Fleur and Nym were talking to each other when they heard a 'CRASH'. They both looked at once and saw Harry staring at the newspaper in his hands, his mug broken to pieces on the floor.

Nym noticed the pale complexion on his face as she saw his eyes growing wider as his eyes scanned over the paper. "Harry? What is it?"

"We need to go Diagon Alley now!"

Chapter 3 – Burrow

Weasley Wizarding Wheezes, Diagon Alley

Fred and George descended the stairs that connected their flat, to their joke shop downstairs. They sleepily moved around their shop, drinking coffee and getting their shop ready for the beautiful day ahead of them. They really couldn't believe it, their shop blossomed into what was now the fastest growing business in Diagon Alley. It was all thanks to the starting money that Harry gave them the night before he disappeared.

The twins finished organizing their products and were about to open their shop to the public, when a flash of fire erupted in their shop and three hooded people appeared. They pulled out their wands, but found that they were gone. They looked around frantically only to realize their wands were gone and had flown towards the hooded strangers across the room.

"Who are you?"

"What do you want?"

"Fred, George, we need to talk." One of the strangers said as he waved his hand casting locking, silencing and anti-eavesdropping charms and wards in the room. He then lowered his hood and so did the two beside him.

The twins were gobsmacked, their jaws at the floor and their eyes wide.

"H-Ha-Harry?" Fred asked.

"Is that really you?" George followed.

"Yes, but listen-" He never finished as he was picked up in a double

hug by the twins and twirled him around. Fleur and Tonks started to laugh at their antics and this made the twins to stop.

The twins let go of him quickly as they walked over to the girls and each took a hand from the girl and kissed them softly.

"Welcome fair ladies..."

"To our humble establishment..."

"Fred..."

"and George..."

"Weasley..."

"at your service."

The two girls laughed and both curtsied. "Thank you, my lords." The girls said in unison. Harry watched this with amusement and started to laugh.

"Potter, are you laughing at us?" Tonks asked as she scowled, but can't stop the tugging on her lips.

He stopped laughing and smirked, "What if I am? What can you do about it?"

"Then you can take a bath by yourself tonight." Fleur said with a straight face.

"And you can sleep on the couch after." Tonks added as she crossed her arms over her chest.

Harry stood there shocked. 'Are they serious? Damn, why did I have to open my mouth.' He thought. The twins too were shocked, not the

same reason as Harry, but because what the girls meant.

"Oh... Okay." Harry said softly. "I'm sorry for laughing... I couldn't help it, and then I added fuel to it by teasing you..." His head looking on the floor.

"Oh, Arry! We are just teasing you." Fleur crossed the room, hugged him tight and kissed him.

"Really?" He asked, relieved.

"You're so clueless sometimes." Tonks said as she too crossed the room and kissed him.

"And that, my dear brother, is why he is our hero." Fred said.

"Yup, I agree. Two of the most beautiful witches I know... at the same time..." George added, his voice hinted with awe.

Harry heard this and blushed. Everyone else laughed and the two girls wrapped their arms around his waist and chest, while his around their shoulders. He then conjured a love seat and two chairs in the room. Harry, Fleur and Nym sat on the love seat while the twins sat across from them.

"Listen, Fred, George, we need to talk..." Harry started, but was interrupted.

"Oh yes, that reminds me. Harry vault number 369 is yours in Gringott's. That is where we placed your share of the profits the shop generates." Fred said.

"What? I have a share in the profits? Why?" Harry asked confused.

"Yeah, you gave us the startup money for the store, so we decided we make you our partner. You get 50 percent of the profits we get."

George answered.

"50? Why? I don't need the money. You should've just kept it. I gave you the money as a gift." Harry explained.

George's face turned serious, "No, Harry. To us you're a partner. We want to give you the share because what you did for us meant more to us than you can imagine. You gave us a chance to pursue our dream and that is not something we can come close paying you back, if we could give you more we would, but we need the rest of the money to keep expanding our shop."

Harry tried to protest, but Nym stopped him. "Harry, just accept it. They decided on this already. Besides, we need to discuss something with them remember?"

"Alright." He said with a huff. He looked back at the twins and took out a copy of the Daily Prophet from his cloak and passed it to them. "Read the headline."

The Boy-Who-Lived, a coward?

By: Rita Skeeter

Faithful readers, you've read the title right. The-boy-who-lived is a coward, according to one of his best friends, Ronald Weasley – 'I think he is a coward. He found out that he is the richest wizard in Britain and fled. He abandoned us with you-know-who for us to deal with ourselves. Everyone heard the prophecy last year, and it clearly states that it's his job to kill him, it's his duty. He owes it to us... I can't believe I treated him as my brother... People are dead because of him... innocent people like Cedric... and my brother Bill. If I ever see him...' He told us in an interview, but didn't finish his last statement.

We will also quote, one Ginevra Weasley – 'Harry? I thought he was special, I thought he was a real hero, but now I know better. He is just

a coward... to think I had a crush on him.' 'But we heard he saved you from you-know-who himself, and a basilisk?' I asked. 'Well yeah, but you-know-who wasn't real, he was just an illusion, a memory left behind. Besides, he used the sword of Gryffindor. I can't imagine it being that hard to kill a basilisk if someone had the legendary sword. If a coward can do it, I'm sure anyone can.'

We've tried to interview Harry Potter's other bestfriend, Hermione Granger, but couldn't contact her. Also, the minister of magic, Amelia Bones is not saying anything about the matter.

Well readers, there you have it, straight from the former best friend of the-boy-who-lived. It does make one think, why Harry Potter left? Where is he now? And did he know about the prophecy before he disappeared after winning the mysterious tri-wizard tournament? Only time will tell.

Information about the Weasley Family pg.6

Life of Cedric Diggory and Bill Weasley pg.7-8

Recap of the tri-wizard tournament pg.12-14

The prophecy pg. 21

Richest Wizards in Britain – Business Section

The twins read the paper in disbelief. Their expressions turned from shock, to anger. Harry watched them a blank expression. They both looked at him and turned red.

"I'm... I'm... we're sorry Harry..." George said as he looked at down at his hands.

"I... they... bloody hell." Fred said as he wiped his face with his hands.

"It's okay. I don't really care." He said, but his voice betrayed him. His words came out cold and bitter. Upon hearing this Fleur grabbed his hand and covered it with both of hers and squeezed them, while Tonks wrapped her arms around him and leaned her head on his shoulders. He composed himself before asking, "Fred, George, What happened to Bill?"

The twins' faces changed from anger to sadness. "He and Kingsley were putting up the wards around the Burrow, when the Death Eaters attacked. They tried to fight them, but they were outnumbered..."

--Flashback--

"Reducto!" Bill yelled as he watched the curse hit one of the advancing Death Eaters.

"Protego!" Kingsley yelled as the shield stopped two curses thrown at them, creating sparks of light around them. "There's too many of them! We need to get out of here!" He yelled over the explosions around them.

"What? We can't do that! The Burrow is unprotected right now, My family will be sitting ducks!" He yelled back as he created another shield.

Kingsley threw a couple of curses towards the army of black hooded people advancing towards them, before turning back to the man beside him. "Yes we can! We can pull back and portkey your family out of the house!"

"They will destroy the house, they will burn everything, nothing will be left if we leave now." Bill retorted. "Listen Shack, My family never had much... everything we have is in that house... they are all a little lost right now, because Harry is gone... If they lose anymore, I don't know how they will cope with it. My parents don't have the money to

rebuild, when it all goes to taking care of us. Please understand..." Bill pleaded. The auror looked at him with clenched jaws, but didn't say anything. "Now, go and call for the order. I'll stay here and finish the wards. I'll apparate to safety as soon as I'm done."

"No Bill, I'm not leaving you!" Kingsley shouted.

"Shack, Please..." The oldest Weasley pleaded. "I can do this." Bill said with determination.

Kingsley looked at him long and hard, and then nodded. He understood what he wanted to do. "Alright." Was all he said and started to walk away.

"Shack! Tell them I love them." He heard from behind him, and a single tear fell on his cheek.

"I will." He said, and apparated away.

--End of Flashback--

"...when we found his body, it was surrounded by several bodies of Death Eaters. He was faced down on the ground, and covered in blood. Dumbledore said he didn't die because he got cursed or anything. He said he died from blood loss, because throughout his whole body, were carved with runes, some kind of ritual for wards or something. When Dumbledore inspected the wards he was surprised. Supposedly, The Burrow was now warded by the strongest kind of wards, Blood wards." George finished with a whisper.

Harry didn't notice the tears that were falling from his eyes until he absentmindedly wiped them away. He wrapped his arms and pulled the also crying girls to him and just held them as they cried on his shoulders.

"I-I'm sorry..." Was all he could say.

The twins looked at him with eyes glistening. "Don't be Harry. It wasn't your fault." Fred told him.

He looked down at his lap, "I-I just can't help it... What Ron said is true. If I didn't leave, maybe Bill would still be here..."

"Don't listen to that git, him and our sister. They are bloody idiots and we're going to talk to them right now." The twins said and stood up.

"I want to go with you. I just don't understand why he would say those things. I would like to give them the benefit of the doubt." Harry said as he and the girls stood up also.

"Harry... don't get your hopes up, mate." Fred said as they all apparated to the Burrow.

They appeared in front of the gate of the Burrow. The twins looked back at the three, but were stunned. They were looking at Katie Bell, Alicia Spinnet and Lee Jordan.

"W-w-what the hell?" Fred stammered.

"Oh I forgot to tell you, I'm also part metamorphagus." Lee/Harry said.

"What? You're part metamorphagus? How come you never told us before you left?" George asked.

"I never knew either. I only found out 4 months ago." Lee/Harry said as he scratched his head.

"Well I know that Nymphadora- Oww! I mean Tonks is a morpher, but what about Fleur?" Fred asked as he rubbed his arm after Katie hit him. "Well now we know who Tonks is."

"No I'm not a metamorphagus, these are just glamour spells that Harry put on me. It'll probably last me for a couple of hours or when he cancels the spells." Alicia/Fleur explained.

"But you sound just like them." The twins pointed out.

"Oh that. It's called Voice Mimicking charm. Fleur and Nym took out Katie's and Alicia's voices from my memories the way I remember them." He explained.

"How did you guys do that? How can you take someone's voice from his memories?" George asked utterly confused.

"Oh...well... you see..." He said as he mumbles something and blushed.

"What? What did he say?" George asked Fred.

"He said because we're bonded. Therefore me and Fleur can go in his mind and sift through his memories in complete detail, that we can even copy people's voices accurately. Not only that ,we can talk with each other in our minds, feel each other's emotions and their thoughts." Tonks/Katie explained as she too had a pink tinge on her cheeks.

"Bonded? What do you mean bonded?" the twins asked and saw the three blush at the same time. "Oh" was all they said as they realized what 'bonded' meant.

"Harry, you are one lucky sod." The twins said at the same time and all of them laughed.

When the laughter died they started to walk towards the gate, "It's still very weird though. Talking to people that aren't actually them." George said as he scratched his head, brows furrowing.

Fred nodded in agreement, "Well, enough talk, time to pay a visit to my family."

In no time they were at the front door of the Burrow. They entered the house and right away, the smell of food from the kitchen swept down their nostrils.

"Mum, we're home! And we brought guests!" Fred yelled.

Right away Mrs. Weasley came out of the kitchen to give the twins a hug. She spotted the three behind them and also gave them hugs. "Well dears, make yourselves at home. I'm just cooking lunch and will be ready in about an hour. Ron and Ginny are here so why don't you go see them for now." She suggested.

"Will do ma'am." Lee/Harry answered. She turned around and walked back in the kitchen while the five walked in the sitting room.

"Ron! Ginny! We need to talk to you for a second!" George yelled from the bottom of the stairs, and he went back and sat with the rest in the sitting room.

They sat silently as they waited. Outside, Harry looked cool and calm, but inside he was fighting a knot slowly forming in his stomach. 'Why would they say those things? Did something happen to them?'

'Don't worry love we'll find out soon.' Fleur told him through their bond.

'Harry whatever happens, you can't get angry or act rash with them. If you want to find out everything, you can't blow your cover. Right now you are Lee Jordan, the twin's best friend. We've been through tougher situations before. Just use occlumency to block your emotions.' Tonks added.

'Nym's right Arry, besides we'll be here for you... whatever happens

we love you and we'll be there with you.' Fleur said as she squeezed his hand.

Harry sighed and closed his eyes. "I just really hope he didn't really say those things." He whispered, but everyone in the room heard. The twins glanced at him then at each other and shook their heads.

After a minute or so, the silence was broken by the sounds of padding feet going down the stairs. Ron and Ginny popped in the sitting room and greeted them.

Ginny sat on an empty chair, "Hey Fred, Hey George. How come you're here? Who's in the shop?"

"We closed it for the day." They both answered coldly. "We need to talk."

"About what?" Ron asked.

"About what? About what?" George asked incredulously and stood up. He pulled out the copy of the Prophet Harry gave them in the morning. "About this!" he yelled and threw the paper at their feet.

"Oh that." Ron said as he picked up the paper and smiled. "We were just upstairs reading the letters people have sent us. We're famous, Witches Weekly wants to have an interview next week. And don't worry we'll advertise your shop in it." He laughed and winked at them.

"Yeah, every major wizarding media company in Britain wants to meet us." Ginny squealed excitedly.

The five were gobsmacked. As they watched Ginny and Ron talk excitedly with each other about the future.

The twins recovered first and they stood up quickly and crossed the

room. They grabbed Ron by the shoulder and pushed him against the wall.

"Oww! Bloody hell! What are you two doing?" Ron asked annoyed as he rubbed the back of his head.

"Ron, what the hell are you doing? This is Harry you're talking about! You're best friend for four years! Why are you doing this?" George asked angrily.

"What's it to you? He was my best mate and I'm disgusted I ever was. I did the interview because I was just so tired of people asking where he is, and why he left. Who cares? He abandoned us, left us, so he doesn't have to face You-Know-Who! I had to let everyone know that he's just a scared little bitch who just wanted attention! People died because of his cowardice, people like Bill!" He shouted back.

The twins picked him up and threw him down on the floor on his back. They were shaking with anger, they were about to give him a tongue-lashing, but was beaten by Lee/Harry.

"A scared little bitch?" He asked in a low dangerous tone. "a coward? Who are you to call anyone a coward when you can't even say that bastard's name. You'll probably wet yourself if Voldemort does as much as look at you. You haven't even seen him with your eyes and you're calling me- him a coward?" Ron paled as he watched the dangerous look on his brothers' best friend and didn't hear the almost mishap.

"I have seen him and I'll admit I was scared, but it wasn't my job to face him. He's supposed to be Harry Potter, a hero, not a coward like him." Ginny said proudly.

This time it was Fleur and Tonks who grabbed the red headed girl and pushed her on the floor with her brother.

"He isn't a hero? He almost died trying to fucking save your life from what's-his-face and his pet snake. You owe him your life, so if anyone was to doubt if he was a hero, it shouldn't be you!" Tonks/Katie spat.

"Who are you to talk to me about what happened, Katie? Mind your own damn business!" Ginny retorted as she tried to stand, only to be pushed back down by Alicia/Fleur.

Mrs. Weasley walked in the sitting room to tell everyone lunch is ready. "What in Merlin's name is going on here? Why are my babies on the floor?"

"Mum, have you read the prophet this morning?" George asked.

"Yes I did. And I'm proud of them. They had the courage to do what they did. Real Gryffindors that's what they are." She said she helped Ron and Ginny off the floor.

The twins couldn't believe what they were hearing, "Mum, this Harry we are talking about. The one that saved Ginny's life? The one you thought of as your son?"

"Yes I know, and I believe we've thanked him enough for that. And what they said was true, he left us and let one of my boys get killed by you-know-who's death eaters." She answered, as she glared at them. Harry, Fleur, and Nym stared at her in disbelief.

"How was it his fault that Bill died? Huh? Bill died because he sacrificed his life in order to save ours. If he was here with us, do you think he would blame him for his death? No mum! You've obviously been brainwashed by these 2 idiots!" Fred shouted as he pointed a finger at his brother and sister.

'SLAP'

"You will not speak like that about your siblings Frederick Weasley!" She yelled at him.

Fred stood there with a blank face as his head was forced to look sideways from the force of the slap. Everyone watched his cheek start to color in the shape of a hand.

He slowly looked back at his mum, "They were my siblings... I'm out of this family." He whispered and turned back and walked past Harry and the girls and got out of the house.

"You guys are unbelievable. I'm out..." George said and followed his twin.

Harry, Fleur and Nym followed suit. Just as he was about to walk out the door, he turned and looked at the stunned faces of the Weasleys, "I was hoping it wasn't true..." with that he walked out the Burrow and apparated with the girls.

A/N: I don't know if this what you were expecting after the cliffie I gave you guys... I'm sorry if it didn't live up to what you imagined what was going to happen. I promise I'll make it up to you guys for the next chapter.

Chapter 4 – Chaos

Weasley Wizard's Wheezes, Diagon Alley

As soon as they arrived at the twins shop, Harry and Nym relaxed their muscles and their appearance became their normal ones. He also cancelled the Glamour Charm on Fleur and they all went back to their positions in the morning, the trio on the love seat and the twins on the chairs across them.

They all sat in awkward silence for a while until Harry couldn't take it anymore. He looked up at the twins who were looking at him.

"I'm sorry." Harry and the twins said the same time.

This made everybody laughed, and they were all secretly thankful the tension was gone. "Harry go ahead." George said.

He nodded, "I'm sorry that this happened. I'm sorry that because of me you left your family." He said sadly and looked down on the floor.

"No, Harry stop this. Why do you always blame yourself for everything? This wasn't your fault. If anything, was Ron and Ginny. They had no right to say those things to you and that's what we're sorry for. We're sorry that they are bloody idiots." Fred snarled.

Harry sighed, "Listen, Fred, George, I want you to promise that you'll never tell anybody about us, until we announce it publicly."

They both glanced at each other, nodded and got on their knees and brought their right hands up. "I swear on my life and magic that I will never tell anyone about you and girls to another soul unless you give us permission to." They both said in unison and a light shot from their chest and connected to Harry's.

Harry was shocked, "You didn't have to swear the Wizard's oath. I

trust you."

"It's okay, it just makes things a lot easier."

"This way, we really can't tell anyone since it will cause us our lives and magic."

"Okay..." He was about to say something, but was interrupted when the front of the store exploded inwardly, throwing everyone to the wall.

"Ugh..." Harry groaned. He opened his slightly dazed eyes to try to see what happened. He saw the front of the store blown open, and the Weasley products scattered everywhere. He could see smoke billowing outside and could hear far away screams. A movement caught his eye and realized it was Fleur lying on the floor a couple of feet away from him. He crawled over to her since he couldn't stand and was a little dizzy and disoriented.

He rolled her to her back and cradled her head on his lap, "Fleur, are you ok?"

She slowly opened her eyes and saw him looking at her with concern and love. "Arry?" She asked as she focused her vision. "Yes, I'm okay. What happened?"

"I don't know love." He said as he looked around again. He spotted Nym leaning on a toppled shelf starting to move. "Let's go check on Nym."

The two stood up, Harry holding her as she groggily stood and walked over to her. Nym spotted them and she smiled and tried to get up, but she winced and dropped back down from pain coming from her leg.

Harry held her down and moved her gently so she was lying on her

back. He placed her head on his lap as he caressed her cheek. Fleur knelt beside her and took out her wand and started to wave it over her 'sister's' body.

"She has a gash on her leg." Fleur told him. "Nym, I'm going to remove your cloak and pants so I can heal it ok?"

She nodded. "I'm pretty sure it's nothing. I just need Harry to kiss it better and I'm back to normal."

Harry laughed and kissed gave her a peck on the lips. "I will as soon as she's done." He whispered on her ear. He then helped Fleur take off her cloak and pants.

Harry gulped, when they took off her pants. She was wearing a pair of sexy black lace knickers. Nym saw this and smirked, "Well, this isn't how I wanted to show you my new knickers..." She trailed off and Fleur started to laugh while she tried to clean and close the wound on her leg.

He closed his eyes to control himself, since he could feel his veela part stirring. 'Not now, not now...' he told himself. "Okay all done. It was slow since I didn't want you to have scars." He heard Fleur say.

"Thanks" Harry helped Nym get up. He grabbed her pants and knelt down in front of her and held it out for her, so she could step into them. "Aren't you going to kiss it better?"

He gave her a quick kiss on her thigh and pulled her pants up, before buttoning them. "What was that? That was terrible." She whined and pouted cutely.

Harry stood up and gave her a peck on the lips and whispered in her ear, "It will be a lot better if you claim it later love."

She smiled brightly, "Ok, I'll hold you to that."

He then walked up to the front of the shop to cast a translucent silver one-way shield that will let people out, but won't let people in the shop. "Ok, let's go look for Fred and George." He told the two girls. They spread out and looked around the debris filled shop. They could hear screams and explosions coming from outside, but they were focused on finding the twins.

"Harry! Fleur! I found them!" Nym yelled across the room. They quickly honed in on her voice. What they saw confused them. She was kneeling beside a collection of large debris and a couple of shelves on top of each other. Then they saw something that drained the color from their faces. Under all that, was a mop of red hair sticking out.

"Oh shit!"

"Mon Dieu!"

They quickly cleared the debris, levitating them and banishing them away. When the last shelf was removed, what they saw broke their hearts. There laid Fred and George, blood trickling down their faces and their limbs bent awkwardly. They quickly rushed over to them and Nym checked on Fred, while Harry checked on George.

"I have a pulse!" Nym yelled.

"Me too!" Harry followed.

Fleur quickly waved her wand over the twins alternating every now and then. "Fred has several broken ribs, a broken leg, both arms are dislocated and a mild concussion." She then turned towards George and waved her wand once. "George has a broken pelvis, several broken ribs, a broken shoulder, and also a mild concussion."

"We should take them to St. Mungo's." Nym said as she went to

make a portkey.

"No, we can't move them. I mean, we can't transport them by apparition or portkey, the stress the both create will aggravate their injuries." Fleur explained.

"Ok, but we need to get them emergency medical attention right away. George's pulse is weak, and getting weaker." Harry said desperately.

"Mistress Marie gave me this just for our mission, but this is an emergency" She then dug in her cloak and brought out something green and triangle. She placed it on the floor and pointed her wand at it. 'Engorgio' Suddenly a tent appeared in the store. It was green and its sides had a red cross on it.

"Levitate them gently, and bring them inside." She ordered as she went inside the tent.

Harry and Nym did as she said and brought them inside. When they got in they were stunned. Inside was a full sized hospital emergency room, with two empty beds, an operating table, a bunch of magical and technomagical equipments that were beeping and flashing, a full potions set on the other side and Fleur wearing a scrub suit with a mask and her hair tied back.

"Let's deal with George first since I believe he has internal bleeding too." Harry brought him over the operating table. "Harry I want you to brew us these potions." She said as she gave him a list. Harry looked over the list and nodded and headed towards the potions set and got right into it. "Nym, put Fred in a stasis and put him on one of the empty beds. Then get in a scrub suit and mask, you're going to be my nurse." She commanded.

When certain types of situations arise, they let whoever has the specialty, be the leader. No questions asked, when the person orders

something, they do it; Harry with cooking for example. It shows the trust they have on each other, and the relationship they have as a team, that whoever is leading at the moment, he or she will not misguide them. Since right now is a medical situation, Fleur is the leader.

Harry brewed bone mending and regenerating, blood replenishing, and pain numbing potions, and sleeping draughts, as Fleur stopped the bleeding and sealed the cuts with complex spells and wand weaving, Nym shoved the potions down the twins' throats to save their lives. It took them 2 hours to stabilize the twins but they are still unconscious.

Harry conjured a love seat between the two beds, and sat tiredly on it followed by Nym on his lap. They watched Fleur check up on their patients, "Their vitals are stable, their magical cores are undamaged and they will make a full recovery. I'll keep them in stasis until tonight when their bones mend so they won't slow the process by moving." She said with a huff as she sat on the love seat.

Harry turned to her and turned her gently so her back was now facing him. He started to give her a back rub. He started to massage her shoulders, moving up her neck then her head as he pulled and scratched her scalp.

"Mmmm... that is amazing..." She moaned as he relaxed her aching muscles.

"No love, you were amazing." He whispered in her ear. She shivered as she felt his hot breath on her skin.

"Yes Fleur, you were amazing. I'm not bad with healing, I'm qualified to be a healer, but you were just on another different level." Nym added.

Fleur blushed at the praises. She was about to say something when

they felt the ground shake. "Arry, what was that?"

"I don't know..." He turned his head towards the metamorph. "Nym you're the scout. Full combat gear, I'm calling this situation a level 5 reconnaissance mission. That means your mission is just to check out the situation in a 5 mile radius around this shop. Don't take any unnecessary risks, whatever confrontation you encounter, you fall back no matter how weak your opponent is. Keep open communication through the bond. Understood?" Harry asked.

"Yes sir." Nym answered. It's time for business. She took out something from her cloak and placed it on the floor. 'Engorgio'. A wardrobe grew from the floor and opened. She walked up to it and stripped to her knickers. She put on jet black full body dragon hide armor that hugs on the skin tightly, matching dragon hide boots and gloves, a black face mask that only covers her nose and mouth she then put a black robe on, tied a black belt around her waist tight, put a black sheathed katana through the belt and changed her hair to black. The whole outfit was custom made for her, charmed and prepared to compliment her shadow mage abilities. She put a wand holster on her right arm and left thigh. She put her main wand (11inches, mahogany-unicorn hair core) in her arm and her back up wand in her thigh.

She was about to leave when Harry grabbed her hand to stop her. He pulled her into him and gave her a searing kiss. He pulled back and rested his forehead on hers, "Remember, I owe you a 'kiss it better' kiss so you better stay safe so I can give it to you."

"I'm looking forward to it." She gave him a peck and pulled away. She walked towards Fleur and kissed her cheek then headed to a shadow covered spot in the room and disappeared through the wall.

Harry stood there staring at the spot she disappeared from. 'Be careful Nym...' he said in his head.

He was brought out of his thoughts when someone hugged him from behind and her cheek pressed on his back. "Don't worry Arry, she'll be alright."

He turned in the hug and faced Fleur and hugged her back. "I hope so love... I have a bad feeling about this..." he said as he held her.

Meanwhile...

Nym appeared behind a huge pile of rubble across the street from the joke shop. She dropped into a defensive crouch and checked her surroundings. She noticed that everything had an eerie green glow over them. She looked up and shuddered, there high in the sky was the Dark Mark casting a green light over everything in Diagon Alley or what was Diagon Alley. The whole street was in ruins, bodies of aurors and civilians laid scattered on the floor, and fires were burning on several establishments or what's left of them.

'Nox, everything is destroyed in the Alley, the joke shop is only building that is still standing. This was Voldemort's work, or his Death Eaters because the Dark Mark is looming over head.' She reported through the bond.

'Alright, shadow stalk around, but keep to your designated area, don't go over 5 miles.' He answered back.

'Cami, if you can see any survivors bring them to me, but don't risk anything.' Fleur instructed.

'Alright.' She said and stalked off.

She's been scouting and checking for survivors for some time now and was starting to get tired. 'Nox, I finished the area, so far there are no survivors. I'm going to head on back.' She said.

'Okay, good job Cami.' He told her.

She sighed and looked for the closest shadow laden structure so she could shadow stalk back to the joke shop. She saw the remains of Mr. Ollivander's wand shop and walked that way. She was about to walk into the shadows when she saw movement out of the corner of her eyes she quickly drew her wand and got on a defensive stance. Two figures were walking towards her so she quickly used the technique 'Shadow Fusion' which allows the mage to fuse his body with the shadows. Shadow magic is basically having the ability to manipulate the magical particles of anything as long as a shadow is casted on it. Shadow Fusing is allowing the magical particles of a person and fusing it with the magical particles of any surface as long as it is under a shadow. This means that Nym walked into the left over wall of the wand shop and became a part of it. This particular skill is very useful in spying because to the shadow mage, it looks like you are looking at a one-way mirror, you can see and hear everything in front of the surface, but the people on the other side can't see you. If they tried to touch the wall, it will feel like a wall, to you however, it will look like they are touching the glass of a window in front of you, like you're looking at another dimension.

She watched the two limping strangers get closer and closer where she was, the wall of the wand shop. 'Who is that?' She thought.

'Who is who?' Harry asked, but Nym didn't answer. Several minutes passed silently in the shop and through the bond.

Harry and Fleur were sitting on the love seat when all of sudden, they felt anger and hatred surging through the bond. Harry could also tell Nym was in a fight.

'Cami, stop fighting! You're going against a direct order! I told you no confrontations! Fall back now!' He commanded over the bond.

She ignored her Tactical commander's order, closed the bond and continued to fight, as blind rage was surging through her body. She

was fighting four death eaters at the same time, but she managed to cut down one of them. She stood there, calming herself as she gripped her katana dripping with blood in one hand and her wand in the other.

The three death eaters were staring at the unknown person with fire red hair across the street with a katana and a wand in her hands with eyes blazing red that appeared out of nowhere. Between them, in the middle of the street was a headless Antonin Dolohov and the body of the person they just killed.

Nym and the Death Eaters were frozen, staring at each other, sizing each other waiting for the next person to move. 'Three to one...Who should I attack first? Who looks the most dangerous?' She asked herself as she analyzed the situation.

All of a sudden, one of the three moved his hand to point his wand at her and this brought her out of her thoughts. She rushed forward towards the trio, decreasing the gap between them and her rapidly. Three simultaneous killing curses flew towards her. She conjured a rock slab that exploded when it got hit by the first one, ducked and rolled away from the second one, but the third one she couldn't dodge.

"Got her!" one of the death eaters yelled. His face turned from happy to shocked as he saw the curse fly through her and she disappeared, hitting the pile of debris across the street. "What the- Ugh..." He said and looked down. His eyes widened as he saw a blade sticking out of his chest. He instinctively moved his hands to grab it, but the blade was suddenly pulled back. He was about to turn around, when he felt something hit his neck and he started to fall. When his face hit the ground it bounced two times and settled. He got confused; because in front of him all he could see was his own feet all the way up his waist. 'What the hell? How can I see my own feet at this angle?' He asked himself. His eyes widened as his body started to fall and his headless shoulders came into view and realized what happened.

'Shit' was all he could think of before everything went black.

Nym was about to stand up as she dodged the 2nd Kadavra curse, but saw the 3rd one streaking towards her fast, and she can't dodge it. She silently apparated and appeared behind the person that casted the 3rd killing curse. "Got her!" She heard him yell. She was back to back with the death eater and she heard him say "What the-" She smirked and brought her katana's full length with the pointed end, pointing at her. She quickly stabbed down, under her armpits and felt it stab through the death eater's back and out his chest. She held it there for a second as she played in her head ,the incident that caused her rage to get out of control...

Nym was rooted on the spot as she watched in horror what was happening.

"Crucio!" A death eater yelled. The curse hit a man that was on the floor, surrounded by, death eaters.

"AAAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHHHH!" The man screamed in pain.

The death eaters laughed, enjoying the screams of pain the man was producing. After a while the man convulsing in pain suddenly stopped moving.

"It looks like he passed out." Another death eater said as he kicked the limp man on the floor.

"Okay, take him away. The master wants him alive anyways." One of the death eaters commanded. At once they grabbed the tortured man and the 'leader' of the group turned around. "You four, take care of him." He ordered pointing at the other bleeding man on the ground. He then took out something and portkeyed away.

"I want to get back quickly, I'm bloody knackered." One of the hooded people that were left behind said.

"Alright, enervate him and I'll kill him." One of them said and lowered his hood, revealing Antonin Dolohov. One of the four pointed a wand at the man on the ground. 'Enervate.'

The man on the ground was brought to consciousness with a start and sat up quickly. "What the-" He was interrupted by something poking his chest. He looked down and saw a wand pointed against his skin.

"Hello Mr. Ollivander. Avada Kedavra!" Delohov yelled as a green light bathed them for a second and the body of the wand maker fell on the floor dead.

... she quickly pulled out the blade and spun, letting the katana slice through his neck like a hot knife through butter.

When their comrade's head fell on the floor, they turned towards his body. They were shocked and confused because there was no one there, but somehow their fellow death eater got beheaded. Their eyes widened in shock, when the headless body started to fall, because behind it was the woman, wand in one hand, and a bloody katana on the other, her back towards them.

They quickly pointed their wands towards her, but she was too fast. She quickly rolled backwards and stood up. The death eater was surprised at the speed of this woman. He was just moving his arm to point his wand at her, and suddenly she had her back press against his chest and his head forced to look up.

She stood up and pressed her back against the death eater's chest. She quickly brought her wand and pushed it up under his chin, forcing him to look up. She heard him swallow audibly before she whispered, 'Reducto'.

The last death eater saw his comrade get hit with a 'Reducto' point

blank and watched his body fly a couple of feet in the air over him and landed with a 'THUD' behind him, his head was bent all the way back , it was in between his shoulder blades.

The last death eater was now shaking in fear. He very slowly turned his head to look at the unknown woman who just killed three of his comrades without even getting hit. He froze as he saw those red blazing eyes look at him coldly, while his arms were frozen half way in the air, trying to point his wand at her.

'Move! Move! This bitch will kill you! Move damn it!' He yelled to himself.

She saw his wand twitch and she made her move. She took two quick steps and slashed her katana towards the man.

He watched as his wand arm fall on the ground, he looked at it which was still holding his wand blankly. After a couple of seconds, the pain hit him. "AAARRRGHHH!" He yelled as he grabbed the stump that used to be his arm.

Nym grabbed him by his shirt, moved her leg behind him and pushed, throwing him on his back on the ground. She watched the man writhed in pain, as the blood gushed out of the stump of what was left of his arm. She moved and stood over him, planting a foot on the ground on each side of his hip and brought her sword up, ready plunge it. Somewhere in town, the clock tower's bells rang as the clock struck 9:00. Upon hearing this, she pulled down the sword towards the chest of the man, but she froze. The sword centimeters away before making contact.

"Fleur, stay here and watch over the twins. I will go and check on Nym, make sure she's okay." Harry said shakily. 'I can't feel her in the bond... did she get... No!'

He quickly stood and apparated out of the joke shop. He saw the

whole town leveled, debris and bodies everywhere. He can't help but think that maybe one of those bodies was hers. 'Stop thinking like that!' He yelled at himself angrily. He closed his eyes, calmed himself and spread his arms wide. He then let his magic flow out of him and explore the area, trying to feel if there were anyone alive within the five mile radius he assigned her. He felt two presences in the same location. He quickly focused on the area and apparated.

When he appeared, he quickly dropped into a defensive stance and scanned the area. He quickly spotted her, with red hair. He sighed in relief, but then she saw her towering over a death eater, her sword raised in the air, about to stab him.

'Petrificus Totalus' He casted with a wave of a hand, followed by 'Stupefy' 'Incarcerus'

She couldn't move, but she could see. She saw the man below her get hit by a red beam and then ropes sprang around and bound him. She then saw someone enter her line of vision.

Harry approached her and waved his hand and cancelled the petrification spell on her. She still stood there frozen staring at him.

"You broke direct orders Nym! What the bloody hell are you doing? We can't kill anyone here! This country isn't our jurisdiction!" He yelled angrily at her.

His yell broke her out of her stupor. She let her wand and sword drop on the ground with a 'CLANG'. She quickly rushed towards him and engulfed him in a tight embrace and her face pressed hard against his chest and she broke down. She sobbed on his chest, her body shaking, tears streaming down her face, soaking up his shirt.

He was angry at her, but the look on her face quickly threw that emotion away. He held her tight against him and let her cry.

"I-I'm s-s-so so-sorry Ha-Harry..." She sobbed. "s-so so-so-sorry..."

"Shhh... Nym it's okay. I understand... I'm sorry I yelled at you..." He whispered as he rubbed her back.

"I-I-it's j-just c-c-cause the-they ki-killed him." She sobbed, muffled by his shirt. "I-I w-was Sha-Shadow Fusing and I s-saw them... t-they ki-killed Mr. Ollivander."

He hugged her tighter "It's okay love... It's okay... I understand... I'm not mad at you."

"T-then, t-t-they... Oh God Harry, t-they p-put him i-in t-the Cruciatus and t-took h-him a-away..." She sobbed harder on him.

This confused Harry, because sadly, he could clearly see the body of the old wand maker in the middle of the street not too far away from where they were standing.

"Oh God Harry, t-they t-took him a-away..." She whispered, her tears finally stopped falling.

He pulled her away a little to look her in the eyes. "They took away who love?" He asked.

She looked at him in the eyes and tears instantly formed in her eyes again. "Harry... they have Sirius."

A/N: I'll be back in a week. I'm finishing the chapter that retells what happened during those 2 years they were gone. Happy Easter everyone

Chapter 5 - Meeting

Number 12 Grimmauld Place

Harry levitated the still masked and hooded death eater with a missing arm in the kitchen of number 12 Grimmauld Place. He transfigured the kitchen table into a long aluminum one and placed a chair on one side and three chairs on the other. 'Melrin Sirius... This guy better know something...' He thought as he placed the hooded, masked man on the chair roughly and decided to remove the man's glove so he can permanently stick his hand on the aluminum table to be seen through out the interrogation he is planning. 'This way we can see his hands the whole time. Constant Vigilance.' He smirked. As soon as he removed the glove on the hand of the unconscious man he froze.

Upstairs, Fleur and Nym were cleaning up a room and conjured two beds. They placed Fred and George on them and Fleur checked up on their status. She mutters something and her wand glowed, she nodded and removed the stasis on them.

"Their bones have mended. Their bodies are back to normal, but they will be stiff for a couple of days." Fleur told Nym who was standing a couple of feet away.

"That's good-" She stopped as she felt anger through the bond and magical pressure building up, making the floors creak and the walls groan. "Harry!"

Harry was standing there, a black glove clenched tightly in his fists, staring at the glinting hand of the death eater. 'Silver hand... a silver hand... he... the graveyard...' He thought incoherently, his eyes closed shut as the events during the tri-wizard tournament played in his head and his body shook in anger.

All of a sudden he was tackled by someone to the floor, he

instinctively tried to fight off his assailant, but he was pinned down securely. He hears a yell from somewhere far away as he struggled under his attacker. He heard another yell which sounded almost like his name, followed by another. His rage lessened as he tried to focus on the yells.

"HARRY!" He heard, the voice familiar.

He slowly opened his eyes and saw two familiar faces looking at him wearily. "Nym? Fleur? What happened?"

Fleur hugged him tighter and so did Nym. "I don't know Harry, we felt your anger and your magic rising." Nym said muffled since her face was buried in his neck.

Harry blinked and looked around. The kitchen was filled by his Grayish-Blue Aura, making everything rattle. He took deep breaths and calmed himself down. His aura retreated back to him, flickered and disappeared. He felt Fleur and Nym get off him and he opened his eyes.

"Arry, what happened?" Fleur asked as she helped him get up.

Harry looked at the smoking glove in his fists and calmed himself again as he felt his anger starting to rise up. "Nym, please remove the death eater's mask and hood." He whispered.

Nym did as she was told, as Fleur watched confused and Harry's eyes closed. He heard both girls gasp and he opened his eyes.

"Pettigrew..." Nym whispered as she dropped the mask on the floor.

Harry was already expecting it, but the girls didn't. He felt their anger rise in the bond a Harry quickly grabbed both of them in a crushing hug. "Don't. We need to interrogate him and find out where Sirius is. We also need him to clear his name." He whispered to them.

They both reluctantly nodded and Harry let them go and they sat down on the three chairs behind the table. Harry bound the traitor to the chair across the table, "Fleur put up an anti-animagus transformation ward in the house." He instructed. Fleur stood up clasped her hand and muttered something. She then opened her arms wide and a blue bubble formed and expanded. The bubble expanded and soon the whole house was in it. She sat down heavily and leaned into Harry tiredly.

"Nym, do we have veritaserum in our packs?" Harry asked and she nodded. "Good, go get it and I'll wake this bastard up." Nym got up and disappeared in the shadows.

'Enervate'

Wormtail woke up with a start. "What the- Where am I? Am I dead? Where's that crazy bitch?" He said hysterically as he struggled against the ropes that are binding him to the chair.

"Hello Wormtail." Harry said in a cold voice.

The rat-faced man instantly froze and looked at Harry in the face. He started to shake in fear as he looked into the blazing emerald orbs that are boring into his head. "Ha-Harry?"

Nym appeared from the shadows, holding a vial of clear liquid and sat down on Harry's other side and looked at the quivering man in disgust. "Wormtail, where did they take Sirius?" Harry asked in a calm, dangerous tone.

Wormtail shook even more, "I-I d-don't k-know." He answered as he realized he couldn't move his silver hand off the table.

Harry shook his head, "Wormtail, do you like pain? Because if you lie to me again I will make Voldemort's crucio's seem like a tickling

charm. Now tell me WHERE IS SIRIUS?"

Wormtail winced, and opened his mouth, but words didn't come out. The words that were just said struck fear, deep, deep within him. He knew that it wasn't just an idle threat. "H-he i-is at R-R-Riddle Ma-manor." He stuttered out.

Harry studied him for a moment with cold, piercing eyes then stood up. "Nym, the veriteserum." He asked and held out his hand. Nym took out the vial, gave it to him and watched him walk up menacingly around the table.

Harry towered over the shaking form of the former Marauder bound on the chair. "What did I say about lying, Wormtail?" He asked.

"I-I was-wasn't. Si-Sirius i-is- ARRRGGGGHHHH!" He yelled as he felt all the bones explode in his arm, with a wave of a hand from Harry.

Harry quickly opened the vial and emptied it in the traitor's mouth that was open from the pain of a Bone Shattering Curse. He waited as he saw that rat-faced man's eyes glaze over and his body slumped.

Fleur conjured a quick note quill and parchment. Harry nodded to her and turned back to the bound man.

"What is your name?"

Peter Pettigrew

"Are you a death eater?"

Yes

"Where you involved in the attack of Diagon Alley today?"

Yes

"Where you involved in the killing of Mr. Ollivander and the kidnapping of Sirius Black?"

Yes

"Where did they take him?"

Malfoy Manor

Harry growled at this. 'Riddle Manor? Fucking liar!' he yelled in his head. 'I'll deal with him later...' He took deep breaths and calmed himself, stopping himself from killing the traitor. 'We need him to clear Sirius' name.' He told himself.

Harry's face took a determined expression. "Alright, if we're going to rescue Sirius, we need to have the permission of the governments involved here. I'm going to contact the international representatives and the local government. We're going to have the meeting here. So Fleur, please check up on the twins. Nym take care of this piece of shit. Place him in a secure room or something. I'm going to get Fawkes and make a few letters."

At once, the kitchen was cleared. Wormtail was stunned, bound and stuffed in a room upstairs that had almost every ward imaginable to contain the rat-faced traitor. A couple of rooms away, Fleur checked the twin's conditions. They were healthy, but still unconscious. Harry sat in the living room with Fawkes on his shoulder. He was bent over writing furiously on several parchments. He then handed them to Fawkes who disappeared in a flash of fire.

"Winky!" Harry yelled.

'CRACK' "Yes, Harry Potter sir?" she asked.

"Please prepare tea and biscuits; we're going to have a couple of guests over tonight." He explained.

"Yes, Harry Potter sir." The house-elf said, bowed and disappeared.

"Dobby!" He yelled.

"Yes, oh great Harry Potter sir?" The excited house-elf asked.

"Dobby I want you to remove all the people keyed to the wards of this house. No one will get in, except for me, Nym and Fleur. Also, close the Floo network, everyone trying to get through has to have my permission first." He instructed.

"Dobby will do it right away." He said and disappeared.

'I guess I better fix up the living room then.' He thought as he cleaned up the living room. He conjured more comfortable seats and recliners, and he conjured lamps to make the room brighter.

He looked around and was satisfied with his work. 'Nym. Fleur, when your finished with what you are doing, get ready for the meeting; Formal Unspeakable uniform tonight. I'm just going to take a quick shower first.' He said over the bond.

'I'm done. This bastard is secured. It will take Merlin himself to break the wards in the room.' Nym replied.

'I'm done too. The twins are still unconscious, but they are alright. They will probably come to sometime tonight.' Fleur explained.

'Since, we're all done... Why don't we all take a shower together, save some water you know?' Nym suggested.

Harry chuckled, 'Why not. I still owe you a 'kiss it better' kiss.'

'Sorry Arry, I'm going to pass. I don't feel too good... I'm going to take a quick nap. Wake me up when they are here, s'il vous plait.' Fleur apologized.

Harry gave her a mental caress, 'Alright love, go ahead, you've been working non-stop the whole day. I'll tell Winky to prepare your uniform in our room.'

Harry, Nym and Fleur walked in their room. Fleur, took off her clothes right down to her knickers and went to their king size bed. Harry followed her and tucked her in.

"Sleep well, love." He whispered and kissed her on the forehead.

"Wake me up, okay?" She asked with her eyes closed.

"I will, I promise." He gave her a peck on the lips and followed Nym who was in the bathroom already. She was only wearing her black, lace knickers and was bent over the edge of the tub when he walked in.

"Nym you minx, you're killing me." He said mirthfully.

She smirked and said, "This, is how I wanted you to see my new knickers."

Harry removed his clothes and boxers and came up behind her. He wrapped his hands around her hips and she leant back against his chest. She turned her head and he lowered his as their lips met in a passionate kiss. He then cupped her breasts with both hands and proceeded to remove the clasp at the front very slowly. He broke the kiss and started to trail kisses down her shoulders and back. He slowly pulled her lace knickers down, trailing kisses down her nice, firm ass and her long, slender legs.

She then pulled him up and led him in the tub. Harry grabbed the

shampoo and put some on his hands and some on hers. They proceeded to wash each others hair along with kisses and touches. Nym wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. However, she felt that he was kissing her back half-heartedly and could feel his worry through the bond.

She broke the kiss, "Baby, what's wrong?"

He smiled apologetically, "I'm just a little worried about Sirius..."

She cupped his face, "I know... but we can't really do much since we don't have jurisdiction in England..."

"I just hope he's fine..." He said with a sigh.

She hugged him and whispered, "Well, I know something that will take the worry off your mind." She nibbled his earlobe.

"I do owe you..." He whispered huskily. He then grabbed her by the waist and sat her at the edge the tub. "Nym, I love you and I want to make love to your real self."

She smiled at him and she closed her eyes. She relaxed her body and her hair changed from shoulder length pink, to long and dark brown, her eyes changed from pink to hazel, her nose became a bit pointier, her cheekbones moved a little higher, her breasts got bigger and her hips became wider.

He stared at her with awe in his eyes, "You're so beautiful. Why you change yourself, I will never know, but I do know that I love you. I don't care what form you take; young or old, fat or thin. It doesn't matter because I love who you are, and not how you look like."

Tears sprang from her eyes and she grabbed his face and kissed him tenderly. "I love you so much. Those words mean so much to me." She kissed him again and she slipped her tongue as soon as his lips

parted. Harry then started to kiss her neck, down to her breasts.

"Mmmm Harry... I love you so much..." She moaned.

Her moans broke Harry's self-restraint and his part veela emerged. He spread her legs and shoved his face right between them. He stabbed his tongue roughly in her crevice and proceeded to finger her ass. She was reduced to moans and groans of incoherent words. She was in ecstasy from the pleasure she is experiencing after a couple of climaxes already with his metamorphing tongue and 'Quidditch hands'. As Harry continued his ministrations, she felt the familiar pressure build up and knew she would soon be on her last orgasm. Harry knew this and he quickly stopped. She groaned from the loss and opened her eyes, only to yelp when Harry grabbed her waist turned her around and bent her over. He then slid his member in her slowly relishing the feeling of her warm, wet and tight walls around him. He started to push and pull out of her in slow, long strokes at first, but then started to pick up his pace and pound in her mercilessly.

"Holy... shit... Harry... faster... harder..." Nym gasped out every stroke.

Nym's body couldn't move anymore from the amount of pleasure her body was experiencing. It took all her willpower to wave her hand over her belly, it glowed for a second and stopped. She then put her metamorph abilities to use as she made her walls tighter around him. The feeling of more friction between them increased the pleasure for both and soon they were both on the edge. Harry pulled out almost all the way and then impaled her fully as he bit down on her shoulder. The sudden mixture of pain and pleasure pushed her over the edge and she came with a scream that reverberated on the bathroom walls. The sudden squeeze on him also pushed him over the edge. With one final stroke he came in her with a grunt. The feeling of her being filled caused her another orgasm; she closed her eyes and clenched her fists as wave after wave of pleasure surged through

her.

They collapsed back in the tub, and laid there panting and gasping for a while.

"Oh my god... Harry... That was amazing!" Nym gasped out as her body shook from the left over waves of pleasure. "You did everything I was hoping you would do."

He just smiled at her and pulled her into him for a kiss. He then moved her into his lap and whispered in her ear. "Part of being a male veela, I didn't know you liked it rough Nym."

She blushed at him and looked down, "I didn't either... it just came to me..."

Harry chuckled, "Alright let's go get ready for the meeting." He said and pulled her up with him and dried them with a wave of his hand. He started to walk, but stopped when Nym didn't follow him.

"Harry, I can't walk." She told him with a huge grin as she stood beside the tub awkwardly.

This made Harry laugh, "Sorry Nym... You did like it rough...." He said as he walked back to her and picked her up.

He brought her to the bed and laid her beside Fleur. He then stood beside Fleur and just looked down at her. He admired her beauty, 'She is beautiful... but when she looks this peaceful... she looks so unearthly... an angel... I still can't believe they love me...' He thought as he bent down and brushed the hair that has fallen in her face. He then caressed her cheek and bent down, leant over and kissed her.

"Wake up madammioselle." He whispered.

She stirred, her brows furrowed and she opened her eyes slowly. She

looked at him and smiled. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down for a tender kiss. "I love you." She whispered.

"I love you too." He answered and pulled her up off the bed. The covers fell off her exposing her perfect body in matching red lace bra and knickers. She then stood up and stretched and noticed Nym lying on the bed with a huge grin plastered on her face.

"Umm... Fleur love... can you help Nym out." Harry asked as he scratched his head with a sheepish grin.

Fleur looked down at her and smirked. "Don't worry Arry, I'll take care of her. Go ahead and get ready."

He smiled, nodded and walked to their walk in closet and quickly put on his formal unspeakable uniform. He walked back out and found his girls sitting on the bed giggling as Fleur waved her glowing wand over Nym's crotch.

"Alright, all done." Fleur said and got up.

Nym also got up, but shakily, testing her legs and then smiled. She quickly made her way to the closet and kissed Harry as she passed by him.

Fleur watched with amusement as she walked up to him. "You know you really broke her." She told him mirthfully.

"It wasn't my fault. It's what she wanted." He defended himself.

She placed a finger on his chest and started to draw unknown shapes on it. "Maybe, I want the same thing." She whispered.

He laughed, "Later love, we need to rescue my godfather first." He answered and gently led her in the closet.

They sat down in the living room talking idly, nibbling on some biscuits, when their first guest asked permission to get in. The fireplace blazed green and Amelia and Kingsley walked in.

"Harry what is going on? You better have a good reason for calling us here; the ministry is in chaos because of the attack." Amelia demanded.

"Don't worry Amelia, I promise this is important." He said and another guest arrived. Three hooded individuals walked out.

"Boy this better be important." One of the hooded people said.

The fire burned green again as the current muggle Prime Minister of England walked through. Amelia gasped, "Minister Adams, great to see you, but what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Minister Bones, its pleasure to see you too and that's what I want to know." He said as he looked around the room to see a big black man in traditional African outfit, 6 hooded individuals and Amelia Bones.

He was brought out of his reverie when the fireplace glowed green again and Remus Lupin walked in. He stopped walking as he realized who were in the room. He was expecting Sirius wanting to talk about some Order business or something, but he was in a room with 6 hooded people, Kingsley, The minister of magic and the muggle minister.

"Ummm... What is going on? Where is Sirius?" The confused werewolf asked.

"Remus, it'll be all explained as soon as everyone is here." Harry under his hood said, as soon as he said this the fire blazed green again. Two men wearing all black and shades walked out, followed by a woman dressed in an elegant robe and a cloak and her hood up.

"What is it? I came as soon as I can." She asked in a voice that conveyed aristocracy. She lowered her hood and everyone gasped.

Harry bowed, "Thank you for coming your majesty."

Chapter 6 - Creeping

Malfoy Manor, England

Harry found himself crouched in a small forest, on a hill around Malfoy Manor. He silently moved towards a small clearing ahead and found Nym behind what looks like a muggle telescope. She looked through the device and scribbled something on a parchment while her brows were furrowed and her tongue was on the side of her mouth. He smiled, crept up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

She jumped a little and went rigid. She slowly turned his head to look who was holding her. "Harry! Don't scare me like that!" She hissed.

"Sorry love, I can't help it. You look so cute when you're so focused." He whispered in her ear. He felt her body relax against his, "So, what is going on?"

She sighed, "This is going to be tricky..." They were cut off when they heard rustling behind them. Quick as lightning, Nym had her wand out and Harry had his katana out ready to strike.

"Arry, Nym. Relax it's just me and Remus." The beautiful French woman said as she walked up to them, followed by a flustered looking Lupin.

Harry sheathed his sword and gave her a hug and a kiss, and Nym did the same, but on the cheeks. "Okay, Nym report."

"The Manor is heavily protected. All entrances are guarded by 4 Death eaters at all times. Teams of 3 patrol the edges of the grounds and come in 5 minute intervals. Through the windows I saw the package being tortured and abused, then dragged upstairs... I couldn't see which room or which part of manor he is in, but I believe he is upstairs."

Harry's face hardened and his jaw clenched, "Tortured? How is he? Did you see what kind of..."

Fleur slipped her hand with his and squeezed it. Nym was hesitant, "He-He... They put him on the Cruciatus for a while... then they raped him..." She whispered.

Remus started to growl as his body tensed and Harry had his eyes closed, trying to suppress his emotions. "Moony, we can't act rash... We need to focus on the mission. Paddy comes first." He told the Marauder, and himself. After an awkward silence of waiting for the werewolf to calm down, Harry broke the silence. "Fleur, report."

"We got as close to the wards of the manor without being detected. I analyzed them and checked what kinds of protection they have. Here..." She handed him a piece of parchment. "It's a list of the types of wards they have. They have the common ones, anti-muggle, anti-tresspass, monitoring, confundus, anti-apparition and portkey, and silencing wards. However, like most pureblood families, they have offensive and defensive blood wards up. We have to take those down if we want to keep our lives and rescue Sirius."

Harry nodded and turned to his former professor. "Moony, what about you?"

He was startled for a second. He still can't get his mind to wrap around the idea that Harry is back, but has completely changed. He is a 16 year old boy, no... man, who became an Unspeakable, has 2 beautiful girls who love him, a close friend of the Queen of England and the leader of one of the most powerful and skilled Unspeakable team in the world. "Oh... Ummm yeah. From what my wolf senses tell me, there are no humans around the area. I can also smell Sirius' scent in the air... that is definitely him in there. The thing is though... there are several Familiar scents in there, but it's so faint that I can't really tell who they are."

Harry's eyes widened, "Can you tell if they are enemies or friends?"

"Sorry Harry, I can't. The scents are too faint."

Harry nodded and closed his eyes. 'This could complicate things...' He thought. 'Everything was going well...

"Unspeakable Team 2 Leader, Nox, reporting. At around 18:00 this afternoon, Diagon Alley was leveled by Death Eaters..." He told them about the whole incident, the twins and Nym's fight. "... She witnessed Mr. Ollivander's death and Sirius' abduction. I ordered her to kill them, even if it was against the international diplomatic code... I will gladly receive any punishment on the issue because it was my decision."

Amelia and Kingsley talked for a moment then looked back at him. "Harry, you won't be receiving any punishment because of what happened. He was your family and we understand."

"Thank you minister, director Shacklebolt." He said as he bowed, then straightened up. "We were able to capture one of the death eaters and interrogated him. We were able to learn the location of where they took Sirius and I'm planning to rescue him as soon as this meeting is adjourned."

"Harry, how will you rescue him? From what Kingsley said, Azkaban had just have a massive break out because of the Dark Lord and it's likely that the escaped death eaters would be at the Manor." Remus asked.

"Well, Masters Jefferson, Fujiwara and Mistress Marie and my team had already planned the mission when I informed them of the situation. We adopted the same approach to the rescue mission we had in Brazil, except the target package is more important to me than the country's president." He explained. "However, the mission cannot

proceed because of the international diplomatic code we all must follow. I sometimes don't care about it, but it isn't only just about me. As the team leader, my decisions affect my team as well and I will not allow myself to act rash and make them suffer for it." He sighed. "I asked all of you here so that I can ask you to give me full diplomatic immunity in both muggle and magical aspect. This will allow us to go ahead with the rescue mission, but it will also allow us to respond to events like what happened in Diagon Alley. Even if we wanted to help during the attack, we couldn't because of the restrictions we must follow."

"Well Harry, you have my full support. I agree with giving you full diplomatic immunity in magical Britain." Amelia said.

"Yes, you have mine too." Minister Adams said. "I may not know you well, but if the Queen likes you then you are okay in my books."

Harry smiled at both of them, "Thank you."

"Harry-kun, Minister Asuka Souru also gives you her permission." Master Fujiwara said.

"What? How? I never even asked her yet." Harry asked, confused.

"Well, I kind of told her I was coming to meet you. She told me that if you're going to ask her for permission do something, don't bother, she says yes, but you owe her a date." He explained nonchalantly.

Harry started to laugh, while the girls scowled. "Tell her it's a deal Master Fujiwara-san."

Asuka Souru was the youngest minister of magic in the history of Japan. She was voted as the minister when she was only 24, now 27. She met Harry and the girls last year when they were permanently assigned in Japan and ever since then, much to the dislike of Fleur and Nym, she flirted with him. She was very beautiful, long black hair,

striking almond eyes, pink and full lips and a petite body. However, Harry told her that he wasn't attracted to her and that he only wanted to be friends with her. Asuka took this as a challenge though and have been flirting with him ever since.

The Queen cleared her throat, "Harry, you have my permission as well. I declare you diplomatically immuned in the lands of Britain. For the 2 months you've stayed with us, you became like a brother to princess's and became a close friend of mine. I have complete trust in you and know that you will not abuse this freedom we have given you." She said, stood up and gave him a hug, one that he happily returned.

"Thank you Alex, for trusting me." He whispered.

She smiled and nodded. "Go and save him." She whispered. He nodded and started to walk towards the girls. "Oh and girls!" She called to them and Fleur and Nym looked at her. "Please bring him back in one piece."

He sighed. He looked at the three people watching him. He nodded, "let's go."

They packed their surveillance equipments, shrunk them and put them in their bags. They silently made their way to the edges of the wards and Fleur took out her wand.

"We have to get in as fast as possible. Tearing blood wards is very difficult; holding it on place for us to get in will be harder and will consume large amounts of magic from me. Ready?" She asked and the three nodded. She started to wave her wand in complex patterns, muttering long spells in Latin. Soon, the wards can be clearly seen and small cracks started to appear on the wall of magic in front of them. The cracks started to crumble and layers of wards fell making a small tunnel.

"Go! Quickly!" She hissed, her brows furrowed and her eyes closed in concentration.

Nym grabbed Remus and pushed him in the tunnel. She quickly followed him and behind her was Harry, then Fleur. As soon as they were on the other side, closed the tear and cancelled the hold on the wards. She suddenly collapsed against Harry and was panting and gasping for air, her aura flickering white and pink.

"Zat... waz... ard..." She said through breaths.

Harry was now concerned, because Fleur's accent rarely comes out, and when it does, something is definitely wrong with her. "Hey, are you alright?" He asked as he caressed her cheek with one hand while the other is wrapped around her waist holding her up.

She just rested her head on his shoulder as he held her. "No love, just a bit winded. Just let me catch my breath for a second." She said, her accent gone and her aura back to her usual white.

"Alright, but tell me if there's something wrong okay?" He waited until she nodded against his shoulder. He then turned to Nym, "Alright Nym, go ahead. Now remember, stay in the shadows and NO confrontations. Find Sirius as fast as you can and stay with him. As soon as you find him, secure the location then tell me through the bond and we will apparate to you. Got it?" He asked.

"Got it." She answered and turned around.

"Nym" He called after her and she stopped and turned around. "Be safe... I... love you."

She gave him a loving smile and nodded. "I will and I love you too." She said as she quickly made it to a shadowy spot and disappeared.

"Fleur were going full stealth mode." He told her as he tapped his cloak with his finger and said 'Black'. His whole outfit quickly turned from Gray to Black. Fleur did the same thing and now they were both black as coal except for their exposed faces, which was quickly remedied when they pulled up their hoods. Remus quickly waved his wand over his own worn out cloak and turned it black.

"See that big oak tree with the bushes around it near the side entrance?" Harry asked Remus and Fleur.

"Yes."

"We will hide there until Nym messages us. Just wait until the patrol team passes..." He said as he watched the group of three death eaters pass by the tree. "Now!" He hissed and the trio quickly dashed across the open yard towards the bushes.

'Bark' 'Bark'

They looked behind them and saw a dog running towards them. They quickly dove behind the bushes and the oak, but the dog was still going after them. It stopped in front of the bushes and kept on barking at them.

Remus' heightened sense of smell kicked in, "Three people are approaching this way."

"Shit! We need to get the dog out of here." Harry said frantically.

They heard voices coming towards them, "...hate that dog. Where did that crazy bitch go? Must've seen a rabbit or something..."

Remus quickly poked his head out of the bush they were hiding behind and looked the dog in the eye. The dog stared back at him and stopped barking. Remus then started to growl, low and dangerous, and the dog started to back up and then ran away, its tail

between its legs.

"There it is! It's running back towards the house!" One of the approaching death eaters exclaimed.

"Leave it. We need to finish our patrol. I don't want to be at the receiving end of a Crucio." Another one said and the group walked away.

Fleur and Harry let go of the breath they were holding. Remus sniffed the air and looked at them, "They are gone."

The trio settled against the large oak tree, Fleur on Harry's lap and Remus sitting against the tree. They waited for Nym's message under the security of the shadows casted by the tree and the bushes.

Meanwhile...

Nym appeared in the shadows in what appears to be a library. She tapped her cloak with her wand and activated the Chameleon Charms on it, and made herself transparent. She's fully invisible when she's not moving, but when she does she becomes translucent. She inspected the library to see if there are enemies around. Confirming that there aren't any, she pulled out a piece of parchment and tapped it with her wand.

"I solemnly swear I am up to no good." She whispered. A map of the Manor appeared on it and she checked where she is. It's only a map, not like the Marauder's, because it doesn't show the people in the structure. Going over the map, she found out that she is in the main library on the first floor.

She nodded and tapped the parchment and said 'Mischief managed' the map disappeared and she put it in her pocket. She quickly crossed the room and opened the door slightly to see what is outside. Two death eaters were guarding the doors and more were passing by.

She then saw Lucius Malfoy heading towards the doors, so she quickly backed up and hid in the shadows. He walked in and sat on a chair behind a desk and pulled out a book. He started to mutter something "Stupid Bitch... Blood Traitor... I'm going to kill her." when someone burst through the doors.

"Who dares to interrupt me?" Lucius bellowed.

The hooded person started to laugh maniacally, "I do, brother-in-law" and she lowered her hood revealing Bellatrix LeStrange.

"What are you doing here?" He asked her coldly.

"Is that how you greet family now?" She asked, while Lucius just stared at her coldly. "The Dark Lord sent me to check on the prisoners."

"They are being 'taken care' of right now. They are in the dungeons right now." He explained. "Do you want to see them?"

"No, I don't think I need too. Besides, it's your ass on the line not mine. I just can't wait for the Dark Lord to come and get the show on the road already." She said excitedly. "A little bird told me something about your wife." She sneered.

"Oh yeah? What did you here?" He asked as he started to sweat.

"I'm not going into details, but I heard Cissy is now classified as a blood traitor." Nym was surprised by this.

"Damn it! She brought shame into my family. I will kill her myself!" He yelled.

"Well, I'm going to make myself busy waiting for our lord. I'm going to read something." Bellatrix said as she started to head towards Nym's direction. Nym decided she needed to go and disappeared in the

shadows.

She reported everything she learned to Harry through the bond. "We can't go after the other prisoners right now. We have to stick to the mission and then go for the prisoners after." He answered.

"Alright, I'll continue on." She answered.

"Nym, please be careful" Harry pleaded.

"I will..."

Grimmauld Place

Amelia, Kingsley, Minister Adams, Master Jefferson, Fujiwara and Mistress Sofie, the Queen and her 2 bodyguards were seated in the living room.

"Master Jefferson, I understand you've been training Harry. Ummm... What was his life like for the two years he was under you?" Amelia asked.

"Well... He was a whiny, lazy, insolent little brat." He said.

"What?" The Queen asked in shock. "Was he?"

"Shut up Grant!" Mistress Sofie yelled as she smacked him at the back of his head. "No he wasn't your majesty. Harry is the complete opposite of what Grant said."

Master Jefferson grumbled something as he rubbed his head. "I wish he was though, that way I can be mad at him about something. As his master, I should have the right to be an ass around him, but I can't. Everything he does is right and justified. He is the hardest working student I've ever had and always pushes himself to the limit. I'll tell him something to do and he will go above and beyond it."

Everyone loves him, his NEWT teachers, who ever meets him is awed by him, but he never lets it get to his head. He is humble, polite and soft spoken... I hate it." He said, but his voice was playful.

"He is the perfect gentleman, he is handsome and sexy, he is part metamorph and part veela and one of the richest people in the world... He is easily makes friends with anyone and unintentionally seduces every girl he meets by just being himself and does not even know it, but he is very much in love with Fleur and Nymphadora." Mistress Sofie said mirthfully.

The Queen was laughing now, "It's true. The teen princess's were so devastated when they found out about Fleur and Nym. They didn't come out of their rooms until Harry, Nym and Fleur had to go in there. I don't know what they did, but when they came out, the princess's were acting like they just gained a big brother and two older sisters. Harry's team joined the Royal family as we toured around the world to visit several ally countries. He saved our lives three times... we owe our lives to a 16 year old man."

"16 years old..." Minister Adams mused out loud.

"It's very hard to believe how much he has accomplished in such short time." Kingsley said.

Amelia laughed at this, "He's been doing that ever since he was born." She pointed out.

Master Fujiwara cleared his throat, "It's very easy to look at his accomplishments, but you have to see how he gets there. Harry, Fleur and Nym went through hell during their time with us. We pushed them past their limits, suffered broken bones and almost died to get to where they are at. When we found out about the prophecy, we almost killed them, especially Harry. His physical and mental stability was put to test. We made him learn the Dark Arts to know what the effects are and how to counter them. In the Unspeakable

missions, when you get into a fight and the enemies fire a killing curse, you fire back. That's what it is like in the real world, no clean duels, its life or death situations, so we exposed him to all the Dark Spells during his training. This could turn most people dark, but not him. He rose above that and became a stronger, more focused and better man after." He said solemnly.

Mistress Sofie nodded, "The most amazing thing is though is the growth they underwent when we broke the team apart. Grant took Harry to North America; Master Fujiwara took Nymphadora to Japan, while I kept Fleur in France for separate and specialized training. However, their performance became below average, well below their average and it concerned us. I'm not sure about Tonks, but I asked Fleur about it and I found out that she has feelings for him, as he is the only man she trusted. I talked to Grant and Master Fujiwara about it and they responded with almost the same confessions. We came up with a solution, we will set goals for them and the faster they achieve those goals, the faster they can become a team again. That focused them... we didn't have to do anything because they pushed themselves and within 3 months, they did it. Nymphadora got 3rd class Shadow Mage; I declared Fleur as a 2nd Class Light Mage and Harry became 1st Class War Mage... It was amazing..." She ended with a whisper.

"Wait, I thought that Interteam relationship were looked down in the Unspeakables?" Kingsley asked.

Grant nodded, "It usually is, but Harry and the girls are different. I've never seen teamwork like theirs. They are able to do things in mission separately, but in perfect synch with each other... it's almost like they know what goes on in each other's head." He said jokingly, but stopped abruptly and looked at his colleagues. "You don't think they are..."

"...bonded?" Mistress Sofie finished. Amelia and the Queen gasped, while Kingsley shook his head chuckling.

"That would explain a lot of things." Master Fujiwara concluded.

"But... but... he is only 16... and with a 19 and a 23 year old... together?" Amelia asked disbelievingly.

Kingsley started to laugh, and laugh hard. "He... is... one... lucky... bloke..." He said in between laughter as he wiped his eyes.

The Queen glared at him, "I don't see how this is funny. Being bonded with someone is the same as being married, without the paperwork."

"Your majesty, with all due respect, I don't see what is wrong with this." Kingsley said seriously.

"He is a married man in the age of 16!" She screamed.

Amelia quickly made her way beside the Queen and got her to calm down, while the three masters watch in amusement. Kingsley stood up in front of her, "Your majesty, may I ask you, what the requirements of being married and being bonded are?"

The Queen was taken aback by the question but answered, "Care, trust and... love." She answered.

"Exactly. Do you not think that they have that between them? Hell, I'm sure they have that. Most married couples don't even form a bond with each other, because COMPLETE care, COMPLETE trust and Complete Devotion and love with the partner are required for the bond to work. To have a bond with not just one, but two individuals shows how much he loves them and they love him. If they have that then who are we to judge them?" Kingsley asked.

The group sat in silence as they let Kingsley's words sink in. "Kingsley, I never knew you were so sappy." Amelia said and

everyone in the room laughed.

Malfoy Manor, England

Nym has been shadow stalking around the manor for a while looking for Sirius, but no luck. She was almost caught a couple of times if it wasn't for her quick thinking. She was silently creeping around a room when suddenly a bell went off all over the manor. 'Shit did they find them?' she asked herself. 'Harry, are you guys alright? A bell went off in the manor.' She asked through the bond.

'Yes Nym, we're alright. We heard the bell too and I can see the death eaters outside quickly trying to get in though. What is going on in there?'

'I don't really know, but everyone seems to be hurrying downstairs... I think I should follow them and see what is going on. It could lead us to Sirius.' She said as she watched, as death eaters come out of rooms and rush past the shadowed spot she was in, heading downstairs.

'Alright Nym... Report to me immediately what you see.' He instructed her.

She nodded mentally and dissolved in the shadows. She appeared in a shadowed spot on a balcony overlooking a large hall. The whole room was filled with death eaters and there on the stage stood Lucius Malfoy.

'Lots and lots of death eaters are now assembled in the main hall of the manor. It looks like all the escapees from Azkaban are here.' She reported.

'So, Kingsley and Amelia were right. Diagon Alley and the massive break out from Azkaban were connected.'

'Harry, I think Malfoy is about to say something.'

Lucius whipped his wand out and pointed at his throat. 'Sonus' "Fellow servants of the Dark Lord, we have gathered here in the manor the most noble house of Malfoy's, my home, to the request of the Dark Lord himself. He is arriving soon and has asked me to show you the entertainment for the night, but not to start until he gets here and has given his permission to do so." He paused and turned towards a door behind him. The door opened revealing a maniacally happy Bellatrix LeStrange, with three face covered individuals.

Harry felt Nym tense up and become angry through the bond. 'Nym!' He yelled through the bond, but got no response. 'Nym!' He yelled louder.

'Ha-Harry...' She stuttered.

'What is it? What happened?' Harry demanded.

'I-I-I f-found Sirius.' She said hesitantly.

'Alright we'll apparate to you, just hang on.' He said as he quickly woke up Fleur who was sleeping on his lap.

Nym closed her eyes shut, 'Harry... there's more.'

Harry grabbed Remus' arm and was about to apparate, 'Nym what is it?'

'It's not just Sirius here. They also have... Gabrielle and Amelia's niece.'

Chapter 7 - Promise

Grimmauld Place

"Mistress Sofie? Can you tell us about Harry's unusual background?" Amelia asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I was wondering about his Veela and Metamorphagus blood... I mean I haven't heard of anything like it before. I know there were male veelas before, but both veela and metamorphagus?" Amelia answered.

The French woman nodded, "Well it is most unusual... we didn't even know about it until recently, which makes it more unusual. Normally veelas and morphers will discover or show their 'abilities' at a young age, either consciously or accidentally. This was not the case for young Harry though. He only started showing signs about... 3,4 months ago, so we tested his blood and found out that indeed, he has the gifts."

"I have a theory." Master Jefferson announced. Everyone turned to him and motioned him to continue, "Well, he started to show his 'talents' 3 or 4 months ago. During those times, they also started to become closer, closer than girlfriends and boyfriends, more like married couples. They argued less and they were acting like they could read each other's minds. In short, I believe that was the time their bond started. Bonding is the sharing of the couple, or in this case couples' mind and soul. What if they inadvertently shared their talents to him too?" he finished with a question.

Everyone sat in silence, thinking over what was said. Master Fujiwara was about to say something, but was interrupted by a flash of fire. Fawkes appeared and landed on Amelia's shoulder. He gave a short trill and dropped a piece of parchment on her hand. He trilled

again and disappeared with another burst of fire.

Amelia unrolled the parchment, with furrowed brows. 'What could Harry send me right now?' he asked herself. She read over the letter and gasped

Everyone looked at her expectantly. They immediately knew something was wrong. Her eyes were wide, her mouth was open, her face lost color and she started to shake. Amelia dropped the parchment and quickly made her way to the fire place. She threw in some floo powder and yelled, "Ministry of Magic, Minister's office!" and walked in the green flames.

The rest sat stunned for a second, but came back to their senses right away. They all rushed to pick up the parchment to read what was on it.

Amelia,

They have Gabrielle and Susan.

-Harry

Malfoy Manor

Harry closed his eyes as soon as Fawkes disappeared. He whispered "I promised" and was playing a memory in his and Fleur's head...

Two figures were walking outside of the castle, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, after the leaving ceremony.

"Fleur, where could he be? We've looked everywhere in the castle." A little silvery blonde haired girl whined.

"Gabby, I asked his friends, they said he went outside for a walk.

We'll just look around okay mon Cheri?" The older witch said patiently.

"I just really want to thank him... We're leaving tomorrow to BauxBatons and I want to thank him, I could've died... and he saved me. He didn't even know me, but he still saved me." Gabrielle Delacour finished with a whisper.

Fleur smiled down at her younger sister, "Oui Gabrielle he did. I also want to thank him..." 'and apologize' she told herself. "...and see how he is doing. After that horrible maze and Cedric dying... he has been miserable." She said as they walked hand in hand towards the lake.

Harry sighed, it was the perfect night. The moon was shining brightly in the sky, covering everything in a silvery blanket, there were no clouds blocking the sparkles of the stars and a warm, early summer breeze was blowing, caressing his cheeks, but these didn't comfort him. It made it worse, 'I don't deserve to enjoy this... too many people died because of me already. Damn old bastard... if only he told me about the damn prophesy, this could've been all avoided, but instead I had to find out by accidentally falling in that glowing bowl thing when he called me in his office after the ceremony. Then, after I confront him about it, he said he just wanted me to enjoy life. Enjoy life? I've almost died every fucking year and he thinks I'm enjoying life. He then had the audacity to tell me that I have to go back to Dursley's because of the blood wards. Blood wards? I may not be as smart as Hermione, but I can figure out that something is wrong with the picture. Voldemort now has the same blood as me... those bloody blood wards won't do anything...' He angrily mused, as he sat under the willow tree, him, Hermione and Ron would usually sit under.

He sighed again, as he looked over the sparkling surface of the lake that is mirroring the night sky. 'Mum, Dad, I wish you were here to tell me what to do... I'm so lost right now...' he thought as tears started

to fall from his eyes.

Suddenly, warm, gentle arms wrapped around him from behind. He turned his head and found a pair of beautiful sapphire orbs looking back at him. It took him a while to figure out who the beautiful creature that was holding him was... it was Fleur. As soon as this registered, he started to blush, standing up and hastily wiped the tears from his face. She just smiled at him softly, "Arry? Are you alright?"

'Damn, she just saw me crying... what is she going to think of me now?' he asked himself. "Y-Yes, ummm... I just had something i-in my e-eye." He stammered out, blushing profusely.

She gently grabbed his arm, "Arry, It's okay... Why were you upset?"

"I... I was just thinking of my parents." He closed his eyes and whispered.

She gently pulled him down and sat on the ground. She then smiled at him briefly as she tucked her legs under her and turned her head to look over the lake. "I understand... we also lost our parents. I was 11 and Gabby was 6. It still hurts..." she whispered.

He looked at her, she was wearing a light summer dress that hugged her body and the moonlight bathing her in a silver glow, made her look even more beautiful, "I-I'm s-sorry... I didn't know." He stammered out.

She looked at him and smiled, "No, don't be. I should be the one apologizing. That is why we came here... well I came here to apologize, and Gabrielle came to thank you."

"Gabrielle? Where is she?" He asked confused. There was a noise behind him, so he looked over. Gabrielle walked out behind the tree

and just stood there awkwardly, looking down, blushing.

"She's shy." Fleur leaned over and whispered in his ear, making him shiver involuntarily and blood rushing down his body. He suddenly had the urge to push her on the ground and snog her senseless. He looked at her and suddenly his senses went overdrive. She suddenly became more and more beautiful to him, her soft pink lips becoming more and more inviting.

'Do it. She fancies you.' Someone said in the back of his head.

'Stop it! Why would she fancy you? You're just a leetle boy to her remember?' he yelled at himself as he composed his body. He took a deep breath and looked at the young girl. She looked like a miniature Fleur, making him smile. "Gabrielle you came to see me?" he asked. The little girl raised her head and looked at him. She blushed and nodded her head. "Why are you over there then? Come here." He said as he padded the space between Fleur and him.

Fleur smiled inwardly. 'I hit him with my full veela charm, and he fought it off.' She thought

Gabrielle smiled shyly and walked over the two older teens and sat in between them. "Arry, I-I just w-wanted to say thank you." She said shyly and hugged him.

He looked at Fleur who was smiling gently at him. He nodded and hugged the young girl back. He pushed her away a little and looked at her sparkling eyes, "You're very welcome, but why are you thanking me?"

"You saved me from dying in the lake. You didn't even know me, but you still saved me." She answered him.

"Yes, but I wouldn't call that saving you. You weren't in any real danger. Dumbledore wouldn't allow that." He said.

"Actually Arry, yes she was. You see, Veela are naturally fire elementals. If we stay underwater for longer than an hour, there is a great risk for us to lose our magic, because the natural enemy of fire is water. That was why I was so scared when the Gryndilows got me... She is all I have... if it wasn't for you, she could've been gone too." Fleur sobbed

Harry has never been good with crying girls, well girls in general. He didn't know how to act or comfort them, he was too shy. However, seeing this perfect creature break down in front of his eyes, broke that shyness and gave way to doing all he can to comfort her. He quickly grabbed her, lifted her to his lap, wrapped his arms around her and rocked her gently. "Shhh Fleur, don't worry. It's done... she's safe." He whispered to her ear as she fisted his shirt and cried on his chest.

Gabrielle also started to cry and flung her arms around her sister and her hero. "Arry is right. It's okay Fleur I'm here. I'm safe because of him." She said.

Fleur slowly relaxed and her body stopped shaking. This brought him back and realized the position they were in. Fleur Delacour, the most beautiful girl he has ever seen is sitting on his lap. This made his pants tighten, making him blush profusely because he knew, she could feel it too. "Ummm... Fleur..." He croaked out.

She giggled, nodded and stood up. "Arry, let's take a walk." She said as she held out her hand to him.

His blush lessened and he nodded and stood up. "Alright."

"Aww... walking again? I'm tired, my legs are sore." The little veela whined.

Harry chuckled, turned around and got on one knee. "Alright, come. I'll give you a piggy back ride."

This made Gabrielle squeal and she quickly stood up and jumped on his back. "Let's go!" she yelled.

Chuckling, Harry, with Gabrielle on his back, walked along the side of the lake with Fleur. After a while they stopped and turned to look over the lake, where the Giant Squid was lazily flailing its tentacles out of the surface.

"Arry, I want to apologize." She said without looking at him. "I know I've been acting like a... how do you say... bitch? Around you ever since we got here, and yet, you still saved my little sister."

"Yes... Arry thank you." Gabrielle whispered sleepily over his shoulder. It was surprising to him how light she was. He never got tired the entire time he was carrying her.

"It's alright Fleur, you didn't know me. I understand." He answered her without looking at her also.

This time she turned to him, "Zat is it! I didn't know you and I acted like that. I judged you like everyone else did... I should've gotten to know you first before I judged your character." She said and looked down, "I'm sorry... I hope you could forgive me and become your friend."

Holding Gabrielle's legs up, he had no free hands, so he did the only thing he could do to get her attention, with his Gryffindor courage he kissed her on the cheek. She snapped her head up and looked at him, only to find him blushing all the way to his red ears. "Ummm... Fleur... I-I w-would like to be your f-friend." He stammered out.

Touching her cheek, she smiled at him and hugged him. "Arry, you are the first person to tell me that sincerely..." She said and she told him about her childhood; growing up with no real friends because the girls hated her because she's a veela, while the boys only liked her

for the same reason.

"Well, they are all idiots." He told her hotly.

"Arry, they can't help it. My veela charm is affecting them, like an imperious curse. Their lust is making them act that way... you are the only male close to my age that is not affected..." She explained.

This shocked him, 'I wasn't affected? I threw off the imperious by Crouch jr...' he thought. "Fleur, Gabrielle, if I'm going to be friends with you, I think you should know something." He said as he put down Gabrielle on the ground. He looked them in the eyes and told them about the prophecy, Dumbledore and the Dursleys. "... I understand if you can't be my friend after that... it's too dangerous for you. That is why my friend and I are leaving England tonight, she said she knew people that could help me." He said as he looked down and started to back up.

Fleur suddenly grabbed him by the arm and pulled him to her. She hugged him like her life depended on it as she cried silently on his shoulder. "Zat is horrible Arry... but I am your friend from now on and will always be. You are the first true friend I've had and I am not going to let some evil psychopath take that away from me. I will be there to help you in any way possible. I'm not letting you go... I'll come with you." She said muffled against his neck.

"Me too Arry! Me too!" Little Gabrielle yelled as she also hugged him around the waist.

Harry smiled at the sisters hugging him. He couldn't tell Ron and Hermione about leaving because he knows they will try to stop him, 'but these two aren't stopping me... they want to go with me...' "Thank you" he whispered. He gently pushed them away, kept them at arm's length and looked them in the eyes. "And I'll be there for you. Whenever you need me I'll be there for you, both of you. I won't let him or anybody harm you. I promise."

He opened his eyes, emerald orbs blazing and he unsheathed his katana while taking out his bone white wand followed by Fleur and Remus.

Gabrielle sat there, naked, her legs bound on the front legs of the chair and her arms tied behind the back. She was bruised all over her body and her face swollen face had tear streaks on them. She had her eyes closed remembering a different, but similar memory...

"Happy 13th birthday Gabby!" Fleur, Nym and Harry said in unison as they gave her a cupcake with a single lit candle on the middle. They were in a French magical restaurant in Japan, and all the waiting staff came and surrounded her. All of a sudden they all started singing her a happy birthday and the other customers joined in. This made her blush from all the attention she was getting.

She blew out the candle, while everyone cheered and clapped. An elder woman came out from the back of the store and hugged Gabrielle tightly. "Bonne anniversaire ma petite fleur." She said.

"Merci beacoup Madame Marleigh." She answered back.

"Now, now, what did I say? Call me Granmere. And you're very welcome. You four have become my favorite customers ever since you've moved here almost a year ago. Here's your present. You will always be welcome here to Marleigh's Chateau and will never have to pay for your meals." She said as she gave her a plastic card that looks like credit card with the restaurants logo on it.

"Thank you" The young veela said as she hugged the older woman tightly and let go. Marleigh nodded and walked back to the counter followed by her staff.

"Here Gabby." Nym said as she gave her a wrapped present.

Gabrielle quickly ripped through the wrapping and opened a thin long box. She gasped, "R-really?" She asked and Nym nodded. In the box was a brand new wand from France's most famous wand maker. She gave it a swish and a flick and golden sparks shot out of the end.

"Now that you have a new wand you might need this." Fleur said as she gave her, her present. The young veela once again tore through the gift and took out a wand holster. "It's Basilisk hide and can change colors to whatever you want. It's an official Unspeakable wand holster, complete with chameleon and delusion charms."

"Oh thank you Fleur, Nym." She said as she got up and went around the table to hug her sisters.

As soon as she sat down, Harry stood up and took out a white, square box. "Happy Birthday Gabby." He said and opened the box.

Gabrielle gasped, at what was in the box. It was a thin, platinum necklace that had a platinum pendant in the shape of a lily, with a sparkling blue diamond in the middle. He pulled it out and went behind her. He gathered her platinum blonde hair over her shoulder and put the necklace around her neck.

She touched the pendant absently then turned around and gave him a crushing hug. "Thank you Arry! It's beautiful."

He chuckled as he wrapped his arms around her, "Not as beautiful as you mon cheri." He said making her blush. The waiters suddenly came out of nowhere and started to place the meals on the table. They yelled 'Bon Appetite' and walked away. Harry chuckled, kissed her cheek and let her go. He went around the table and sat back down to his chair between Fleur and Nym.

They ate dinner animatedly, talking about their day, arguing about nonsense and teasing each other. Near the end of dinner, Gabrielle noticed that Harry was silent and was picking at his dessert.

"Arry? What's wrong?" She asked. She saw him look at her awkwardly so she tried to lighten his mood, "How do the English say it? Le chat got your tongue?"

This made him smile. He looked at Fleur who nodded, then at Nym who did the same. He reached over table and placed his hand over Gabrielle. Her eyes widened at this, thinking he is about to do what she was dreaming he would do.

"Gabrielle," He paused and looked into her eyes. "I'm dating Nym and Fleur."

Her body went numb. As she stared at him, mouth open and eyes wide. Harry saw this and winced, knowing she wasn't expecting what he just said. He got up his chair to get around the table, but this seemed to have brought Gabrielle out of her shock. She quickly stood up tears falling from her eyes and ran out of the restaurant. She knew everyone was watching her, but she didn't care.

Fleur and Nym made to get up, but Harry stopped them. "Ladies, please let me handle this."

The girls looked at him for a moment and nodded. He nodded back and he turned and ran out of the restaurant to catch up with Gabrielle.

He found her sitting on a bench in the nearby park with her hands over her face. He sat beside her, far enough to not let their bodies touch. She took off her hands over her face and looked at him, but he didn't look back. He leaned his head back and stared in the sky. The two sat silently for a while until Harry spoke.

"You know, I know how you feel." He said.

"How could you possibly know?" She asked her voice cracking.

"I too had a crush on someone from Hogwarts last year. I really like her so I asked her to the ball, but she turned me down for another guy. Her name was Cho Chang and she dated Cedric after the Yule ball." He said. "I was crushed when I saw them." He admitted. "But now, I've realized how stupid I was back then. I liked her because she was pretty, but I didn't know who she was."

"But I know you. You've been living with us for almost a year now..." She answered weakly.

"You know the person that I am when I'm around you Gabby because I don't want to show you the ugly side of me. You know we're... I'm an Unspeakable... I've killed people Gabby. Fleur and Nym have seen that and even worse... I've lost control of my temper and emotions; I've turned into a monster and killed many... It might be all just, but killing is still killing... and yet they still wanted to be with me. They understand what I feel because they've been there... and I love them for that... Maybe someday, when I think you're ready, I'll show you the things that I've done and then you decide what you want." He whispered, still looking in the sky.

Gabrielle sunk on the bench, leaned back and looked at the sky too. They sat there in silence for a while, "To me... you'll always be Arry, the kindest, most thoughtful, cutest and sexiest man in the world." She said with a blush and laughed nervously.

Harry turned to look at her, "and you'll always be Gabby, the cutest, most lovable and one of the three most beautiful women in the world." He told her. She turned to him and flung her arms around him to hug him tight as tears fell from her eyes. "I'm just not ready to look past the fact that you are the little sister I never had." He whispered.

She wiped her eyes on his shirt and pulled away slightly. "I kind of over reacted didn't I?" she asked.

He smiled down at her as he cupped her face and brushed some of the stray tears on her cheeks with his thumb. "A little, but it's understandable." He answered, "So, are we good?"

She nodded, "Arry, promise me, that dating Nym and Fleur wouldn't change anything between us. I don't want to lose you too." She pleaded.

"I will never let that happen. I'll always be your big brother that tries to spoil his little sister rotten. I'll always be there for you whenever you need me. You won't lose any of us." He told her seriously. He then smiled, " And maybe someday you and me..." he trailed off looking her in the eyes.

Her eyes sparkled and became hopeful, "Y-You promise?"

He leaned down and gave her a quick, tender kiss on the lips. He pulled back, "Look at the back of the pendant on your necklace." He told her.

She did as she was told. She turned over the platinum pendant and at the back was a word engraved. 'Promise'

Gabrielle opened her eyes and saw on her right, a battered man unconscious on the floor, bleeding profusely from several cuts on his body. She looked on her left and saw a naked, and bound redheaded girl, sobbing. She finally looked in front of her and saw a sea of black hooded people laughing and insulting them, while a pair of blonde haired men, who looked like father and son, approaching her, licking their lips.

"Draco, choose." The older one commanded.

"I've always liked redheads' father. So I'll take her." The younger one answered, pointing at Susan.

"Very well, I'll have her." The older man said and approached Gabrielle.

Lucius eyed the platinum blond girl. She was young, but she had a beautifully developed body. He noticed most of the men in the crowd doing the same as he was, but he was a member of the inner circle, he gets first go at their spoils. He knew he shouldn't start, but the hatred on her beautiful baby blue eyes and face that only made him want her more. 'Just a taste' he thought as he slowly made his way towards her and caressed her cheek.

As soon as he touched her cheek she whimpered and he heard her whispered, 'you promised'. Then his eyes turned red and then the world became black.

Everyone was stunned when they saw Lucius Malfoy's body fly in the air and land in a smoking heap in the middle of the floor of the hall. Blood leaked from his eyes, nose, ears and mouth and right in the middle of his chest was a smoking hole the size of a basketball.

Their heads all turned back on the stage and froze. There stood a black cloaked and hooded man with a katana sword on one hand and held with his other hand a bone white staff with intricate carvings on the shaft, and a small mithril figure head in a shape of an angel, with wings spread, hands slightly apart, palms facing each other, looking like it's holding something. In between her palms was a blade of blue energy curving sideways, making the staff look like a scythe. The man stood there with pair of blazing emerald orbs that froze everyone with his gaze.

Where Lucius Malfoy stood before, beside the young silvery blonde haired girl, was another black hooded person, a female based on her shapely curves under the black cloak. She had a wand in one hand and a huge, bright, ball of blue fire on the other, her eyes blazing blue.

Behind Bellatrix Lestrange was another hooded person. A wand was pointed on the death eater's head and a katana around her neck. The scariest part about her was her pitch black, visible aura surrounding her and a vibrant pair of blazing magenta orbs under her hood.

Draco Malfoy was on his back and a wand was pointing between his eyes, making him slightly crossed eyed. He followed the stick, to the hand, to the arm and to the face. His eyes widened as he realized who it was.

"You!" he snarled.

"Hello, Mr. Malfoy." The person answered calmly.

"Let go of me you half-breed!" he yelled.

Remus chuckled. "50 points off Slytherin for becoming a death eater. Stupefy!" And a red beam erupted from his wand. He stood up and made his way to the crumpled body of Sirius to check up on him.

"No one move and I let you live." Harry said calmly towards the sea of death eaters before the raised platform, but was heard by everyone in the room. He let his veela charm off full blast, intimidating all the males and enthralling all the females in the crowd. He then turned around and approached Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was sure she would be raped by the blonde man, but was saved by this hooded person in front of her who had a blue flame, blazing on her hand. She then saw another black hooded person approaching her. The power radiating from the person was immense and she started to get scared.

"Please, don't hurt me." She whimpered as she struggled against the ropes that bound her as she tried to back up. With all her movements the chair tipped over backwards, and her body stiffened as she waited for her body to hit the floor, but it never happened. She

hesitantly opened her eyes and saw two glowing emerald green orbs looking back at her. She felt the ropes around her ankles and wrists fall off. The person pulled her to her feet, conjured a blue robe and put it on her gently to cover her nakedness. She couldn't believe how gentle this person was, 'Who is he?' she asked herself.

"Are you okay ma Cheri?"

Her head snapped to look at the hooded person and tears sprang from her eyes. "A-Array?"

A/N: Just introducing Gabrielle's character... Next Chapter is going to have action

Chapter 8 - Death

Malfoy Manor Grounds

Voldemort was dumbstruck when he arrived in the main hall of Malfoy Manor. The floor was littered of smoking, headless and broken bodies of his death eaters. Rage started to boil deep in his veins as he walked through the hall. He stopped when he saw the body of Lucius Malfoy, and the gaping hole in his chest.

"What happened here?" He bellowed, echoing in the silent hall.

Then the ground shook. His red eyes closed and his snakelike face contorted in concentration. His eyes suddenly snapped open, and his body filled with rage as he felt three powerful magical sources just outside the manor. He disappeared in an inaudible 'POP' leaving the body filled hall silent once again.

He arrived outside the manor and once again, was stunned for the second time that night. It felt like Déjà vu, as he watched the scene happening in front of him. He thought he went back in time, during the first war. The night sky was illuminated by a rainbow of colors, as spell after spell was cast, and screams filled the air. He was brought out of his stupor as the ground shook as he heard an explosion from afar.

He made his way as fast as he can to the battle front, passing his dying minions along the way. He could see the wards of the manor flaring to visibility as he walked half jogged towards the front, he stopped and pressed his wand on one of the dead death eater's mark.

Fleur was kneeling on the grass, outside the Manor, beside the bloody and unconscious body of Sirius Black. In front was Remus Lupin, wand out, ready for anything, behind her was the huddled forms of Gabrielle Delacour and Susan Bones. She looked down on

Sirius again and shook her head. 'I can't counter the curse... He won't make it...'

'Don't think like that!' Harry yelled through the bond. 'We've come to save him! We haven't had a failed mission before, and I'm not going to start now!'

'Harry watch out!' Nym yelled.

Harry was brought out of his reverie and ducked, and saw two killing curses sail over him, impacting and burning trees behind him. He quickly swung his bone white staff around, "Confringo Effesus". A sonic boom erupted from his staff as the wide area blasting curse streaked towards the death eaters he was engaged with in a running battle. This caused a huge explosion that shook the ground, breaking most of the windows of the Manor and a wall. He quickly apparated beside Fleur and Sirius and touched her shoulder.

"Tal, what's his status?" He asked.

"Ha- Nox, I don't know if he is going to make it. The curse Bellatrix hit him when she got away from Cami was a dark curse. It eats away the wizard's magical core, and there is no known counter for it." She answered, tears forming in her pale blue eyes.

Harry knelt beside her and looked at his godfather. "Fleur? What if we take him to St. Mungo's would they be able to do anything?"

"I've told you before, we can't do anything magical to him. No transportation, no healing, no nothing. The curse is making his core unstable. If we apply any magic to him, it might make his core completely fail, resulting in a magical explosion that could kill us all." She answered as she wiped her eyes. "Besides, St. Mungo's healers won't be able to help him. If I don't know the counter-curse, then there probably isn't."

Harry's body slumped, "How long?" He asked.

"Half an hour." She answered.

He nodded, 'I will make them pay Sirius.' He thought. Nym suddenly walked out from a black cloud, panting. "Har- Nox, How is he?" She asked.

"Not good." He said.

She nodded, "How long?"

"Tal said half an hour more." He answered. Nym looked longingly at Sirius and tears started to pool in her eyes. She wiped them quickly, nodded again and disappeared in black smoke. He got up and walked up to Remus. "Moony..."

"I heard, Harry." He said, his voice breaking.

"I... I..." Harry didn't know what to say as he watched his ex-professor's body shaking with sobs.

'Harry, more death eaters are coming. I think they've called for reinforcements.' Nym reported.

'How many?' He asked.

'I'm not sure, but I think the entire inner circle is here, silver masks and all.' She reported.

'Arry, I've stabilized Sirius. I connected his core to mine, keeping it stable for now. However, I don't know how long it will hold.' Fleur said.

'That's good Fleur... that's good.' He said. He was about to tell the Remus but collapsed on his knees. He felt the excruciating pain that

surged from his head down his body. He placed a hand on his forehead and felt it wet. He looked at his hands, and was shocked that it was covered with blood. He felt his scar throb and his heart quickened.

The werewolf quickly knelt beside his surrogate son, "Harry? Are you alright?"

"He's here" he whispered. 'Nym! Come back!' He yelled through the bond and turned to Remus, "Moony! Take Gabby and Susan out of here!"

"What? Why?" He asked, confused.

"Moony, I'm the tactical leader of this group, just follow my orders. Please." He said as he placed his head in his hands.

Remus hesitated, nodded, and quickly made his way to the two girls, "A-Array? What is going on?" Fleur asked, as Nym emerged from the shadows and quickly made her way towards Harry.

"Voldemort." He answered. "Fawkes!" The phoenix appeared with a flash. "Take Moony and the girls to Grimmauld Place." The phoenix trilled and flew over them. "Moony watch over them!" He commanded.

"What about you?" The werewolf asked.

"Moony, Sirius can't be moved magically, which means he has to stay here. Fleur is keeping him alive so she also can't leave. I'm this team's leader and I'm not going to abandon anyone. Besides, it's time to say hello to old snake-face anyways." He said with a smirk.

"Array! I'm not leaving you!" Gabrielle yelled as she tried to pry herself from Remus' grip.

Harry waved his hand over his forehead, scourging the blood, and walked up to the young veela. "Ma Cheri, you have to go. It is very dangerous here, and now he is here, I'm not sure if I can protect you anymore."

"Arry, but what if... what if he kills you? I don't... I can't lose you too." She said as tears started to fall from her eyes.

Harry cupped her face and wiped the tears with his thumbs. "Gabby, remember your birthday?" he asked and she nodded. "You will never lose any of us." He said softly and kissed her forehead. "Now, go." He said and stood up.

"Harry, I never believed the article in the prophet this morning and now I know that I was right. Thank you." Susan said. Harry smiled at her and nodded.

"Be careful cub." Remus said before Fawkes gave a short trill and the three were surrounded with fire and disappeared.

Harry turned towards Nym and Fleur who had a determined look in their eyes. "Tal, stay with Sirius, watch over him."

"But, I can help you in the fight." She argued.

"I know, but I can't let you. Your magic is keeping him alive so I can't let you exhaust yourself." He retorted.

She looked defiant at him for a moment, but sighed in the end. She knows he was right, and she has to conserve her magic.

He turned to Nym, "Cami, you are coming with me. We are going to meet him and his death eaters half-way. We can't let them know about and get close to Tal and Sirius." She nodded.

Fleur ran up to her and hugged her tight. "Nym, please be careful."

She whispered as she buried her face on the older girl's neck.

Nym felt the hot tears on her skin and smiled sadly, "I will. I promise. I won't let him die."

She felt strong arms wrap around them. "Harry, promise me you won't die." Fleur said.

Harry looked down at her red rimmed eyes and tear streaked face. He gently lowered his head and kissed her eyelids, her cheeks and then her lips tenderly. "I promise I'll try." He said.

Fleur knew that was the best answer she could get from him, and sadly, she accepted it. Harry let the girls go and he and Nym backed up. "Fleur take care of him." He told her. She nodded and gave them a weak smile, "Nym, take care of him." She said.

Nym nodded and she and Harry apparated away, as she wiped her eyes and went back to kneeling on Sirius' side, still trying to break the curse and tending to his wounds mundanely. "Please be careful." She whispered as she looked back on the spot the two disappeared from.

Voldemort, flanked by his inner circle suddenly came to a halt when two hooded and cloaked figures appeared in front of them. Voldemort noticed the power radiating from the two were immense, one was almost as powerful as he is. One had a pitch black and the other had a grayish blue aura around them.

"Hello Tom." Harry greeted in a cold voice.

'How did he know?' Voldemort asked himself. "Who are you? How dare you call me by that name?"

"Call you by what name? Tom Marvolo Riddle Jr.?" Harry taunted.

"How dare you!" Voldemort yelled. "Crucio!" The red beam came flying towards the figures, but was easily blocked by rock slab that appeared out of nowhere.

Harry started to laugh, "Tom, Tom, Tom..." He said in a condescending tone as he shook his head. "You really should get anger management. I know some muggle doctors who can help you." He said as he conjured another rock slab to block a killing curse.

Voldemort was seething, his eyes were ablaze as the inner circle watched in fear, that their usually pale master, was turning red. 'He dares mock me? I am the most feared Dark Lord in history!' he told himself. "You! Take care of the other one! I'll take care of this fool myself." He told his inner circle.

Everyone wearing silver masks all answered in unison, "Yes Master."

"Cami, can you handle all twelve of them?" Harry asked quietly.

She smirked, "Please... Those werewolves in Japan were more dangerous than his inner circle." She said confidently, but on the inside, she was worried.

Harry chuckled, "You're right." He answered.

"You, however, better be careful. He is not called the most feared dark lord in history for nothing." She snapped.

"I will be." He said and pulled her for a kiss. They both pulled back and jumped away from each other, letting an angry red spell fly right in between them. "Be careful!" He yelled and disappeared.

Department of Mysteries

Amelia, Kingsley and John Handel were in front the briefing room in

the Department of Mysteries.

"...so far that is the current information we have on situation in Malfoy Manor." John Handel, Head of the Unspeakables concluded.

"Sir, if their team is that good, why do they need us?" One of the Unspeakables asked.

"They are one of the best in the world." John said. "I don't believe they need us, if based on their past experiences is the basis. However, we are being asked by the Minister herself, to go and provide assistance if necessary for her peace of mind. As I've said before, her niece is involved and it wouldn't hurt just to be sure."

Amelia nodded and stood up, while she wiped her eyes. "Thank you John and thank you all for responding to my call." She said as she addressed the room. "The Malfoy Manor is protected by several wards. One of them is anti-portkey and apparition. I have set up already for portkeys that will take as close to the manor as possible and will activate in five minutes."

Kingsley and John stood up, "This briefing is over. Please get ready to leave in five minutes."

"Sir, Yes sir." The Unspeakables said in unison.

"We'll get her back Amelia. Everything is going to be alright." Kingsley said as he squeezed her shoulder.

She nodded as she wiped her eyes again. "Please be alright Susan." She whispered.

Grimmauld Place

The Queen and the masters were talking with each other in Grimmauld Place's living room. Winky and Dobby were busy taking

care of the guests, providing refreshments and snacks.

Their conversation was interrupted as a flash of fire erupted in their midst. The masters and the Queen's body guards already had their wands out, prepared to shoot first, and ask questions later.

"Stop! It's just us!" Remus yelled as he saw five glowing wands aimed at them.

"Remus?" Mistress Sofie asked, and then she saw the platinum blonde girl behind him. "G-Gabby?"

The girl peeked behind Remus, "Mistress Sofie?" she asked. Her eyes widened as realization hit her. She quickly let go of the werewolf's hand and ran up to the French woman. She hugged the woman, as she broke down and her started body shake as she started to cry on the woman's shoulder. "I-I w-was s-so s-cared." She said.

"Shhh... It's okay." Sofie whispered as she rubbed her back soothingly.

"T-Then H-Harry ca-came a-and saved us." She stuttered.

Everyone lowered their wands and Master Fujiwara knelt beside the two ladies. "Gabby? What happened to Harry?"

Gabrielle wiped her eyes on Sofie's robe, "He stayed with Sirius and my sisters, Mister Fujiwara." She answered timidly.

"Remember, I told you to call me uncle?" He asked and she nodded. "Why did Harry stay with them? How come he didn't leave?"

Remus stepped up, "I can answer that." Everyone turned to him. "Sirius was hit with a dark curse that I don't really know about. Fleur said that it is supposedly eating away at his magical core. We

couldn't do anything magically to him because his core is unstable and might explode if we healed him or transport him. We had to manually get him out of the manor, while we fought off the death eaters."

"Mon Dieu! That curse has no counter-curse!" Sofie gasped.

"What?" Master Fujiwara and Master Jefferson both yelled.

"That curse has no counter-curse." She repeated. "It eats away the person's magic until it is completely drained, killing the person." She turned to Remus. "What are they doing now?" She demanded.

"Voldemort arrived, but Harry wouldn't abandon Sirius and has stayed. He ordered me to take Gabrielle and Susan here." The Marauder answered as he lowered his head, while everyone paled.

"Sofie, Fujiwara, I'm going after him." Grant Jefferson said as he grabbed his cloak and pulled his hood up.

"Wait, we're going with you." Sofie said as she and Fujiwara also donned their cloaks and hoods.

"Your Majesty, Remus, Gabby stay here and don't let anyone in the house. Susan, your Aunt just stepped in her office, I advise you to stay here also." Sofie instructed. "You two." She said looking at the Queen's bodyguards. "Take care of them." The two nodded. "Dobby!"

'CRACK' "Yes, oh great Harry Potter's auntie?" The excited house-elf asked.

They all watched in amusement as Sofie beamed and repeated "Auntie?" Grant cleared his throat and Sofie blushed. "Umm... Dobby please key us in the wards so we can apparate through."

"No need! Dobby can take the great Harry Potters's auntie

anywhere." The elf answered.

She looked at Grant and Fujiwara who nodded. "Alright, please bring us to Malfoy Manor."

The house-elf's eyes widened, "Why must the great Harry Potter's auntie want to go there? It is very dangerous."

"We have to help Harry. He is currently there fighting the Dark Lord." Grant answered.

The house-elf blanched, "We must hurry and save the great Harry Potter!" The house-elf yelled, grabbing Sofie's hand and pulled her towards Grant and Fujiwara and disappeared with a loud 'CRACK'

Malfoy Manor Grounds

Fleur was still knelt beside Sirius, finishing the last stitches on his last open wound. She absentmindedly wiped the sweat on her forehead as she focused on the task at hand. She could feel Nym starting to struggle and get frustrated through the bond. She would wince, whenever she felt her and Harry get hit or get injured.

She winced again as she felt Nym get hit by a cutting curse. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "They will be fine. They will be fine." She whispered to herself. As she finally closed the last wound, she felt a magical presence behind her. As soon as she heard the tell-tale sign 'CRACK' of apparition she had already let a killing curse fly at the direction. It was met with a marble rock slab that blew up and rained pebbles and dust at the spot.

'Cough' "Talons! Stand down!" 'Cough' Fleur heard.

"Who's there?" Fleur yelled, still had her wand glowing green, ready to fire another Avada Kedavra at the voice. The dust finally settled, and she saw three hooded figures along with the unmistakable form

the house-elf Dobby. "Dobby?"

"Mistress Fleur! Where is the great Harry Potter and Mistress Tonksy?" The now pale Dobby asked.

"He is in a fight with Voldemort and she is in a fight with the inner circle." She answered as she finally realized that it was Grant, Sofie and Fujiwara with Dobby. "Harry ordered me to stay here and watch over Sirius. Master Jefferson, Master Fujiwara, Mistress Sofie you have to help them!"

"Where are they now?" Grant asked.

"They are somewhere around the Manor grounds, but I'm not sure of their exact location." She answered.

"Can you use the bond to locate them?" Fujiwara asked.

Fleur gasped, and then blushed. "Y-Yes." She answered shyly.

"Good, take us to them." Grant commanded.

She stood up and nodded. She closed her eyes to feel where Nym and Harry were. As soon as she got the location she walked up to the three hooded masters, but stopped.

"Talons? What's wrong?" Sofie asked.

"Harry, told me to watch over Sirius." She said as she looked back at the still unconscious man on the ground, covered in stitches.

"Tal, I will take care of him. Go ahead." Sofie said softly.

She hugged her light mage master, "Thank you Mistress Marie." She whispered.

"Go help your loves." The older witch whispered back.

Fleur pulled back and nodded. She grabbed Grant's and Fujiwara's shoulders and disappeared with a silent apparition.

Sofie took Fleur's spot and waved her hand over Sirius, to analyze the situation. She was looking intently with the results, but was interrupted by Dobby.

"Great Harry Potter's auntie?" The house-elf asked hesitantly.

"Yes Dobby?" She asked.

"There are people trying to get in the wards of the Manor. I could feel it, but I can't key them in because I no longer work here. Dobby is a free elf." Dobby answered.

"Can you tell who the people are?" Sofie asked.

"I can tell only two people. Minister Bones and Mr. Auror Kingsley." The little creature answered.

"Dobby, please go to them and tell them I'm going to bring the wards down." The witch instructed the house-elf.

"Dobby will do." Dobby squeaked and apparated away.

Nym was bleeding profusely from a rather large gash that ran from the side of her head, down to her collarbone. She was panting, as she knelt on one knee, her weight being supported by her sword, stabbed on the ground as she held her wand limply in the other. 'I can't keep this up much longer. I'm almost at my limit.' She thought. She eyed her enemies, trying to think of a way to defeat them. 'Four are dead, two injured and six are still standing.' She told herself.

"OOOO! Is the bitch tired?" Bellatrix Lestrange taunted.

"No, I was just thinking of ways to kill you." Nym retorted icily as she shakily stood up, her vision darkening.

The six remaining death eaters laughed. "You can't even stand!" Fenrir Greyback yelled. "Sectumsemptra!"

Nym rolled to her right, and fired a string of Reducto's towards the werewolf, but were easily blocked by a shield. She once again, tried to get up only to be kicked in the face by Walden Macnair. She was quickly disarmed and was kicked again, dropping her on her back on the blood covered ground.

"Whoever you are, this is for letting my dear cousin escape. Crucio!" Bellatrix yelled as Nym screamed when she felt her skin burn as if on fire and was being stabbed by thousands of knives. Bellatrix stopped the curse and they all laughed as the cloaked body lying down at the ground convulsed from the after effects of the curse. "I guess it's time to say goodbye." She said as she pointed her wand down at Nym.

Nym looked up, her body frozen and saw the wand glow green, 'Is this really it?' She asked herself.

"Avada..."

'I love you Harry.' She said through the bond and closed her eyes, preparing herself.

She waited for the next part of the curse to be uttered, but it never came. She hesitantly opened her eyes, only to see the always beautiful form of the French witch she considered her sister in everything but blood.

"F-Fleur?" Nym asked hesitantly, trying to think if this was only her imagination because she was dead.

Fleur's head snapped to the cloaked body lying on the ground beside her. "Nym?" She said looking down at her. "Mon Dieu! Nym!" She yelled as she knelt down on the blood stained grass. "Are you alright?" She said, peeling the hood of her cloak off her. She gasped as she saw the cut on her sister's beautiful, heart-shaped face. She quickly took out her wand and healed the wound.

"Alright there Cami?" Master Fujiwara asked.

"Sore. Master Fujiwara-san." She answered, as she gave them a weak smile. Fleur poured a pain numbing potion in her mouth, one that Nym gratefully gulped down. "Thanks love." Nym whispered, her voice cracking. "You have to help Harry."

"But-" Fleur tried to argue.

"I will be fine. He is facing Voldemort." Nym said, cutting her off.

"Leave her with us, we will take care of her." A voice behind Fleur said.

Fleur quickly turned around her wand glowing pink pointed towards the group of hooded individuals that appeared out of nowhere. "Who are you?"

John Handel stepped through the group. "Hello Talons. We came on request of the minister. Mistress Marie took down the wards and told us to follow you." He explained, and Fleur, Grant and Fujiwara nodded. "Okay, team 7, you are the medical specialists, take care of her. Team 8, you will watch over them and contact us if necessary. Teams 4, 5 and 6, you will scour the area and look for remaining death eaters. Teams 1, 2 and 3, we will follow Talons and Masters Fujiwara and Jefferson."

A chorus of "Sir, Yes sir" was heard.

Fleur looked back down at Nym. "Fleur, I'll be fine. Go and help Harry. I know you can feel that he is starting to struggle." Fleur nodded and stood up.

She disappeared with Grant and Fujiwara; quickly followed by John Handel and his Unspeakables. Everyone appeared somewhere in the Manor grounds, and were stunned by the epic duel, happening by their very eyes. A cloaked man was dueling the so called, 'Most feared Dark Lord in history', in a standstill in a field, filled with craters and burning trees.

"Is that all you got Tom?" Harry asked, as he panted.

"I will kill you!" Voldemort yelled, also panting. He let off a series of blasting curses, followed by conjured silver arrows, towards the unknown hooded person who somehow knows about his past.

Harry rolled and dodged the blasting curses and deflected the silver arrows away with his katana. As he stood up, he fired a string of Bone Breaking hexes, and apparated.

The dark lord dodged and shielded himself from the Bone Breakers, and quickly rolled away, as soon as Harry appeared behind him, successfully dodging the swing of his sword, that would've beheaded him.

"Expelliarmus!" Voldemort yelled successfully disarming his attacker. He saw the hooded person's sword and bone white wand fly behind him. The dark lord smirked, thinking he already won. "Avada-" but was cut off as he felt himself get hit on the stomach, making him bend forward and got kneed in the face.

Harry saw his wand and sword, fly away from him, over Voldemort, finally landing somewhere behind the dark lord. He slapped himself mentally for getting disarmed so easily, but didn't get to finish his thoughts as he saw Voldemort's wand glow green. "Avada-" He

apparated right in front of him and quickly punched him in the gut, as his face lowered, Harry met it with his knee, forcing his head back, making the dark lord land on his back, his wand falling from his hand.

Voldemort quickly rolled to the side and stood up, blocking a kick directed to his face. He grabbed Harry's foot and twisted it, making him drop on the ground. Voldemort jumped backwards, "Accio Wand!" he yelled and his wand flew towards him. As soon as he gripped it in his hand he quickly pointed it at the hooded person on the ground and yelled "Avada Kedavra!"

Harry saw the green light of the curse in his peripheral vision. He quickly stood, gathered his magic and wandlessly cast his own killing curse. The two killing curses connected and locked and the duel quickly turned to a battle of wills. Harry thought of all the people who died in the war because of the mad man who is now trying to kill him and pushed all the hatred he is feeling along with his magic, towards his hand.

Voldemort was shocked when the connection of the two curses was being pushed towards him. 'If he pushes it towards me, am I going to die? I thought only the Potter boy can kill me? Well I am not about to test that theory. I am not going to let myself get killed! I won't let that happen. I'm not going back to just a spirit once again!' He told himself and for the first time ever since he was reborn two years ago, he felt fear. He quickly gathered his magic and pushed it in his wand.

The spectators were rooted on the spot, watching in awe at the amount of power radiating from the two figures ahead of them. Voldemort's green aura was flaring and was producing sparks as it collided with the grayish-blue aura of Harry's.

Fleur suddenly winced, as he felt Harry in pain and saw him drop on his knees. His right hand was still outstretched holding on to the curse, but his other hand was over his head. All of a sudden they heard a blood curdling scream coming from Harry, and they saw

blood started to trickle under his hood, and a black smoke emerged from his head. The black smoke turned into a cloud, and flew straight into Voldemort's chest.

"ARRY!!!" Fleur yelled and she disappeared.

Voldemort was surprised with what happened. He didn't know what was going on as he watched a black cloud emerging out of the the man's hood. And all of a sudden it flew towards him and seeped through his chest. "What is-" He was cut off as he felt the power in himself grow. For the first time in his evil life, he felt alive. He felt invincible, powerful, unstoppable and... safe? He smirked at the now kneeling form of the person, who came closest to killing him? He pushed all his magic and he easily pushed the connection of the locked curses towards the unknown, hooded man across the field. 'He would've been a good servant... only if he didn't taunt me, I would've offered him a spot among my ranks.' He thought and laughed inwardly.

Harry barely noticed the connection of the curses being pushed towards him in an alarming rate, because images were playing randomly in his head. First, was a locket in a lake that was in a cave by the sea. Second, was a ring in a broken down house with a snake on the door. Third, was sparkling tiara in a cabinet surrounded by towering piles of books, fanged frisbees, and other banned items in Hogwarts. Fourth, was a cup in a shelf surrounded by a large pile of galleons. The last one was weird, because there were no image, but there was only a sound... hissing. Those images kept replaying over and over in his head.

It finally stopped, when he realized the connection of the two killing curses, was only a couple of feet away. He knew that if the connection was pushed towards him all the way, he would die. And try as he might, he couldn't best the sudden increase of power that was coming from Voldemort. He closed his eyes, 'I guess I won't be able to avenge you Mom, Dad, Cedric.' He thought. He prepared

himself for the inevitable, 'Would it hurt? How does it feel to die?' He asked himself. He waited for something to happen, but nothing did. He slowly opened his eyes, and saw that everything was frozen and was black and white.

"What the hell?" He asked himself and closed his eyes again, only to feel warm, gentle arms wrap around him. He opened his eyes and saw the ethereal beauty of the woman he loved, but she had color. He looked at the sparkling, pale blue eyes that he could never get tired looking into, "Fleur?"

"Hello love." She whispered.

"What is going on?" He asked.

"This is the ultimate power of a light mage. We can defy the rules of magic and save anyone who is supposed to die, in exchange for our life." Fleur said, her voice filled with sadness.

"No! Fleur! Don't do this!" Harry yelled.

"I have to Arry. You are the only person who can defeat him... and I love you... I will not let you die if I can do something about it. You are the first person to love me Arry, really love me, for who I am. For the first time in my life, I felt loved..." Fleur said as tears started to fall from her eyes.

Harry was also crying, "Fleur, as the leader of Team 2, I command you to stop this!" he yelled at her.

Fleur smiled at him sadly, "Just this once Arry, I'm going to defy orders."

Harry hugged her tight and buried his face in her hair. "Baby, please don't do this." He whispered.

"Please tell Nym and Gabby I love them. I know you will take care of them... I... I love you." She whispered as she placed her lips softly against his.

When they broke the kiss Harry placed his forehead against hers, "I love you too." and a bright light slowly filled his vision, then everything went black.

Chapter 9 - Who?

St. Mungo's Hospital

Nymphadora Tonks took a sharp intake of breath, as she tried to move her throbbing arms. She opened her eyes slightly, waiting for them to adapt to her bright surroundings.

"Where am I?" She asked herself.

"You're in St. Mungo's Hospital, one of their private rooms." Someone answered behind her.

Nym's head snapped towards the person, "Master Fujiwara-san?" She asked as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes and saw the man nod. "What happened?"

"I believe you passed out from magical exhaustion after your fight with Voldemort's inner circle, which I believe is no easy task." The Japanese man said.

Nym nodded absentmindedly, and then something dawned on her. "Master, What happened to Harry and Fleur? Did he beat him? Where are they?"

She noticed the man's eyes shifted down, and looked at the floor for a while. Nym felt a knot started to form in her stomach. She closed her eyes and focused on the bond, only to open them wide, her face paling, "Oh God, No!" She yelled and quickly got off the bed.

"Listen, Nym-" but was cut off by the slamming of the door. "Kuso!" He yelled angrily in the empty room, then followed Tonks out the room.

Grant and Sofie were sitting in a small sitting room and where silently sipping their teas. They've been sitting in an awkward silence for a

while now.

"So..." Sofie started, breaking the silence. "What happens to Team 2 now?"

Grant heaved a big sigh and placed his cup on the coffee table in front of them. "Honestly? I don't know..." He said, staring off in space. "I don't think..." He trailed off as he felt a lump form in his throat. "How much longer?" He asked.

"I honestly don't know." The French woman whispered.

"Do they know about it?" He asked.

Her brows furrowed, "I don't believe so."

Grant turned to Sofie and pulled the woman into a hug. "It's been almost a week now, even if they are unconscious. That's longer than anyone that had their bond mate dying, live. Usually, when the bond mate dies, the other mate follows within hours. Maybe..." He said. "Maybe she-"

'SLAP'

"Stop! Please stop it!" Sofie yelled, her palm numb from putting all her force into slapping the man in front of her. "Stop it..." She whispered. "You were there when it happened. I'm trying to get over this, but I can't when you start getting ideas like that. She casted the most powerful spell a light mage can... one that defies the rules of magic and death... The 'Sanctus Vitualamen'. The person that I thought of as a daughter is gone... So please... stop." She finished, collapsing on the floor crying.

Grant, with his hand absentmindedly rubbing his stinging cheeks, knelt beside the grieving woman. "I... I'm sorry... I guess my hopes were making me delusional... I just can't wrap my head around the

fact that she is gone."

"A-all thr-three of them-" She sobbed. "All t-three o-of t-them are m-my c-children." She said through her hands that were covering her face.

"They are to me too." Grant said pulling the woman towards him and wrapped his arms around her.

Grimmauld Place

The mood in the house was somber, the air thick with sadness and loss. The twins have lost their usual energy and were quietly eating breakfast. Remus entered the kitchen, looked at the twins, but no morning greetings were exchanged, just a mere nod to acknowledge their presence. Susan already went home, albeit reluctantly, not wanting to leave her new, grieving friend.

The trio sat in silence, eating their eggs and bacon silently. Remus sighed, "She still didn't come out yet?" He asked, looking down at his food.

"Nope"

"Not since she heard the news." The twins said.

Remus nodded sadly, "I'll just go and bring her some food." He said and got a plate and put some eggs and bacon on, and headed upstairs.

He stopped and knocked on Gabrielle's door. "Gabby? I've brought you some food."

"Thank you, just leave it at the door." Came hoarse reply.

Remus sighed and looked at the plate of untouched dinner he left

last night. "Gabby, I know-"

"No you don't!" Gabrielle yelled as she roughly opened her door. "You never had a sibling! She was the only family I had left! And now, now she's gone!" She yelled as she slammed the door shut, sobs can be heard inside.

Remus sighed, placed the plate on the floor and picked up the food from last night to bring down. As he entered the kitchen, the twins noticed his expression. "We take it, that it didn't go so well?" Fred asked.

"No... she looked terrible... she lost weight." He said as he sat down on one of the chairs around the table heavily. "I wonder how Harry and Nym are doing?" he mused out loud.

"How are you holding up?" They asked the werewolf.

"I'm doing better than her." He answered softly. "Sirius wouldn't want us to mourn for him." He whispered. "I'm more worried about Harry."

"I still don't know why we can't visit them. I mean don't you think they need us to be with them right now?" George asked.

"How are we going to visit them? We don't even know where they are." Fred retorted.

"I know dear brother, I just..." He trailed off, but the two knew how he was feeling, because they were all feeling it too... Helplessness.

St. Mungo's Hospital – private rooms

Nym walked out of the shadows of a dimly lit room wearily after hearing the news from Mistress Sofie and Master Jefferson, she felt dead inside. She looked up, there on the bed, she saw the man she loved with all her heart. She slowly approached the bed and saw

something that broke her already hurting heart. Harry was asleep, his brows furrowed and tears were leaking from his closed eyelids, down his cheeks, finally dripping on his pillow. He had some fading scars on his face and a small bruise on the side of his head.

She sat down lightly beside him and brushed away some stray locks from his forehead. She then cupped his face with both hands and wiped the tears away with her thumbs. She placed a tender kiss on his lips and laid down beside him. She buried her face in the crook of his neck as silent tears started to fall from her eyes. 'How? How could this have happened? It seems like it was just yesterday...

Miami, Florida – After the three months of their specialized training.

"Come on Harry!" Tonks yelled as she and Fleur walked ahead of him.

He watched the two women, Tonks wearing a tight plain white shirt that looked a size too small for her and tight jeans, Fleur wearing a form hugging short summer dress that fell just above her knees, showing off her flawless, long legs, their shapely derrieres rolling and swaying, as they walked in muggle Miami. "Hold your horses! We're not going to be late!" Harry yelled as he half jogged to catch up to the two girls, that was in his team and he was secretly attracted to.

"Hold your horses?" Tonks asked, with an amused expression.

Harry grinned sheepishly. "Err... It's an American expression... it means slow down." He said as he scratched the back of his head, making his hair stick out more.

Fleur started to laugh, "Arry, you're so cute when you do that."

He started to blush, "I... err... thanks I guess." 'Cute? She thinks I'm cute! he told himself.

The two girls laughed even more as they saw his face started to get redder and redder. They linked arms with him, "Come on." Nym said as she and Fleur pulled him towards one of the best clubs in Miami, Florida 'Flavour'

"Hold up." One of the bouncers said, eyeing the three of them.

"Wait, isn't this a 19+ club?" Harry whispered in Tonks' ear.

"Yep." She replied smiling.

"I'm only 16." He hissed.

"Can we see some I.D. please?" The bouncer asked, holding out his hand.

Harry stiffened, but Fleur squeezed his arm, telling him to relax. Fleur let her veela charm off full blast, dazing the bouncer while drool started to drip from his mouth. "Let's go." She whispered in Harry's ear, making him shiver in delight. When they reached the door Fleur turned around and turned off her charm, "Merci Monsieur." She said, blew the guy a kiss and followed Harry and Tonks in.

As soon as they walked in, Harry was blown away by the entire scene. The thumping loud music, the smell of alcohol and sweat, and the sensual dancing of couples on the dance floor was nothing he ever experienced. "I take it you've never been in a club before?" Tonks asked.

"Err... yeah..." He answered as he kept watching the couples dancing.

Fleur followed his gaze, "Can you dance?" she asked.

Harry blushed, "Like the Yule ball... yeah... but not like that." He said

as he pointed towards the dance floor.

'He's so cute when he's flustered.' Tonks thought. "Don't worry, we'll teach you." She whispered huskily.

Harry swallowed audibly, trying not to think of Fleur and Nym dancing with him and their bodies pressed very, very closely. "Let's get something to drink." He said, his voice higher than usual.

Fleur nodded and pulled the two towards the bar. "Arry, just relax, act normal." She said as they sat down.

"Fleur, you know my life is never normal." He answered.

Fleur looked at him annoyed, "Fine, just act like you're 19."

"How? I'm bloody 16." He said.

"You don't look it." She answered, dragging her nails over his chest lightly.

Harry started squirm, as he shivered from the feel of her nails dragging over the thin fabric of his dress shirt, over his chest. Tonks watched in amusement and took pity on him, "Let's order some drinks."

After a bottle of 'Absolut' the girls drag him onto the dance floor, as the songs changed from techno, to some slow Reggae. "Alright, first of all, feel the beat." Fleur said as she and Nym, started to teach him. Fleur and Nym started to sway a little, "Then, just let your body move with it. Dancing is pretty instinctive... just a little practice and you'll get the hang of it." She said as she was now leaning her back against Nym's chest and was starting to grind on the metamorphagus.

Harry has never seen anything so sexy before. The two most

attractive women he has ever known, were dancing, grinding and whining with each other in front of him. Both girls had their eyes closed as they danced with each other, moving in graceful, erotic motions, further tightening Harry's trousers.

As the song ended, Fleur's and Nym's eyes fluttered open. Both had sweat forming on their foreheads and were breathing a little faster. They smiled at each other and turned towards Harry. "Just like that Harry." Tonks said, smirking as they watched him readjust his pants, then another song started play.

"Come here Arry." Fleur said and pulled him in between them. "Just lose yourself in the music." She explained and started to dance with him. If it wasn't for the fact that he was slightly intoxicated, he would've blushed and fled the room, but as the music filled him, alcohol running through his veins, all his inhibitions vanished.

Surprisingly, dancing came to him naturally. His hips moved matching theirs; their body movements complimented each other. Their movements were graceful, seductive, while his were firm and sensual. Their hands roamed over each other's bodies, their thighs, stomachs, waist, back, shoulders and neck. Harry getting bolder, cupped Fleur's ass and heard her moan, and did the same to Tonks. They continued to dance, each of them getting bolder and bolder with their touches.

Fleur, was straddling and grinding her crotch against his thigh, while Tonks had her back pressed against his chest, her head leaning on his shoulder and her ass grinding his erection, teasing him. Harry growled, and in his emboldened state, gathered her pink hair and started to kiss and nip Tonks' neck. She moaned and tilted her head on the side, giving him better access. Finally, Tonks turned her head and kissed him on the lips. She licked his bottom lip, making him gasp and quickly dove her tongue in his mouth and deepened the kiss.

"Nym." He moaned.

"Nym?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, sorry." He said.

"Don't be, I like it." She whispered and pulled his head down again for a searing kiss. Their tongues battled each other, until Harry felt someone kissing him on the neck. He broke the kiss and looked to his side where Fleur, pressed flushed against his side, was kissing his neck. He tilted her chin up and kissed her passionately, their tongues massaging each others. The three of them were lost in their own world of music, touching and kisses.

When the last song ended the three of them slowly broke apart, flushed, sweating, panting and were very aroused, based on the two protruding evidences on each of the girl's chest. As they looked around the room, they froze, everyone was watching them.

"That was fucking hot! People, give it up for the sexiest trio in the house!" The D.J. yelled through his mic and the spotlights turned towards them as people wolf-whistled and catcalled.

Fleur and Tonks blushed and quickly turned and buried their faces in Harry's neck. He in turn wrapped his arms around them protectively. "Arry, can we leave?" Fleur asked muffled in his neck.

"Sure." He answered and quickly led them through the club.

As they passed by the crowd, they heard people talking...

'...Man that was hot!'

'...I wonder who those two girls were? They are the hottest girls I've ever seen...'

'...That guy was sexy...'

'...He is the luckiest man in the world...'

'...I would pay to be one of those girls in his arms...'

'...How does he get dimes like those?'

When they finally reached the door, the bouncer came to him. "That was a damn good show. Here take our card, you can come back here anytime you want, V.I.P" he said and clapped Harry on the back. All he could do was nod towards the man and lead the girls out of the club quickly.

They headed towards the beach, across the street from the club. They sat down on the sand and stared at the ocean, glinting in the moonlight, in awkward silence.

"Err... I'm sorry." Harry blurted out.

The two girls turned towards him. "Why?" asked Fleur.

"I... I shouldn't have done that." He answered quietly.

"Correction, WE shouldn't have done that, but why not?" Tonks asked.

"B-Because you're my friends." He said, and mentally slapped himself, feeling stupid with his answer.

Fleur snorted, "Arry, after what just happened, I think we've just past that line."

"I-I'm sorry." He answered weakly.

"Will you stop apologizing!" Nym snapped. "Do you regret what

happened?"

"Yes, no... I don't know." He answered, very, very confused of the situation.

"Answer the question, Yes? Or no?" she demanded.

He closed his eyes, "No." He whispered.

"Good, cause neither of us do too." She said.

His eyes opened wide, shocked, "Y-You don't?" He asked.

"No Arry, we don't." Fleur said softly.

"But Why? I'm just some scrawny, awkward 16 year old boy who is very dangerous." He said matter-of-factly.

"Scrawny boy? Have you looked yourself in the mirror lately? Training has done a lot of good for you and you're more of a man than anyone I know. Awkward? Maybe, but who wasn't in that age. Dangerous? Why do you think we train so hard? So we can be with you when you finally fight him. And as to why? Arry, you are the first real friend I've ever had. You were able to look past me being a veela, a woman, and saw me as a person an equal. I've become a person that I've always wanted to be because of you Arry. I don't know when I fell in love with you... When you saved Gabrielle during the second task... the night you allowed us to come with you... the first time I saw you after three months of training with Master Jefferson... I don't know when, but that is irrelevant. I love you Arry, and always will." She said as she squeezed his hand.

"Fleur..." He tried to say something, but couldn't as a lump was stuck in his throat.

"Harry." Tonks said and he turned towards her. "Two days after

Voldemort was reborn in the graveyard, my parents were murdered by Death Eaters. I had nothing left to live for. Then I was assigned to guard you during the rest of the school year at Hogwarts, which I am very thankful for because it led me to meet the most amazing, thoughtful, caring and selfless man in the world. You were there for me at the lowest point in my life and supported me, the shoulder I leaned on and carried me over past it. You gave me a reason to live again, and for that I can never thank you enough. All my life, I was treated differently, disrespected, because of my abilities. Everyone wanted me to change, to be another person, and I did because I wanted to be accepted. That all changed when I met you. You've taught me to be the person I wanted to be, and accepted that. Harry, I too am truly in love with you." She said and leaned against his shoulder.

Harry now had tears falling from his face. "Never, in my life, have someone said those three words towards me." He said, as he wiped his face. "I-I don't know if I know how to love... I was told that I don't deserve it."

"Then let us show you how." Fleur said as she wrapped his arms around him and hugged him tight. "Take us home Arry."

Nym woke up starckers, and delightfully sore the next day as light invaded the room. She tried to move, but couldn't and realized she was pinned down by someone. She opened her eyes and saw nothing but platinum blonde hair. As she brushed them off the person stirred and emerged from her bosom. Sleepy blue eyes of Fleur Delacour's met the purple ones of Nymphadora Tonks' and stared at each other. After a while, realization dawned on them and both grinned from ear to ear. They both turned to the side and saw the peacefully sleeping form of one Harry Potter, and in silent agreement both girls snuggled up to his sides.

This of course woke him up, feeling a weight on his chest. Looking down, he saw bubblegum pink mixed with platinum blonde hairs

sprawled across his chest. When he tried to move, both girls looked up from his chest and smiled softly at him. Never in his life did he ever feel so content, so happy, so... loved. 'I would love to wake up every morning like this.' He thought. He cupped their cheeks with his hand, and caressed them softly. Both girls closed their eyes and leaned in his touch. They slowly opened their eyes and he gently pulled them down towards his chest again, where he wrapped his arms around them tightly. Both girls sighed in contentment and adjusted themselves to be more comfortable.

They laid there, silently basking in the feelings that they were literally receiving from each other. After a while, Harry lowered his head and kissed the top of their heads, causing them to look up. He looked down at the pale blue and the purple orbs looking back at him, "I... I know this is kind of stupid... after... you know... But does this mean you two are now my girlfriends?" He asked, stammering as a blush crept up his face.

The two girls laughed, "Yes, you stupid lump." Nym said.

"Non, he's a stupid, lucky lump." Fleur corrected.

All three of them laughed. "I really am." Harry said as he hugged the girls tighter against him.

"We love you Arry." Fleur whispered, her eyes closing as she snuggled deeper against his chest.

"I love you too." He whispered back.

Nym laid there beside Harry, silently crying. 'I... I can't believe she really is... gone... the three of us completed each other.' She thought, hugging Harry tighter. She was brought out of her thoughts when she felt Harry shift. She lifted her head to look at his face and noticed that his face was scrunched and his eyes shut tightly.

"Wait... Sirius... don't leave... Fleur..." She heard him mumble.

"Harry, it's only a dream." She said as she gently shook him by the shoulders. "Harry." Tears forming in her eyes.

Harry's brows furrowed and slowly he opened his eyes. "Nym?"

Nym lunged forward and hugged him tightly. "Oh god Harry." She said as she sobbed on his chest.

He gently pushed her away and wiped the tears from her beautiful face. He noticed that her hair was mousy brown, red rimmed, deep blue eyes, the form she usually takes when she's sad. "Nym?" He asked as he rubbed her back soothingly. "Where are we?"

"You passed out after you fought with Voldemort, they brought us here in St. Mungo's." Nym answered, wiping her eyes on his hospital gown.

"How long was I passed out?" he asked, sitting up.

"For almost a week now." She said.

"Almost a week?" He yelled, quickly sitting up. "Where is Fleur?" he demanded.

She broke down again upon hearing her name. She fell forward again, burying her face in Harry's chest, gripping his shirt tightly. "H-Harry s-she's g-gone. F-Fleur i-is d-dead." She choked out.

"No." He said.

"Yes she is Harry... I-I'm s-sorry, b-but it's the truth." She said quietly, crying against his chest.

Harry pushed her away. "Nym, where is Fleur?" he asked again.

"She... She..." She couldn't answer because she saw something in his eyes.

"Nym! I need to see her! WHERE IS SHE?" He yelled as he shook her shoulders.

Something in his eyes made her heart race, her breath quicken, alighting a fire of hope in her. "J-John Handel and the Unspeakables, took her body in the Department of Mysteries."

Harry quickly got off the bed, transfigured his hospital clothes into a shirt and trousers and put his cloak on, and Nym quickly followed suit. They got their swords, wands and protective gear on, and got into full Unspeakable mode. As soon as he got pulled his hood up he yelled, "Fawkes!" The phoenix appeared with a burst of fire. "Take us to John Handel's office." Fawkes trilled and landed on Harry's shoulder. As soon as he grabbed Nym's arm, they disappeared in a flash of fire.

Department of Mysteries – Head Office

John Handel was in his office, behind a rather large pile of document's he needs to look over after the events that just transpired. Unspeakable reports on the attack in Diagon Alley, The massive breakout in Azkaban, The battle in Malfoy Manor, and Voldemort and his death eater's activities are all waiting for him to look them over. He took a sip of his now cold tea, when a flash of fire erupted in his office, making spill the tea all over the reports. "Bloody Hell!" he yelled as he tried to save the rest of the reports from the spreading tea on the table.

All of a sudden the spill disappeared and his papers stacked themselves neatly. He looked up and saw two cloaked and hooded individuals. "Who are you?" he asked.

"John where is Fleur's body?" Harry asked.

"Harry? What are you doing here? Shouldn't you still be in St. Mungo's resting?" He asked.

Harry waved his hand in annoyance, "Where is Fleur?" he demanded.

John smiled sadly at him, "Harry... I know it hurts-" but was cut off as he was slammed against the wall of his office.

"John Handel, as leader of team 2, I demand to know the location of one of my team members!" Harry yelled, while Nym had her glowing wand pointed at the man.

John paled as he felt the power radiating from the Shadow mage, "She was brought in the Unspeakables' autopsy ward." He said quickly. "Wait! You can't go in there! That's against Unspeakables' protocol! You might contaminate the evidences!"

Harry scowled at the man, his aura flaring to life. "Fawkes." He snarled, and phoenix trilled and disappeared in a flash of fire with Harry and Nym.

John slid down from the wall, and fell on the floor, as his knees buckled from fear. 'That's why they can fight Voldemort and his inner circle by themselves.' He thought. 'I've got to inform Kingsley and Amelia.'

St. Mungo's Hospital

Fujiwara, Grant and Sofie were seating together eating dinner at the hospital's cafeteria. All three of them were picking at their food, not really having an appetite, when Harry's private healer appeared in front of them, looking disheveled, eyes wide in panic.

"Healer Mona?" Sofie asked.

"Oh thank god I found you." She said as she quickly approached them. She lowered her head and cast a privacy bubble around them. "It's Mister Potter, Miss Marie. He-He is gone."

"What?" Fujiwara and Grant yelled.

"He-He is not in his room when I went in for his check up." The frantic healer said.

"You think the Dark Lord got him?" A pale Fujiwara asked.

"No, I've warded his room. There are only five people keyed in it, Healer Mona, you, Grant, me and Nymphadora." She said and she quickly turned towards the healer. "Where is Miss Tonks?"

"She-She t-too disappeared." The healer said.

"Where-" Grant was about to ask, but was interrupted when a messenger spell hit him. He quickly turned towards the two, "That was from Amelia... She says Harry and Nym are fighting the Unspeakables in the Department of Mysteries."

"What?" Sofie and Fujiwara yelled.

"They are trying to stop them from entering the Unspeakable's autopsy ward." Grant continued, and their eyes widened in realization.

"They are trying to get to Fleur." Sofie whispered.

"Let's go!" Fujiwara yelled as he grabbed Grant's and Sofie's shoulder and disappeared in a black smoke.

Department of Mysteries

The department of Mysteries looked like a battle zone. The walls were crumbling where spells have hit it, the floors had craters in them and the halls were scattered with bodies.

"Stupefy!" Harry yelled as he stunned another Unspeakable trying to stop him from entering the Autopsy Ward. "Damn it! Why care they fighting us?" He asked Nym as he cast a reflective shield over them.

"It's because no one is supposed to be allowed in there for fear of contaminating evidences and results!" Nym yelled over all the small explosions and noises around them. "Stupefy!"

"I don't have time for this!" He yelled. He flicked his wrist and his bone white wand shot from his holster to his palms. He held it lightly and muttered something. The wand quickly lengthened, the angel figure head growing and the blue energy blade came out. He waved it in a sweeping motion, "Stupefy Prolixus!" a small shockwave was created as the wide area stunner erupted from his staff and flew straight towards the unprepared Unspeakables.

As the last unspeakable dropped unconscious, they quickly made their way to the double doors of the room. Harry turned around and summoned everyone's wands and collected them in a conjured chest. He shoved them all in it and warded it so only he can open it. On the other hand, Nym was breaking the wards protecting the doors of the room. As the last ward was taken down, the duet blasted the door in and rushed in the room and was hit by the sharp smell of antiseptic and sterilizing potions.

The three people wearing scrub suits and gloves were startled as the doors were blasted off and two individuals, who looked very dangerous, invaded the silent and sterile room.

"Who are you? What do you want?" An elder woman asked annoyed, as she eyed the splinters scattered around the room. "You're not

allowed in here!"

"Where is the body of Fleur Delacour? Call name Talons?" Harry asked as he eyed the rows of sheet-covered bodies.

"She is under level 5 Unspeakable restriction. No one can see her body except for me and Mr. Handel." She answered in a cold, stern voice.

Nym, not caring for such non-sense, started to check each covered bodies. "Nox! She isn't in here."

"You! What the bloody hell are you doing? You can't touch those! You're not even wearing gloves! You'll contaminate them!" A younger woman shrieked.

"Where is her body?" Harry yelled, the energy blade on his staff glowing brightly, his emerald eyes ablaze and his aura flaring to life around him.

The elder woman swallowed thickly, "I-I c-can't t-tell y-you. Y-You w-will c-contaminate t-the r-research subject." She stuttered out as crackles can be heard from his aura making contact with magical equipments in the room.

"You're treating my girlfriend's body as a research subject?" Harry asked in a dangerous tone. He vanished, and reappeared right in front of her. "Lady, if you value your life, you will tell me where Miss Delacour's body is. NOW!" He yelled as he pressed the energy blade of his staff against the pale skin of the woman's neck.

The two other people wearing scrub suits, watched in horror as the leader of their team was threatened by this dangerous man.

"Brenda, just tell him where her body is." The younger woman pleaded.

The elder woman, Brenda, swallowed audibly as she felt a warm trickle on her neck. Blood. "I-I c-can't." She said.

"Goodbye." Harry said coldly.

"Mr. Potter! Stand down!" Someone yelled from behind him. He turned his head and saw a fuming John Handel, accompanied by Amelia, Kingsley and his three masters.

John Handel, followed by Kingsley, Amelia, Sofie, Grant and Fujiwara quickly made their way towards the Autopsy ward. They passed along the body littered hall, and saw the doors of the room blown open. As soon as they entered they saw Nym, her wand drawn pointing towards three people wearing scrub suits. What surprised them was Harry, his scythe looking staff around one of the people's neck and was about to strike.

"Mr. Potter! Stand down!" John Handel yelled.

"Shut up!" Harry retorted.

"Harry, what are you doing?" Sofie asked.

"They won't let us see Fleur." Harry retorted.

Grant looked at him sadly, "Harry, son, I know you're hurting-"

"I NEED TO SEE HER!" Harry yelled, breaking everything made of glass in room. The whole room was now filled with his grayish-blue aura.

Nym's aura mingled with Harry's their aura turned dark blue. "They won't let us see her because they want to do some research on her body." She growled, her violet eyes glowing dangerously.

"Research?" Fujiwara asked in a dangerous tone.

The head of Britain's Unspeakables answered with a matter-of-fact voice, "Not much are known about light mages' physiology."

Sofie's eyes narrowed at the man, while Grant eyed Harry curiously, looking in his eye, searching for something, and looked like he found it because he turned towards the man beside him. "Mr. Handel, let him see his bond mate's body." Grant commanded.

"But-"

"Do you want to die?" Grant asked, drawing his wand.

"Grant?" Sofie asked, but he waved her off.

"Let him see her!" Grant yelled, as he slammed the man against the wall, his wand now glowing against the man's chin.

John's eyes were wide, as for the second time during the day, he thought he was going to die. He nodded his head quickly and shakily drew a piece of parchment from his robe. He took out a quill and awkwardly wrote something on the parchment, since his head was being forced to look up. He shakily past it to Grant.

Grant read the parchment, his brows furrowed, as he read in confusion until his eyes fell on the door that suddenly appeared in the left corner of the room. Realizing that the door was under a Fidelius Charm, he quickly passed the note to Harry and Nym.

Harry read the note and passed it to Nym who did the same. Harry withdrew his staff, shrunk it to it's wand form and quickly made their way towards the door on the corner. Grant passed the note to Sofie, Fujiwara, Amelia and Kingsley and followed the two in the room. They were surprised to see Harry sitting on an aluminum table, with the nude, limp body of the recently deceased Fleur Delacour on his

lap, his arms wrapped around her, hugging her tight against his chest.

"Harry-kun?" Fujiwara asked, but was ignored.

"Harry what are you doing?" Sofie asked, her eyes welling with tears.

They were ignored, "Fleur, baby wake up." Harry whispered, as he kissed the top of her head. "Come on, wake up."

"Tonks? What is he doing?" Grant asked.

"I'm not sure." The metamorphagus answered, watching her two lovers with tears building up in her eyes.

Sofie suddenly gasped, everyone looked at her, and saw her wide-eyed, pointing at Fleur and Harry. They followed her gaze and froze. The dead pale body of the French witch, started to color. Harry lowered his head and kissed Fleur's now rosy lips.

"Wake up Fleur. Baby please wake up." He whispered, as he pressed his forehead against her, his eyes boring through her closed eyelids.

Fleur suddenly gasped, her body arching forward, pressing her body against Harry's and slumped back down. She groaned and her eyelids fluttered open.

Fleur slowly opened her eyes and was startled at the emerald green orbs looking back straight at them. "A-Array? What-" She didn't get to finish as she was pulled towards him in a desperate embrace.

"Oh god Fleur." He sobbed as his face was buried in her neck. "I fucking hate you! You stupid, wonderful woman! Never! Ever! Do that again!" He yelled, muffled against her neck. "That is an order..." he whispered, his tears wetting her slim neck.

"I'm alive?" She asked in disbelief. Her mind tried to process the information, but was interrupted as realization hit her. 'Harry is alive and holding me.' "Mon Dieu Arry!" she yelled and wrapped her arms around him and pulled him tighter. She too was crying now. "I-I'm s-sorry. I had to... I couldn't let you die."

"Please Fleur... I... I can't lose you." He sobbed.

She pulled away a little and kissed him hard, then pressed her cheek against his chest, feeling his heart thumping against it. "I can't lose you either." as she hugged the man she loved like a drowning woman.

She heard a sob and raised her head a little, and saw Nym silently crying beside her. "Nym?" She asked, but didn't get an answer as the pink haired, metamorphagus jumped on the aluminum table and hugged Fleur and Harry in a tight embrace.

"Fleur, I... I... I thought we lost you." She said as she sobbed, her face tight with a pained expression. "I love you two so much."

The French witch kissed her sister's lips tenderly, "I love you too." She whispered. The trio, Japan's Unspeakable Team 2, reunited, were crying tears of joy.

Everyone else in the room were also crying, confused, amazed and astounded, but happy. After a while, Sofie asked, "But How?" Everyone in the room turned to look at her, then to the trio on the aluminum table.

Fleur, who has stopped crying, sitting on Harry's lap, her head against his chest, his arms around her, holding her tight against him, answered, "I... I don't know. I was sure I was dead. I performed the Sanctus Vitualamen spell to save Harry's life."

Nym, who was leaning on Harry's shoulder, her arms around the two, answered. "Yes. You were dead for almost a week." she said.

Her eyes widened in shock, "Dead for a week?"

Sofie who was wiping her eyes answered, "Oui, Fleur. You were dead for a week. Until..."

"Until Harry..." Fujiwara trailed off as he looked at the messy haired man holding the recently deceased woman in his arms, and is very much alive. "Harry-kun, are you a necromancer?" he asked.

"No." He answered.

"So How?" Amelia asked.

"How what?" He asked.

"How did you bring her back?" Amelia asked, annoyed. "What did you do?"

He looked down at Fleur, "I didn't do anything."

"So how is it that she is back to life?" Sofie asked, utterly confused. "All my monitoring and assessment spells all said she was d-dead." She choked out as tears started to fall from her eyes again.

Harry didn't answer so Fleur looked up from his chest, to his face, and saw that he was smiling sadly at her. "Arry?"

"Someone else sacrificed their life to save hers." He answered softly, his eyes starting to moisten.

Fleur was shocked. "Who?" she asked, dreading the answer.

Tears fell from his eyes to her cheeks, which he quickly wiped away

with his thumbs. He caressed her cheek and whispered, "It was Sirius."

A/N: It will all be explained next chapter. I kinda rushed to finish this chapter because people are starting to get restless with Fleur dying and all.

Chapter 10 – Answers

Number 12 Grimmauld Place

"Ugghh... Where am I?" Harry asked as he blurrily opened his eyes.

He took in his surroundings and noticed the familiar living room of 12 Grimmauld Place. He quickly sat up from the plush couch he was sleeping on as he noticed the other person, sipping on a cup of tea, sitting on the matching arm chair beside him.

"Sirius! You're alright! Oh thank god." He exclaimed, shocked and relieved.

"Not really pup..." Sirius tried to speak, but his godson wasn't listening. He was currently pacing, talking to himself.

"... I thought the curse was supposed to destroy your magical core, but it didn't. I should ask Fleur..." Harry stopped his blabbering and the blood drained from his face. He quickly turned to look at Sirius who was looking back at him. "Where's Fleur?"

"Harry..."

"Oh my god! She's dead!" Harry dropped on his knees and started to sob.

"Harry..."

Harry was now sobbing incoherently, "I can't believe she's dead. It's all because of me!" The room started to flicker.

'SLAP' "HARRY! Get a hold of yourself! Fleur is fine!" Sirius yelled as he shook his godson on the shoulders, trying to calm him down. The room flickered one last time and cleared.

"She... She's fine?" Harry asked unbelievably. "But... the spell... the most powerful spell of light mages... She sacrificed herself for me." He said as fresh tears fell from his eyes.

"I know all about the spell Harry, but don't worry Fleur is fine." Sirius said soothingly.

Harry breathed a relieve sigh, but looked confused. "How can you be sure she's fine?" He asked as he dried the tears with the front of his shirt.

"Because I died for her." Came Sirius' reply.

Harry stared at his godfather for a while, repeating the words 'Because I died for her?' Sirius on the other hand was waiting patiently for his godson to comprehend the situation.

Finally Harry's brain seems to work again and asked a very eloquent question. "Huh?"

"Harry, when my cousin Bellatrix hit me with that curse, she destabilized my magical core. To counter that, Fleur connected her core to mine and pumped her magic around mine to contain it. However, that was only temporary. That curse would've still eaten my magic, causing an implosion." Sirius took a sip of his tea. "Since our cores are connected, I felt her magic stop... it's weird... it almost felt like her magic was getting siphoned away. I didn't know what was happening, but I knew something was wrong. So I did the only thing I could. I sent her all the magic I have through our connection. That's when she performed the spell. Let me tell you something Harry, that was one powerful spell... Its hard to explain..." Sirius then went off like one of the professors in Hogwarts, "...It defies the laws of magic, time, life and death. You see Harry, everything follows the law of balance. When you save a life, you must take also take a life. The life comes from the light mage, the spell was basically to alter time, in order for the exchange to happen. However, instead of taking Fleur's

life, it took mine. At least that's what I understood from Lily as she explained to me what happened." Sirius finished explaining.

Harry was a little confused, not comprehending some of the things his godfather just explained. The only thing he understood for sure was that Fleur wasn't dead and that... "You talked to my mom?"

Sirius smiled, "Yes, and James too. Listen to me Harry, they are very proud of you. They've watched you grow, they've seen all the hardships you've went through as a child, growing up with the Dursleys, they are very sorry... but they also saw your adventures in Hogwarts, your training... and they approve of Fleur and Nymphadora." Sirius finished with a wink.

Harry laughed, "I'm happy that they do." He said. Something suddenly clicked in his mind. "Umm... Sirius if you're dead... what are we both doing in Grimmauld place?"

"Oh this? We are in your mind, your magic created this room since this is the most common and comfortable place for both of us." Sirius explained.

"Okay..." Harry stared at the person across from him. "There's something off about you... padfoot you seem different... more mature."

Sirius started to laugh, "...I guess it took dying for me to finally grow up..." Harry started laughing with him.

They sat there for hours talking. Sirius told Harry about everything... Sirius's life as a kid, James' Lily's times at Hogwarts, the adventures of the marauders... advices on dealing with women. "...Harry trust me... when you meet a witch that you would like to 'get to know' just use one of padfoot's get-the-witch-in-bed lines... just say, 'did you just cast an accio? Because you just stole my heart'... for sure she'll be all over you after that."

Harry was on the floor, laughing until he had tears in his eyes. "...Accio? Because I think you just stole my heart? BWAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"You could laugh all you want, but these lines have earned me the title of the smoothest wizard in Hogwarts, 4 years in a row." Sirius defended.

They talked a bit after that until Sirius stood up. "Harry, I've got to go. My time's up."

Harry nodded and hugged his godfather. "Thank you Padfoot... for everything" Harry said as tears started to fall from his eyes, soaking his godfather's shirt.

"Don't worry Harry... promise me that you wouldn't mourn for me. I want you to remember the good times that we have... everytime you think of me I want you to smile." Sirius said as he hugged his godson back.

"I promise." Harry said, as he wiped his eyes.

"Good, know that James and Lily love you, I love you, so live on. Live for us, and don't let our deaths be in vain, by mourning. Watch over Remus and tell him what I just told you... take care of Fleur and Nym. Live a life full of happiness and no regrets." Sirius said smiling as he started to walk backwards, towards the fireplace.

"I will... tell Mom and Dad I love them both. I love you Sirius..." Harry said as he smiled a genuine smile to his godfather.

"Goodbye Harry, take care of yourself. Mischief Managed." Sirius said, taking a bow and the fireplace erupted green, taking Sirius away and the room slowly faded away.

Harry heard someone crying, it took him a while to recognize it was Nym's voice...

Harry opened his eyes, "That's how I knew that Fleur was alive. Sirius sacrificed his life for hers." Harry explained towards the people around him. He was feeling nostalgic as he is currently in the living room of Number 12 Grimmauld Place, once again, telling Fleur, Nym, Remus, Minister Bones, Masters Jefferson, Sophie and Fujiwara, Gabby, Susan and The Queen, about his meeting with Sirius in his mind.

His audiences were on different states levels of sadness. Fleur, Nym, Gabby and Remus had tear stain tracks on their cheeks, Susan and Minister Bones looked on the verge of tears and the 3 masters and the queen had a determined look.

They sat in silence for sometime, until the fireplace erupted green. A man dressed in a black muggle suit and sunglasses came out.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but there's some pressing business waiting for her highness back at Buckingham. It seems that princesses are both going on dates tonight and doesn't know what to wear." The man said, bowed and went back to the fireplace.

Harry then erupted in laughter. "Seems like your royal council is demanded somewhere else." The room laughed along.

"It seems so." She said laughing. She got up and hugged Harry, Nym Fleur and Gabby, and shook hands with the rest. "Take care of yourselves. I love you Harry."

Harry smiled and nodded. "Love ya too. Tell the two to always have protection." Harry said mirthfully, which earned him a glare from the

queen. "What? I meant bodyguards. You have such a dirty mind, your highness." The queen shook her head and disappeared in the green flames of the fireplace.

"Alright kids we're heading off now, got countries to save, dark lords to defeat... Team 2, you know how to reach us." The three masters donned their hoods and disappeared in black smoke.

Amelia stood up, "Harry thank you so much for saving Susan. I don't know what I would do if I lost her..."

"No worries minister, I knew Susan back in Hogwarts, she's a good kid. Although, we wouldn't mind if you smooth things out for us when things get a little too hairy in your end." Harry said smiling.

"That sounded so wrong..." Susan mumbled shaking her head, which made everybody laugh and Harry turn red.

"You know what I mean." Harry defended his blushing self.

Amelia shook hands with Remus, Fleur and Nym and hugged Gabby and him. "Come now Susie." She said as she walked towards the fireplace grabbing some floo powder and throwing it at the fire. Susan quickly gave everybody hugs and kissed Harry on the cheeks.

"I didn't believe it when they said you were a coward and abandoned us. Thank you." She whispered and quickly followed her aunt.

"Pup I'm going to be in my room." Remus said.

Harry nodded, but noticed the unshed tears in the marauder's eyes. "Remus..."

"I know, I know Harry." The werewolf quickly said as he made his way upstairs, knowing that a pair of emerald eyes were following him.

Harry watched Remus sadly, knowing how he feels. He sighed and sat on the couch, quickly followed by Fleur and Nym. Gabrielle then sat across from them awkwardly.

They sat in silence for a while until Harry remembered something. "I didn't have time to ask with all the things going on... but Gabby? What are you doing here?"

"Oui, I wanted to know the same thing." Fleur added.

"Aren't you supposed to be in Japan? Don't you have school?" Nym asked.

Gabby shifted uncomfortably under their accusing gazes. "Umm... you know how I hate being left behind?" The three nodded. "You said you were going to be gone for a while, and I couldn't let you guys leave me. So, I found out where you were going and followed you here."

"How did you find out where we were going?" Harry asked, but got a mumbled answer. "I'm sorry?"

"I said... I broke in your computer the night before you left." Gabby repeated, looking down on the floor.

"What?" The three asked in unison.

Gabrielle's expression became annoyed, "I said... I broke..."

"No, we heard you. Its just... how?" Nym asked.

"How... what?" Gabrielle asked confused.

"How did you break into Arry's computer?" Fleur asked clearer.

"Oh... I just planted a trojan virus, to bypass the 512 bit encryption,

because cracking that code would probably take me a million years. However, I hit a snag. I had to use some charms and ward manipulation magic to bypass Harry's protective wards. It took me most of the night to do that. Then, I downloaded your most recent mission on my USB stick, the pink one of course. I read through it and found out that you guys were heading to UK." Gabby explained like it was the simplest thing in the world.

Harry, Nym and Fleur stared at the 14 year old in amazement. "How... what? Gabby where did you learn all that?"

"The computer part from Advanced Placement classes in school." The young veela answered.

Nym snorted, "Gabby you're in highschool. They teach you how to type properly and use programs like MS word, not how to hack into top secret government files in computer class."

"I didn't tell you but, I don't go to a normal magical or muggle school. I got recruited by Tokyo University. I'm doing my masters in computer programming there. They've put me there after I was doing some history project and I accidentally got in Japan's military database last year." Gabrielle explained.

"Wow... I'm proud of you ma Cherie." Fleur said, still unable to believe her sister's accomplishments.

Harry cleared his throat to get everyone's attention, "Okay, how about the charms and ward manipulation? They don't teach that level of magic in any school."

Gabrielle looked sheepish once again, "I read over some of the journals you kept at the storage room."

Harry and the two girls were once again shocked. "You taught yourself mastery level charms and ward manipulation by reading my

journals, and without any help from anyone?" Harry asked.

"Yeah..." Gabby answered sheepishly. "I knew you would never let me go through your stuff... so everytime you guys were gone, I would sneak out one of your journals and read over it."

"Wow... ma Cherie... You're a genius." Harry whispered, making the young veela blush from the praise.

"No... you're journals were very clear and easy to understand that's all." Gabrielle responded, but Harry wasn't listening.

"... Plus the amount of magic..."

"... she would need..."

"... to pull it off..."

Harry, Fleur and Nym, said finishing each other's thoughts, as they looked at each other. They slowly looked at Gabby with an awed expression.

"What?" Gabby asked confused.

"I'm going to call Mistress Sophie." Fleur said getting up. "Let's go Gabby, we'll see if she could take on another student."

"I'm going to check on your computer, see if she got the more delicate files." Nym said getting up as well.

Harry nodded and watched as the three most important women in his life walk away. He couldn't help but smile as they talked excitedly among each other.

"Thank you Sirius..." Harry whispered.

Author's Notes: I broke my ankle from basketball... I got fouled hard going for the last basket. (My team would've become division champions if I made the basket). Now I'm stuck at home... Therefore I have a lot of time in my hands now. I'm sorry for the wait guys... Last year, my computer crashed erasing all the beta'd chapters and stories I had. It got me so frustrated that I stopped. However, now that I have a lot of time in my hands I decided to restart on some stories.

Chapter 11: New-School

12 Grimmauld Place

Harry walked in the kitchen half awake, hair more messy than usual. He was surprised to find the entire household all up and talking happily with each other, even Remus. He sat down on the table, and Nym handed him a cup of coffee and kissed him. "Thank you." He said smiling.

"No problem. How was your sleep?" She asked.

"It was good, but it would've been better if you two slept with me." He answered as he sipped his steaming coffee.

"Yeah, sorry about that love... we were up late last night and fell asleep in Gabby's room." Nym said sheepishly.

"Oh, you're missing your sleep over days?" Harry asked chidingly.

"What do you mean? I'm not that old... I still am in my sleeping over days." She answered hotly, making the green eyed wizard laugh. She knew that Harry knew how sensitive she was about her age, which in turn made her more annoyed. She was about to go on a rant, but was interrupted by the sound of the doorbell chiming.

"Oh! School bus is here!" Fleur yelled excitedly.

"School bus?" Harry asked.

"Gabby do you have everything packed?" Fleur asked her sister.

"Oui, Fleur." The young veela said rolling her eyes.

The French witch took out a list, "Your documents?"

"Here."

"Your wand, and your wand holster?"

"Here."

"Your basilisk hide vest?"

"Here."

"Your reference letters?"

"Here."

"Lastly, your lunch?"

"Everything's here Fleur. Happy?"

"Oui my love. I'm so excited for you. It's your first day as an MI6 trainee..." Fleur said looking into the distance. "... Mama and Papa would be so proud."

Nym got into the excitement. "Now Gabby, make a good first impression to your superiors. Also, don't let other trainees push you around. They will look down on you because one you're a girl, two you are young and three you are blonde."

"What?" Fleur asked scandalized.

"What? It's true. Just ask Harry and Remus." Nym said pointing at the two male occupants in the room.

"I'm going to walk Gabby out." Harry quickly said, grabbing Gabby's hand leading her out of the kitchen.

"I'm coming too." Remus quickly said.

As they walked past the living room, Harry stopped Gabrielle before they reached the front door. "Gabby, ma Cherie, are you sure about this?"

"What do you mean Arry?" The young witch asked, confused.

He looked into her soft blue eyes, "I mean about going into this world, my world. You're much too young, and I want you to enjoy your childhood. If you go in, you can't go out. You're going to know too much for your own good... You'll be forced to do things that you might not be ready for... I don't want that kind of burden on your shoulders."

Harry expected her to be scared, hesitate or quit even, but she just smiled. "Arry you're doing this all wrong. Telling someone that they are too young to do something, just makes them want to do it even more." She said making Harry smile. Her expression became serious, "All the people that I love put their life on the line all the time, not just for me, but for everyone. I want to do my part to help them... to help you. Joining MI6 will help me do that... They've recruited me formally in their Information Gathering Department, but their going to put me through hand-to-hand combat courses and weapons training."

Harry stared at the girl, the woman in front of him as if it was his first time seeing her. After some time, he nodded and hugged her. "Just be careful okay?"

"Okay." She said as she hugged him back.

They broke apart and Remus opened the door. However, whatever they were expecting, was thrown out the window. Standing in front of them was a chubby man with the biggest smile, wearing a pair of khaki shorts, a plain white shirt with a 'Nerds will take over the World' written on it and a red cap saying 'North London Preparatory College' in yellow letters.

"You must be the guardians of Gabrielle. I'm Charlie, I teach the computer class in North London Preparatory College. I'm so excited, we're going to have loads of fun!" The man said rubbing his hands together, as he smiled at the three people looking at him in shock.

Remus was the first to come out of the stupor. "Yes, ummm... I thought she was going to be a trainee for MI-"

"Yes! She's going to have so much fun!" Charlie said cutting off Remus. "You're all ready Gabrielle?"

"Yes?" She answered hesitantly.

"Good let's go. You don't want to be late on your first day." The plump man said, leading Gabrielle down the steps of Grimmauld place and into the ordinary looking school bus.

Harry was about to say something, but was interrupted when two black and tinted SUV's came out of nowhere and escorted the bus away. "That was weird..." Harry said as he closed the door and walked back towards the kitchen.

"I'm going to take a shower." Remus said heading upstairs.

Harry nodded and kept walking towards the kitchen. He opened up their connection and was about to tell Nym and Fleur what just happened, but instead he got waves of frustration and annoyance through the link.

"What's going on?" Harry asked as he sat back down on the kitchen table.

"Tell her to apologize Arry!" Fleur said with her arms crossed, looking away from Nym.

"I was just telling the truth!" Nym retorted.

Harry, used to dealing with the two and their sometimes hormonal states, stepped in the middle. Harry wrapped his arms around Fleur. "Nym, apologize to her."

Nym huffed in indignation and looked defiant. Some time passed until she finally gave in, "I'm sorry Fleur."

Harry smiled at Nym. "Thank you." Harry turned to Fleur, "Now my love, Nym was just telling the truth. You could tell through our bond that she wasn't lying. Right?"

"Oui." The veela said reluctantly.

"So then, why are you mad at her for telling you the truth?" He asked.

"I don't know... Maybe just because I'm tired of that stereotype... and I took it out on her." Fleur admitted. She then looked at Nym sheepishly, "I'm sorry Nym."

"Good. So are you two good?" Harry asked.

"Yes." The two witches answered at the same time. They smiled and tackled Harry at the same time, kissing him.

Remus walked down the stairs and walked in the kitchen, catching Harry and his two girlfriends in different states of undress and in a very, very compromising position. He quickly turned around and walked out of the kitchen, heading back upstairs. He walked back in the bathroom, undressed and turned the shower to its coldest.

"Lucky sod..." The werewolf whispered before walking in.

Fleur was on top of Nym kissing each other, on top of the kitchen table. Harry was behind them licking Fleur's folds as he used his

skillful fingers on Nym's. Fleur lowered her ample cleavage on Nym's face who greedily grabbed on them and started sucking on her hardened nipples.

Harry used his fingers to spread Fleur's other lips and shoved his tongue deep inside of her, his veela side, taking over.

"Oui! Harry right there!" Fleur screamed in ecstasy.

At the same time, Nym started to double her effort on her ministrations. Making the French Veela on top of her talk in French, saying words that she didn't know Fleur could say.

The heat building up inside of her was intense. Fleur could feel herself being undone very quickly. Harry's veela side sensing this made him attach his lips on her clit and used his fingers, skillfully hitting Fleur's spot.

"Mon Dieu! I'm going to cum!" Fleur gasped out.

She hugged Nym's head tightly as she finally clenched hard on Harry's fingers, pushing them out and squirted several times all over Nym's body. Her whole weight collapsed on Nym, who hugged her softly, as spasms wracked throughout her body. Harry started caressing and peppering kisses on Fleur's back, as she rode through her orgasm.

Finally, Fleur's breathing started to normalize. However, she could still see stars as she started coming down from one of, if not the most intense climaxes she ever had. She softly kissed Nym's lips and crawled off of her, turning to look at the soaked abdomen of the metamorph she was just on top of.

"Was it good Fleur?" Nym asked smiling.

"Mon Dieu, Arry, Nym that was fantastique!" She breathed out,

shivering in pleasure.

"Good. Okay Harry my turn." The brunette said excitedly.

The green eyed wizard looked at the prone form of the sexy witch on the table hungrily, and smirked. "Are you ready Nym?"

Riddle Manor

Bellatrix Lestrange is a proud woman and she certainly has a lot of things she's proud of. She graduated as one of the top students from the prestigious institution of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, she held the title as the best duelist in the school's dueling circuit until she graduated, she holds a mastery in defense and she is looked up to by members of an organization, which she believes, is making the magical world a better place.

However, the normally cool, albeit a little crazy woman is pissed. Her pride, her ego has been smashed today as four people took on their said organization, which is also the most feared across Europe, and almost won.

"Who were they?" She asked herself as she walked along a corridor, stopping in front of a door. "We would've lost if-"

"Bellatrix! Come here!" A voice yelled from inside.

Bellatrix took a breath, steadied her nerves and opened the door. However, as soon as she walked in, she started coughing, choking from the immense magical pressure that was trapped in the room. She collapsed on her knees as she struggled to breathe, and as soon as she was about to pass out, the magical pressure disappeared.

Through watery and blood shot eyes, she looked up and sucked in a sharp breath. To say that Bellatrix was scared, was an

understatement. Her body froze in fear, and tears fell from her eyes unknowingly as a pair of glowing red orbs pinned her on the spot with a stare.

"Bella, what's with that face?" The man asked.

Bellatrix quickly looked down and lowered her face to the ground. "I-I'm sorry my Lord."

"Come here Bella, you're too far." The man hissed. He smirked as he watched her quickly crawl to infront of his feet and kissed the hem of his robe. "Bella, tell me what happened last night."

"M-My Lord, t-the meeting was g-going on as schedule. S-Security was t-tight-" Bellatrix breathed in.

"Go on and stop stuttering." The dark lord said patiently.

She took another deep breath to help her calm down. "... Lucius and his son, took out the prisoners from Diagon Alley. Sirius, and these two girls. He intended to rape the two girls infront of the other members when this group of four individuals appeared. They killed Lucius along with some members in the hall of Malfoy manor. I got Sirius with the core eating curse before the four grabbed the prisoners and took the battle outside."

Voldemort nodded, "And what of our forces?"

Bellatrix dreading what's going to happen next closed her eyes and answered. "Two thirds of our forces have either died or is currently being held by the Ministry."

'SLAP'

Voldemort watched as the woman he just backhanded, sail across the room and land near the door on her back.

"Bellatrix! I've put you in charge because I trusted you. However, you couldn't even lead my forces to stop four people?" Voldemort yelled as a sinister red aura surrounded him and the magical pressure came back.

She quickly sputtered, "But my lord, it wasn't my fault. We were caught off guard, and the Unspeakables showed up. Some of us were lucky to escape-"

"Enough! Crucio!" Voldemort yelled.

Bellatrix felt excruciating pain like never before. It made the crucio's she'd experienced before, feel like a tickle.

Voldemort smiled in satisfaction as he watched the source of his anger writhe in pain. He stopped when he saw blood trickling from her nose and eyes. His face contorted into a snarl as he listened to her ragged gasps of air. "Bellatrix! I should kill you right now for the failure you've committed last night. However, you've been my most trusted servant before and because I'm a merciful Lord, I will give you another chance to earn back my trust. Find out who those people are. If you fail this time, just kill yourself. For that will be more merciful than what I will do to you. Understand?"

"Yes, my Lord." She gasped out.

"Leave!" The dark lord commanded as he used wandless magic to open the door.

Bellatrix unsteadily turned over, painfully kneeled and limped out of the room. She closed the door and collapsed on the floor. Angry tears fell from her eyes as she went into a sitting position, leaning on the wall of the corridor. She's never been this humiliated to her Master, since her initiation to join the death eaters.

"I will make them pay. I will find out who they are and I will make them pay." She snarled, wiping her face angrily. She took out the small pink device she found in the manor from the pocket of her robe. "I don't know what this is, but this is the only clue I have." She whispered smiling, the maniacal glow coming back to her eyes.

North London Preparatory College

The school bus pulled up in the school's parking lot. "Okay, kids we're here. Get off the bus and follow me."

As, the occupants of the bus filed out, Gabrielle noticed that the other kids looked much older than her. They were led inside an ordinary looking highschool. "Excuse me, sorry for asking, but how old are you?" She asked a boy closest to her.

"Oh, I'm 19. The name's Jack, Jack Walter. How old are you?" The boy asked.

"I just turned 14... oh and I'm Gabrielle." She answered.

Jack tripped and stopped. He looked at her disbelievingly. "You're 14? I thought you were at least 17. Aren't you a bit too young to be here."

"Excuse me?" She asked scandalized.

"I mean-" The boy tried to explain, but was interrupted by Charlie.

"Alright ladies, we're here." The chubby, jolly man said, stopping infront of the school's elevator. "You have your department documents with you. Along with them you received an envelope. Take those out now and open them. Inside is a key and instructions on how to get to your departments."

Gabby took out a small key and a blank piece of paper. "As soon as

you walk in that elevator the instructions will appear on that paper." She heard Charlie explain. "If you're not sure why you're here, then leave, because if you get on that elevator, the only way you can leave this place is through your department heads or death."

One at a time the recruits put their key in and disappeared into the elevator until finally it was only Gabrielle and Jack left.

He turned to Gabrielle, "Ummm... listen about the age thing before, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. It was just-"

"Mr. Walter, any day now." Charlie interrupted.

The boy nodded and inserted his key, opening the elevator. He walked in and said, "Good Luck Gabrielle.", before the elevator doors closed.

Soon it was just Charlie and Gabrielle there. The jolly man's face became serious, "Are you sure about this young Gabrielle?" he asked turning towards the young witch with him.

"Yes." She answered.

"Okay go ahead, you're department head will meet you there." He watched as Gabrielle inserted her key, opening the doors and she walked in. "Good luck and take care Gabby." Charlie's glamour charm fell. Gabby was surprised by the use of her nick name. She only had time to look up and recognize the smiling face of Master Jefferson, before the doors closed.

After following the instructions on the paper, pressing buttons on the elevator's interface, the elevator doors opened behind her.

"Welcome to the MI6 Information Gathering Department." A woman's voice said. Gabrielle turned around and froze, recognizing the woman. "From the impressive references you have, I hope you don't

disappoint and come up to my standards."

Gabrielle still shocked could only nod and ask, "Are... Aren't you Hermione?"

Author's note: There you go for those wondering where Hermione is. I wonder how Bellatrix would figure out how to use a USB flash drive
SMILE EVILLY

Chapter 12 – Bitch

Harry blocked a kick directed to his face and held on the attacker's foot. He then went for the attacker's other foot, sweeping it, and he smiled as the person was caught off balanced. However instead of falling like Harry intended, the attacker caught herself with one hand, kicked his stomach, then his face, making him let go of her foot.

She smirked as Harry touched his lip, looked at his fingers, and then spat the blood collecting in his mouth.

"I'll get you for that Cami." Harry said, taking an offensive stance.

Harry and Nym were at the basement of Number 12 Grimmauld Place, which they've transformed into a gym, complete with weights and other equipments on one side and an open space for sparring on the other. They've agreed to call each other with their operative names while they sparred.

"Bring it on Nox." She said, smirking as Tonks took a defensive stance and made a 'come hither' motion with her fingers.

Harry laughed, took two big steps and started his attack. He threw a punch to her face, which she blocked and countered. He dodged her elbow, ducking under her arm, he quickly hooked his arm under her armpit and her extended elbow, and using her momentum, threw her on the floor. He quickly followed it with a stomp, but she dodged it by rolling away. However, as she was getting up Harry quickly swept her legs from under her, making her airborne for a split second.

Time slowed as it registered with Cami, what happened. "Shit!" Cami cursed, knowing what's going to happen next.

Harry smirked inwardly as he was pushing himself up with his arms into a hand stand from his crouching position after he swept her legs. The flow of time was restored as Harry brought one of his elevated

knees down on her chest, making her crash on the floor hard. The move was so fast that it happened with a blink of an eye, from him sweeping her legs to kneeling her on the chest.

Harry quickly stood up from his kneeling position on top of her as he heard her cough, blood dribbling from her lips, the wind knocked out of her.

"Damn *pant* you got me *cough* good" Cami struggled to say, as she took gulps of air.

Harry quickly sat her up, and asked Talons to come down in the basement. The disheveled form of Fleur Delacour appeared behind them.

She yawned and wiped her eyes, "What's wrong now?"

Nym gasped and coughed up more blood. Harry smiled sheepishly, "We decided that we shouldn't be complacent... and we agreed to fight for real, knowing you're here but I kind of overdid our sparring..."

Fleur's eyes shot open, wide awake as she took in Nym's condition. "Merde!" She swore as she dropped on her knees beside her. She quickly waved her glowing wand over Tonks' body, "Broken ribs, a cracked sternum and a collapsed lung." She glared at Harry, "Were you trying to kill each other?" She demanded.

She muttered some spells and nodded as Nym took a sharp intake of breath. "That takes care of her lung... I'll be back." She said and apparated silently.

"Okay" Harry answered and smiled as he noticed Nym's watery eyes on him. "Hey you."

"I'm guessing I lost then?" Nym asked softly.

Harry chuckled, "Yup... I told you I was going to get you." He whispered as he kissed her lips softly. "I'm sorry love, does it hurt?"

"Hurts like a bitch." Nym answered, chuckling softly, but winced in pain.

Fleur smiled as she appeared silently behind them holding a black case. Harry was whispering something, while Nym giggled softly. "Nym, I'm going to give you a new kind bone regenerating and pain relieving potions." She interrupted, and took out some vials from her black case. She handed them to Harry, whom placed it on Nym's lips and poured the contents in slowly. "I've healed your lungs, and that new bone regenerating potion that I just invented last night will work instantly, but I still want you to rest."

Nym took a deep breath then smiled, "Thanks Love." She said looking at Fleur who smiled back and packed up her case. She walked up and knelt beside the metamorph and kissed her on the lips softly. "No problem." She pulled back and glared at the only male occupant in the room. "Lay her on the couch in the living room, and I forbid you from sparring like this with each other again."

"Yes love." Harry answered as he rolled his eyes, earning him a smack on the head.

"I'm serious!" She snarled.

"No you're Fleur, I'm Harry and she's Nym. Are you feeling okay?" He asked innocently, earning him another smack on the head.

She huffed got up and left the two snickering wizard and witch on the floor. She paused on the basement door and stuck her tongue out at the two, making Harry and Nym laugh harder.

"Let's go get some breakfast dear, I'll give you a reward for winning."

Nym said as she got up, pulling Harry up as well.

"I'm supposed to lay you down on the couch in the living room, Remember?" He said playfully.

The pink haired witch smirked and looked over her shoulder to Harry. "Who said I wanted food for breakfast." Harry looked at her confused. She sighed and shook her head. She walked up to him, grabbed his crotch, nibbled on his earlobe and whispered, "Harry you provide a rather tasty meal." She backed up and slowly licked her lips.

Harry stared at her dumbfounded, making Nym laugh as she ran up the stairs. Harry realized he was left by himself in the basement and growled, "Damn it! You minx!" as he hurriedly climbed the stairs leading to the living room.

Mi6 headquarters, Underground, North London

Hermione Granger, head of the Information Gathering Department of the Mi6, walked in the Special Training Room her department uses. She looked around and noticed that it looked like a martial arts dojo of some sort, complete with a rack of an assortment of weapons. She smirked as she found her newest recruit bloody and panting, faced down on the floor.

"How is she doing Jefferson?" She asked the man drinking coffee on a small table.

He didn't answer right away as he took a big whiff from his mug, enjoying the smell of his hot beverage. He took a sip and placed his mug down. "Gabby's got potential, but she has a lot of work to do..." He took another sip. "I still can't believe that this type of Magical training room exists. The effect of this type of facilities will be immense. Hermione you're a genius..." the tall man in the black combat uniform said in awe.

Hermione blushed, "Thanks, but it wasn't just all me. It was a joint effort of the American Unspeakables and my department."

Master Jefferson snorted. "Hermione, you just used the research we did with time turner sand. However, you developed the Charms and Spells to be able to apply the magical property of the sand to create a room like this. It's amazing really..."

Hermione beamed at the man for his praises, "I just used this room we have at Hogwarts called the room of requirements as an inspiration. Complex charms were the hardest part of the whole thing, but we got through it and viola! You have a room which you can ask for anything you want, and combined with the magical properties of the time turner sand, and warp the time." She finished explaining just like a teacher would.

"So how long has she been in this room with her combat training then? I've lost track of it after four months..." Master Jefferson asked.

"She's been here..." She said as she opened the folder she was holding. "... Six months by tomorrow, but outside this room it's only been two weeks."

"Wow... okay what about me?" He asked.

"You don't stay here the whole time so you've been here for..." She paused and looked in another folder. "...three months as of today." She closed the folder and asked, "By the way, how long will her training regime be?"

"To teach her everything? I say about two years and she'll know what she has to. It's up to her to practice everything by herself after that. So what is that to the outside world? Four, five weeks?" He asked.

"Yup." Hermione answered brightly. "Hey Jefferson, can I ask her some questions?"

"What about?" The man asked.

"About the attack in Diagon Alley and what happened at the Malfoy Estate." She answered, curious as to why Master Jefferson was being protective of Gabrielle Delacour. "My sources have told me that she was there."

He thought for a second 'What if she finds out?' he sighed and said, "Hermione, you have to swear on your magic, that whatever you find out, you can't tell or discuss with anyone." the woman across from him was surprised, hesitated, but nodded in the end.

"I swear on my magic that I will not tell or discuss what I find out from Gabrielle Delacour regarding the incident at Diagon Alley and Malfoy Manor, to anyone unless you or she says otherwise." She said, making her wand and chest glow for a second.

Jefferson looked back at the still panting girl on the floor, thought about it then nodded. "Hey, gabby! Get you're lazy French ass up. Your boss wants to talk to you!" He barked. All he got was a groan and a mumbled 'fuck you', making him smile. "Go ahead."

Diagon Alley

Bellatrix Lestrangle was walking around the alley dressed in a long black cloak, with her hood up. The entire alley was busy with people rebuilding their shops and their lives. She noticed that people were in good spirits even though they're under tough circumstances. 'Fuck! It's because of that damned Daily Prophet article!'

Bodies of Death eaters scattered in the ruins of the Malfoy Manor Estate!

Brian Morris

Wizards and witches, this morning, Director Shacklebolt released this information in a press release. "...countless bodies of dead Death Eaters were found scattered in and around the destroyed home of the well known Malfoy family. The entire estate was riddled with huge craters, burnt debris and toppled trees. The only way to describe it was a huge battle was waged over the Malfoy lands and from what it looks like... You-know-who's camp lost."

If this was not enough of a shock, several prominent figures were in the list of dead Death Eaters found. Some of the people in the list were:

Lucius Malfoy

Gregory Goyle Sr.

Thorfinn Rowle

Olga Rowle

Theodore Nott Sr.

These five were some of the most prominent and well known figures around wizarding Britain. However, fifteen years ago these five also pleaded not guilty in their respective trials under the judgment of former minister of magic, Cornelius Fudge. Using the Imperious curse as a defense, they were let off, causing some outrage among the populace.

During the press conference, Director Shacklebolt was asked about the identities of the people who fought and assumed won against the Death Eaters. "... As of now, no person or organization have claimed responsibility for the attack, but whoever it was, the wizarding populace of Britain wishes to thank you. This is a major blow to you-know-who's forces and would most likely take time to regroup."

Whoever was responsible for the attack on the Death Eaters, this reporter, and I'm sure a lot of the members of the wizarding population, wish to thank you. It gives us hope that maybe, just maybe we can win.

The list of the Death Eaters found in the Malfoy Estate pg. 5

The summary of Director Shacklebolt's press release pg. 9

Daily Prophet's predictions on who was responsible for the attack pg. 10

'I'm going to kill that writer, Brian Morris.' She thought as she turned into Knockturn Alley. She quickly walked in a shady bar and looked around. 'Fuck! No one looks like a person who can give me some decent information.'

She was about to leave, when she noticed a person sitting in the corner nursing a half empty bottle of firewhiskey. She was a woman, based on how her body was shaped under her cloak, even if like her, the hood of the woman's cloak was up. Something about this person pulled on her so, following her gut-feeling, she sat across her.

Bellatrix took out a few galleons and slid it in front of the stranger. "I would like to ask some questions." The stranger pocketed the galleons in her cloak and nodded. Bellatrix quickly shoved her hand in her cloak but froze as the stranger, fast as lightning, drew her wand and trained it towards the Death Eater.

This angered her, 'This bitch dare points her wand at me? I should kill her this instant!' she yelled in her mind. However, deciding that fighting the stranger was counter productive, she forced her anger down and said, "I'm only taking this out." taking out the pink device slowly from her inside pocket. "I want to know what this is."

The stranger nodded, lowered her wand and grabbed the device from the woman across her. She inspected the device and clicked a button, making something pop out. To Bellatrix it looks some sort of odd key, 'muggle made probably' she thought.

"It's a muggle device, called USB key. It stores information." The stranger said looking at the pink device.

"Filthy muggles and their filthy devices." She muttered. "How do I use it?"

"You need to get a muggle device called a computer and plug it in." The stranger answered.

"A what? Combuder?" Bellatrix asked frustrated. "Damn! How am I supposed to find out who those people are? They destroyed Malfoy Manor! How am I going to kill that bastard who looks like the angel of death?" She whispered harshly to herself.

The stranger smirked, "So you're a Death Eater?" She asked, not getting an answer she laughed, "You guys are fucking incompetent, getting your headquarters destroyed and you guys humiliated by some fucking unknown group."

Bellatrix quickly drew her wand and fired a curse towards the stranger, but was blocked by a yellow shimmering shield. "See? Most feared organization my ass!" The stranger taunted.

"Do you know who you're talking to bitch?" Bellatrix asked as she lowered her hood.

The stranger smirked, "Bellatrix Lestrange, what a pleasure." She said in a mocking tone, as she parried another curse, making the curse hit a window, shattering it and sending shards everywhere. The other patrons quickly left the bar, while the bartender shouted obscenities at the two women who are destroying his bar.

"And you are?" Bellatrix demanded as she glared at the smirking stranger across from her.

"The name is Violette Deux, wife of the late French Dark Lord, Jacque Deux." She answered as she lowered her hood.

"I'm going to kill me French tart! Wonderful!" Bellatrix said in a baby voice as she threw a series of spells at the still smirking wife of the French Dark Lord.

Violette blocked and reflected the spells, "I want to see you try bitch!" As she counterattacked and threw a series of spells forcing the Death Eater into defense, as another wall exploded from a reflected spell.

Number 12 Grimmauld Place

"Harry maybe we should get a house elf." Nym said as she walked in the kitchen sleepily. "I'm starving."

"There's sushi on the counter love." Fleur said pointing at the counter, with a frustrated voice.

"I don't know about that, Hermione have pounded in my head that owning house elves makes me an evil person." Harry said as he looked up from the paper he was reading.

A female laugh was heard, alerting Nym to the presence of the other females sitting beside Harry. "How naïve..." The woman said, dressed in a form fitting muggle business woman's outfit, her skirt stopping mid thigh.

"Oh! Minister Sauru... how nice to see you!" Nym quickly said, a forced smile on her face. "What are you doing here? Aren't you too busy being Japan's Minister of Magic and all?"

"Oh nothing, I just came by to check on my favorite Unspeakable." She answered, smiling towards Harry, who awkwardly smiled back.

"She brought new information she got from the ICW archives against Dumbledore." Harry explained.

Nym nodded and walked over to the counter where some Styrofoam containers were stacked on top each other. She opened one, nodded and took out a pair of chop sticks. She then walked over and kissed Fleur then Harry deeply, before taking a seat, smirking at the young minister of magic across the table who was glaring at her.

Just then Minister Amelia Bones walked in the kitchen and noticed Tonks sitting at the table. "Tonks! How was your nap? I heard you got hurt."

"It was great Director, I mean Minister Bones." She said blushing from the mistake. "I'll give you an advice; never kick Harry on the face." She said rubbing her chest. "What are you doing here?"

"Harry asked me to drop by." The middle-aged woman answered, laughter in her voice. "He said he wanted to discuss Dumbledore's case." She explained as she found a seat around the table.

Nym nodded, shoved a roll in her mouth. "So what do you have?" She asked through a mouthful of sushi. Harry snorted, and nodded towards Fleur.

"Our agents in the ICW, found some fresh dirt on the old man." Fleur explained passing the folder she was holding to Nym. "Apparently during the First Wizard War, the whole Grindewald debacle, his trial regarding his suspected involvement with the death of his sister, Ariana Dumbledore, was on hold. However, since he was declared the hero of that said war, the case was dropped and was 'swept under the rug' if you may." She said angrily.

The metamorph nodded, chewing on the food in her mouth. She swallowed and asked, "...and we suspect his involvement with the deaths of Eliza Lovegood and Barty Crouch Sr. as well."

"You suspect his involvement in the deaths of Eliza Lovegood and Barty Crouch Sr.?" Amelia asked.

"Yes, but before I continue I need you to swear on your magic to never to let anyone other than the people in this room know about what you are going to find out tonight, unless we tell you otherwise. It's not that I don't trust you Amelia, it's just this is a delicate matter." Harry explained.

Amelia quickly took the oath, making her wand and chest glow. Harry waited until the glow faded and explained. " You see Eliza Lovegood was my mom's partner in the Research and Spell Development department of the Unspeakables. They discovered a spell that could destroy Voldemort. However, this spell requires a human sacrifice for it to work. Somehow Dumbledore got wind of this, but was unsure if it was true. Only when I survived because of my mom's 'Sacrifice', were his suspicions confirmed. He knew that Voldemort wasn't really dead yet, so as soon as he got the chance, he went after that spell. Eliza Lovegood, knowing about the prophecy from her bestfriend Lily Potter, knew that the only way for Voldemort to be killed for good, was to... sacrifice me. Eliza Lovegood never died from an accident experimenting with spells. Dumbledore confronted her and demanded for the spell, probably spouting about his greater good." Harry said bitterly. "Mrs. Lovegood however fought against him, but she was beaten... and as she laid there bloody and gasping... she used the last of her strength to protect the spell from him... she killed herself... to protect me." Harry ended with a whisper.

Fleur got up, sat on Harry's lap and hugged him tightly, "Arry don't blame yourself for what happened."

"What about Barty Crouch Sr.?" Minister Bones asked.

"Crouch Sr. was actually the former head of the Unspeakables, and was Eliza's and my mom's boss. As the head of the department, he's gone over every spell that was developed or discovered under him. Having Crouch Sr. in the tournament was the opportunity he needed to corner the former Unspeakables' head. Him being a Master Legilimens, destroyed the man's Occlumency shields and proceeded to sift through his memories, until he found the spell. However, his mental assault have caused Crouch Sr.'s mind to be destroyed, turning him into a vegetable. Dumbledore decided to end the mindless man's misery and took his life." Harry answered.

The room was quiet for a while, until Amelia broke the silence. "Ummm... Harry? How do you know these things?"

"Actually, Fawkes was the one who told me about them. Since I'm bonded with a phoenix, I'm able to communicate with the magical creature. We used the Unspeakables' database to look for clues that support what Fawkes said. Xenophilius Lovegood was walking with her daughter towards the house, just before the 'accident' occurred. Authorities took a memory strand from Xenophilius since, asking him was impossible. He was too distraught and shocked with the fact that his wife was dead to answer questions." Harry said as he took out a vial, holding a shimmering, silver strand. "Nym, can you get the pensieve please."

"Sure, wait up." She answered and disappeared through black smoke, only to appear seconds later holding a pensieve. "Here you go." She said handing the magical device to Harry.

"Fleur, babe? Umm... can you get off please? Not that I'm not enjoying it, it's just that I need to stand up to show them the memory." He said smiling at the veela on his lap, whom gave him a peck on the lips and stood up. Harry thanked her and dumped the memory in the pensieve. He stirred it a couple of times before asking both ministers

to accompany him in the memory.

A much younger Xenophilius Lovegood was walking on a dirt path, beside his seven year old daughter, Luna.

"So Luna, what do you have behind your back?" Xenophilius asked.

"I picked flowers for mama from the hill!" She answered excitedly, showing the bouquet of flowers to her father.

"It's lovely, I'm sure your mom is going to love it." He said as he looked up towards their oddly shaped home only to stop dead in his tracks, making Luna stop as well beside him. Flashes of different colored lights are erupting from the house.

He dropped Luna's hand quickly and ran towards the house as fast as he can. He took out his wand and yanked the front door open, only to be blinded by flash of fire. As soon as the fire blast stopped, he opened his eyes and they fell on the lifeless body of his wife on the floor of the living room.

The memory stopped and pensieve brought them back in the kitchen, where Fleur and Nym were waiting.

Harry straightened himself and waited before the two ministers were sat. "Now Amelia, did you see any evidence that incriminates Dumbledore in Mr. Lovegood's memory?"

Amelia thought about it for a second, "No, I don't. And I was an auror for 24 years. I would've noticed anything, unless it was possible to trace someone's magic in a memory." She answered confused.

"No it's not." Harry said smiling. "Not many people would notice it, because not many people own a phoenix." Harry nodded when

comprehension shined in the minister's eyes. "Yes, that flash of light was a phoenix blaze. Dumbledore used Fawkes to get through the Lovegood's house wards because phoenixes can go through wards without activating them. What, Xenophilius saw was Dumbledore escaping with Fawkes."

"Bloody hell... I can't believe it. Dumbledore really did... kill?" Amelia said shocked. "Can't we use this evidence to bring Albus in custody?"

"Unfortunately, no. We don't have any solid evidence incriminating Dumbledore of said crimes. If it was that simple I wouldn't have had to send Harry and his team over here to infiltrate the school." Minister Sauru answered. "As he said, only Harry can understand Fawkes. Who would believe him if he presented his evidences to the court as 'Fawkes said so'."

"So... you're going to teach in Hogwarts and use yourself as bait?" Amelia asked.

"That's the plan. I'm hiding my identity so that he can't come up with a flawless plan. He will be caught off guard and he's going to make a mistake." He answered.

Amelia nodded and sat silently, going over the things she just learned. After sometime she asked, "So, how long do we have before the start of the semester?"

"School starts in Hogwarts on September 7, so... we have two weeks." Nym answered.

Knockturn Alley

Two female figures can be seen in the middle of the wreckage somewhere in the now deserted part of the Alley. Craters, destroyed establishments, stores ablaze are the things surrounding the two panting women.

"I hate to say it, but you are pretty good." Violette Duex said as she took in shallow breaths, her wand pointed at the woman across her.

Bellatrix Lestrange took in a big breath, "I could say the same to you." She responded. "No one has ever lasted this long in a duel against me."

Violette looked at her strangely, as if studying her. "Didn't you say that the person who attacked you looked like the Angel of Death or something?" She suddenly asked.

Bellatrix was surprised by the sudden question. She looked at the other woman carefully and answered. "Yes. So what?" She was surprised when her opponent suddenly lowered her wand and smiled.

"It turns out that I'm looking for the same person. You see that fucking bastard was the one who killed my husband." She explained.

Bellatrix also lowered her wand, but quickly pointed it up again. "You're trying to trick me bitch!" she yelled.

Violette laughed, "No I'm serious. I'm-" She stopped talking as she heard people coming towards them. "Aurors." She whispered. "Lestrange! I'm going to hold on this thing for tonight. I'll meet up with you tomorrow to see if I can find out anything from it, regarding our Angel of Death." She explained before apparating away.

"Wait! Fuck!" Bellatrix yelled after the French woman, as aurors rounded the corner yelling for her to freeze and surrender. She cursed again under her breath before apparating away as well.

Author's note: How did you guys find it? Leave your reviews

Chapter 13 – Merde

Number 12 Grimmauld Place, North London

Fleur had sweat beads forming on her forehead, her face frozen in concentration and her normally brilliant blue eyes, glowing green as the potion she is stirring, is reflecting on them.

"Stir once clockwise, and twice counter-clockwise..." She whispered to herself. She smiled and released her breath that she didn't know she was holding, as the cauldron glowed purple then back to its previous color.

"Love, put in the ashwinder scales." She said as she took off the eye protection gear on her face and wiped it with a towel, before putting them back on.

"We just need the exact amount to make this work." She whispered to the currently brunette metamorphagus with protective goggles on.

Nym nodded and started counting off the scales as she dropped them in the bubbling cauldron from a container using a spoon.

"1... 2... 3..." She whispered.

"We'll know to stop when the potion turns clear." Fleur reminded her.

"4... 5... 6..." She stopped as she saw the potion turn clear but with some specs of green left.

Fleur looked in and nodded. "One more, and it will be perfect."

So with hands slightly trembling, Tonks scooped up a scale and turned to the beautiful veela beside her.

Fleur looked back at her, then the cauldron and back to the pretty

metamorphagus and nodded. They both held their breaths as the scale left the spoon and dropped into the cauldron in slow motion. As soon as the scale touched the surface of the potion, it turned crystal clear.

Both witches smiled and...

'SLAP'

"Eeeep!" Nym squealed and dropped the spoon she was holding into the cauldron.

Harry, all sweaty from working out, walked in Fleur's workroom and smirked, his eyes shining with mischief as he eyed the occupants of the room. Both Fleur and Nym bent over a cauldron, showing off their tight and sexy derrieres.

He heard Nym counting off as he crept up behind them.

"One more and it will be perfect." He heard Fleur say as he wound both his hands back. He heard something drop into whatever potion they were making and then 'SLAP'. He slapped both the girls' asses pretty hard.

Both girls squealed and rounded at him. "What the fuck Harry!" They both yelled at the same time as they both rubbed their stinging cheeks.

Harry was about to answer, but stopped as the cauldron glowed an angry red and started to shake. His reflexes kicked in as he grabbed both girls, waved his hand to erect a shield in front of them, and turned around hugging the girls to him protectively.

'KABOOM!'

The three slowly turned around and waited for the dust to settle. As

soon as it did, both girls gasped and Harry scratched his head.

"Hmmm." The boy scratching his head said as he took in the view in front of him. He was looking at the streets of north London from the destroyed wall of 12 Grimmauld Place, specifically Fleur's workroom's wall.

He walked towards the edge and looked out. "You think the neighbors heard that?" He asked as he turned around to face the girls glaring death at him, which he returned with a brilliant smile. "By the way, Ragnok wants us to meet him today. He said it's very important."

Unknown Pub, Knockturn Alley

"What?" Bellatrix Lestrange asked.

"I said the files are protected by 1024 bit encryption, and an anti-virus program." Violette Deux repeated, only to receive a stupid nod in return.

"It's a really really really strong lock." She translated to the death eater as if she was a kid.

"Then use Alohamora." The crazy looking death eater said, using the same tone the French lady was just using on her.

Violette looked at her like she was the stupidest person on earth. "Because..." she started to explain, but stopped. "Nevermind... other than that encryption, it is also protected by some of the strongest wards we've ever encountered. It fried two of my research team's computers before we figured out that the device is soaked in magic."

"A muggle device is soaked in magic?" Bellatrix asked shocked. "Doesn't that break the statute of secrecy?"

"You? You're shocked with breaking the law?" The French witch asked incredulously.

"Shut up." Bellatrix said irritably. "I was just surprised... nevermind. How long will it take before we find out what's behind that really really strong lock?" she asked.

"Now that our allies from the middle-east have given us a magic powered super computer... Honestly, I don't know. It depends how long it will take before we break down the wards and how fast we can crack the encryption." Violette answered honestly.

"Fuck!" She yelled in frustration as she lowered her head and started banging it on the table. "Stupid muggles and their stupid devices... stupid French tarts, can't do anything right." She mumbled.

The French witch's eyebrow raised as she heard the last thing her English counterpart mumbled. "We just need a little bit more time. Whoever owns the USB device is both a computer genius and master in ward manipulation."

Bellatrix stopped banging her head on the table, but didn't raise her head. "The dark lord is getting impatient... and I can't fail him again." She said, and then stood up. She fished for something in her pockets and dropped some galleons on the table. "I need to report to the training camp in 10 minutes. These bloody recruits are not going to teach themselves... They have to go through my training before they can call themselves death eaters." She explained with a maniacal gleam in her eyes. "Hey if you're not busy come by some time, you can be my guest instructor." She said before downing her firewhiskey in one big gulp and walked out the pub, leaving the French witch by herself.

MI6 Headquarters, North London

Hermione Granger sat in her office her now cold coffee forgotten on

the side of her desk and a frown on her face as she went through several disturbing photos. She was interrupted from her musings with knock on her office door.

"Come in." She said.

Grant Jefferson walked in the office of the youngest MI6 Department head in history. He was surprised by the neatness of the said office, which is a stark contrast from the rest of the MI6 building. He saw both muggle and wizarding photos on the walls. A large bookshelf filled large tomes both old and new, and small yet very comfortable looking beanie bag beside it. There were two leather chairs in front of a large rosewood desk which had several photos scattered on top.

"Please sit down." Hermione said as she pointed at the two plush chairs.

Grant did exactly that and smiled as he picked up a framed photo sitting on the corner of the desk.

"That's a picture of Harry and I during the Yule ball in Hogwarts." Hermione explained a small smile on her face.

The American nodded and placed the frame back on the table. "So, what do we have here." He asked tilting his head towards the scattered photos on the witch's desk.

"These are photos of several known members of different terrorist groups both muggle and magical, seen in England." Hermione answered. "It's not that out of the ordinary, but one person is in several photos."

"Who?" Grant asked.

Hermione slid a photo in front of the man. It was a photo of a fairly attractive woman, wearing a tight green blouse, with the top buttons

open, showing her cleavage. "Who is that?" He asked.

"Violette Deux, widow of the dark lord Jacque Duex of France." Hermione answered. "She was seen meeting up with several groups from middle-east and germany." She explained showing different photos to the man across from her. "Most disturbingly, she was seen meeting up with none other than Bellatrix Lestrange, Voldemort's right hand." She said as passed him a picture of Violette and Bellatrix meeting in Knockturn Alley.

"So far their motives are unknown, but I've assigned my top operatives to shadow them..."

Grant started to tune out Hermione's report as he focused on the picture. He was concentrating on what Bellatrix was holding on her hand. It was a small pink device with a letter 'G' on it. "I've seen that somewhere before, but I can't remember where..." He said to himself.

...

Harry, Fleur and Nym were packing their stuff getting ready for another mission.

"Do you guys have everything you're going to need?" A younger Grant Jefferson asked, sitting on the couch as he watched the trio pack in their living room.

"Almost." Nym answered. "Fleur do you have your potion kit?"

"Yes, I shrunk it and put it in Harry's bag." The part veela answered.

Just then Gabrielle walked in the room. "Harry, I need help with my homework." She said holding her macbook under her arm.

"I'm sorry Gabby. I'm kind of in a rush... our plane leaves in-" He said

as he checked his Rolex watch "15 minutes. Oh don't pout like that..." Harry said tiredly.

"But Harry, I'm not sure what to do..." Gabrielle whined as she pulled off the cutest puppy face Jefferson has ever seen.

Harry watched her for a second before giving in. He took an exasperated sigh and said, "Oh fine come here." Patting a space on the couch, beside where Grant was sitting.

She smiled brilliantly and took out her Pink USB stick...

...

Grant gasped and pointed at the device on the picture. "I know whose that is!" He yelled, much to the surprise of Hermione.

"Whose is what?" Hermione asked irritably.

"That USB stick!" He answered and ran out of the room, leaving a very confused Hermione behind.

Gringgots, Diagon Alley

Ragnok, manager of Gringgots wizarding bank, Diagon Alley branch, sat in his office, sipping his earl gray tea. An old goblin, you could tell by the blemishes on his pale green head covered by his white, thin goblin hair, some white hair growing out of his pointy goblin ears and his face full of lines, making for one ugly goblin. However, Ragnok is one of the most respected, powerful and influential beings in earth, and as he sits in his office, with warm tea in his hands Harry couldn't help but grin as he remembered his first time meeting the old fellow.

...

A 15 year old Harry Potter was sitting in one of the conference rooms

in Gringotts on one of the comfortable chairs around a mahogany conference table, his head resting on the table.

"Where is Griphook? This is taking forever..." Harry said, sighing. He then took out his magically enchanted iPhone and started to look through pictures snickering as he did.

His head shot up when he heard someone enter the room. He thought it was Griphook, but realized that it was just an old goblin with a walking stick.

"I'm sorry, do you mind if I stay in here for a while? I'm old and tired, and there's so much work to do out there." The goblin explained pointing outside the door.

Harry shook his head and smiled. "Naw, I don't mind. I'm Harry."

"Ragnok." The old goblin responded as he took a seat beside the young man.

Griphook and Master Jefferson were in a conversation as they entered the conference room.

"The Ministry has been trying for ages to acquire the contents of the Potter vaults. I can understand their incessant claims since-" Griphook stopped talking in shock as he took in the scene before him.

Their manager, Director Ragnok, and the Potter heir were looking at inappropriate photos of a blond veela and a pink haired human girl on a small device. The weirdest thing was that the director was snickering, with pink tinges on his cheeks.

"Director?" Griphook asked.

Master Jefferson almost laughed as he saw the old goblin bank

manager move faster than what you would expect from his age, dropping the wonderful device he was holding, one which Harry quickly caught and stuffed in his pocket.

"Oh, Griphook! What a wonderful surprise! I was explaining to young Harry here how our bank works." The old goblin said clapping an innocently smiling Harry.

...

Ragnok returned his smile, when Harry looked at a glaring Fleur on his right, then to a glaring Nym on his left, then smiled at the bank manager and winked. Ragnok coughed behind his cup, trying to suppress the laughter trying to escape from his mouth.

The old goblin cleared his throat. "Harry, I'm sorry about your godfather." He said sadly.

With this statement, all the mirth was sucked out of the room, leaving somber expressions on the faces of the people in the manager's office.

Ragnok waited, watching Harry's expression. He continued when the teen nodded at him, "As you know, with the discovery of Peter Pettigrew, your godfather was acquitted of all the crimes he was arrested for."

"Posthumously..." Harry whispered.

Nodding, Ragnok repeated, "Posthumously."

Fleur and Nym forgetting about their irritation of the messy haired, emerald eyed wizard, hugged him.

"Now that he is free of said charges, the bank is able to release his vaults; the Black family's vaults and his personal vault. This would've

been very complicated; if he did not leave a will one which states you being his heir." Seeing Harry's shocked face. "These documents make it legal since he adopted you as his son." He said as he handed Harry the signed adoption papers.

Harry took the documents from the Ragnok with trembling hands. He looked over the papers with Fleur and Nym on his side.

"He left us little instructions here and there, but you are the principal benefactor." Ragnok explained.

Harry flipped to the last page of the documents. His eyes quickly brimmed with tears as he saw a small note from Sirius to him.

...

Dear pup,

Surprise! I wanted to give this to you as a birthday present, but we don't know where you are, so I left it in the bank, with my will.

That also means that if you are reading this, then I must've died courageously and in style... with three beautiful naked girls by my side. Let me guess... it was from a heart attack from over exertion?

In a more serious note, pardon the pun.

I'm really sorry pup... for not being there for you growing up... for letting those despicable muggles treat you like that... for letting Dumbledore do what he did to both of us... and for letting you stay a virgin for so long. I've failed you and your father on that one.

Take the money and the properties and share it with Moony. God knows that man needs it even if he keeps denying it.

I left some instructions with Ragnok, the pervert (did you know he

called dibs on my collection of playwizards), but most of the vaults' contents will go to you, my son. You can't see it but I'm smiling when I said that.

Not taking James' and Lily's place, but to me you are my son. I know I'm a selfish guy for not asking you about this, but I hope you understand. I would give everything in this world, just to spend some time with you, but you don't always get what you want.

Take care of yourself Harry James Potter-Black... take care of yourself, my son.

I love you,

Serius Orion Black. Marauder out.

...

Harry wiped the tears streaming down his face, "I love you too." He whispered.

"Oh Arry." Fleur said sadly as Nym and her hugged the love of their lives tightly.

Ragnok watched the young man and his girlfriends before him sadly. "So young, yet so old." He whispered to himself.

Silence ensued for a long time, until Harry composed himself. "Ragnok, you perv!" He said laughing, through his sobs. "You called dibs on his playwizard collection?"

The director turned a shade of red and scratched his head, "About that... you see..." he tried to explain all flustered and eventually gave up. "I told him to keep that a secret." He said making Harry laugh, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

After another couple of minutes silence passed Harry stood up. "Ragnok, can you combine all of the Black family's vaults into one?" He asked after receiving a nod, he continued. "I would like for you to key in a mister Remus Lupin to the said vault."

"We need for him to come by so we can key him in the vault. Other than that, Lord Potter-Black..." The goblin said formally. "Here is your ring and your vault keys."

Harry took the velvet box and opened it, seeing a golden ring and three golden keys, he nodded and closed it. "Is that all Ragnok? I'm kind of in trouble with these two for an unfortunate and totally unpredictable incident this morning."

Ragnok laughed as he saw the two beautiful witches glare at Harry. "I believe you Harry." He said shaking his head.

"Also, we have to pack our stuff. We leave for Hogwarts tomorrow." Harry explained.

"Ah yes... there's just one more thing Harry. Now that you are Lord Black, there's something you need to take care of. If you will follow me." The old goblin said, getting up from his seat and going towards the door.

Nym and Fleur looked at Harry who just shrugged in return before following the old goblin.

Ragnok lead them through the maze that is Gringotts. They passed through offices and different rooms, with different kinds of goblins. Goblins, whom seeing their great director moved out of the way and bowed as his companions and him passed by.

"Ragnok this better not be something perverted, like making my girlfriends pose for a nude photoshoot or something." Harry threatened the goblin half-heartedly.

The goblin laughed, but didn't respond. Instead, he stopped in front of a random door and opened it. "We're here." He said motioning for them to come inside. After the trio walked in, the goblin nodded towards someone sitting on a chair facing away from them. "She came to us this morning... I'll leave it to her for the explanations." He said and left the room.

Trio nodded and turned towards the person who is yet to reveal herself to them. Slowly the chair turned and the trio gasped. Her skin covered in dirt and dried blood, her hair matted and her dress torn, but her aristocratic features and her piercing gray eyes were unmistakable.

"Narcissa Malfoy?"

Author's Note: What does she want? you're just goign to have to wait for the next installment... Read and Review guys

Chapter 14 - The-Elephant-In-The-Room

"Mrs. Malfoy? What are you doing?" A young death eater asked her, both in confusion and fear.

Narcissa, who was floating the battered, wheezing form of her cousin, Sirius Black, froze. She slowly turned around and looked at the new recruit. She could see the fear on his face, and then she looked at her cousin's face. His left eye was swollen, his nose broken, and his face peppered with cuts and bruises. She closed her eyes and fixed her face into an angry and annoyed expression before opening them and leveling her gaze on the death eater slowly approaching them.

"How dare you address me as such recruit? Do you know who I am?" She asked.

The new death eater froze, "Y-Yes ma'am. I-It's just that I-I was told to watch t-the blood traitor." He answered, stuttering.

"I'm taking him upstairs for interrogation. I know he's hiding more secrets of the Order of the Pheonix." She said angrily. "Now, what's your name?"

"Paul McDougal ma'am." He answered.

"Well Paul McDougal, you are to tell no one about this." She said, she saw that he was about to argue so she quickly added, "And when I finally report the secrets to the dark lord, I'll be sure to remember the promising new recruit who helped me. Your reward will be generous."

The recruit quickly shut his mouth and smiled. "I didn't see anything then." He quickly said, before turning around and walked away the opposite direction.

She waited until she could not hear any more footsteps before she

twitched her hand and Sirius' body floated after her.

"*cough* cissy that was brilliant." The hoarse voice of the Black heir said.

"That was nothing for a slytherin." She responded, as she walked up the flight of stairs leading away from the dungeons, into the living room.

She opened the door and peeked through the small opening. Her house was bustling with activity. Hooded men and women were rushing here and there, doing the bidding of their dark lord.

Narcissa turned around and lowered Sirius on the steps. "Sirius, I'm going to heal your injuries now." She said, brandishing her wand. She didn't heal his wounds before because it would be too suspicious and too hard to lie through. Once she was done, she took out something from her pocket. She waved her wand and the item returned to its normal size, a full death eater uniform. "Put this on and follow me. I've charmed it to hide your face and be unnoticeable." She said handing the garments to him.

She led him out of dungeon and into the living room. She set a brisk pace, leading him through the labyrinth that is the Malfoy manor. 'So far so good.' She said to herself as no one seemed to suspect them, while people quickly moved out of her way as usual. 'This is good, we're almost there.'

She allowed herself to smile as she quickly crossed the foyer and grabbed the handle of the front door.

"Narcissa! Where are you going?" Someone yelled from behind them.

She didn't turn around but answered, "Out for a stroll."

"At this time of the night?" The person asked.

Annoyed, she rounded about. "I don't see why any of this is your concern Mr. Greyback. How dare you question me in my own home?" She snapped.

The werewolf sniffed the air twice, before his eyes narrowed at the hooded person beside her. "Oh, this is a big concern for me Mrs. Malfoy." Fenrir Greyback growled, before his expression turned feral...

Team 2 of Japan's Unspeakables were in a small conference room in the Goblin ran bank, Gringotts. They listened intently as Narcissa Malfoy, recounted her story of the night Sirius died.

"I was branded as a blood traitor and was locked up in the dungeons beside Sirius' cell. I was tortured, raped and abused, under the order of my own sister, Bellatrix. Even my own son, Draco had his turn with me... Sirius lost his voice, yelling for them stop." She said, her voice cracking.

"Harry, she's telling the truth. I heard Lucius and Bellatrix talking about her while I was shadow stalking in the manor. Lucius actually disowned her from the Malfoy family." Nym added.

"Someone attacked the mansion and apparently destroyed it." The battered woman stated.

Harry scratched his head and smirked at the two girls beside him, "Yeah, so I've heard."

"A recruit took me to a safe house while everyone was panicking, trying to escape." She whispered. "Though I wouldn't call it a 'safe' house at all... They took out their anger on me and the recruits had their fun with me." She whispered bitterly, as fresh tears fell from her eyes.

Fleur nodded at the older blonde. "Mrs. Malfoy how-"

"Don't call me that! Never associate me with that name again!" She yelled angrily. "My name is Narcissa Black."

Fleur tried again, "I'm sorry, Miss Black how did you escape? How did you get here?"

"I... Draco arrived at the safe house. He..." She took a deep breath. "He told me that Lucius was dead and he was the new Lord Malfoy. He told me that as thanks for bringing him into this world... He would let me go if I behaved and obeyed him."

She covered her face with her hands, as she broke down... "My own son, the only person I truly loved... made me perform the most degrading things for everyone in that house. E-even to t-the house elves..."

Nym quickly got up and hugged her aunt as she wept. Fleur quickly followed and took out her wand.

"Auntie, Fleur is just going to heal your wounds." Nym whispered to the older woman.

Seeing the metamorphagus nod, she quickly casted a diagnostic spell and healed all the injuries and wounds on the broken woman.

Harry was accustomed to such things because of his profession, but this has hit close to home, it was Nym's aunt. How can a son do such a thing to his mother, just because of their beliefs? She was better off to have been killed by them quickly, than to suffer something such as what she has gone through.

"Narcissa, since you were disowned, your name reverts to your original, Narcissa Black. Therefore as the new Lord Black, I welcome

you back to the family." Harry formally stated. "You can live in any of the Black properties – I'm sorry, actually you can live anywhere in the world you wish to. "

Narcissa smiled through her tears. "Thank you Lord Potter-Black... I'm very sorry for being hostile to you before."

"Please call me Harry. If you can't tell by the constipated look I have, I don't really like being called Lord. I feel like I'm doing something blasphemous..." Harry explained scratching his head.

"Very well, Harry." She said smiling sadly. "If you don't mind, I'd like to stay where you are staying. I don't want to be alone..." She said looking down at the floor.

Harry conferred with his two ladies in their minds before answering. "We don't mind." He said referring to Nym and Fleur. "But I would like for you to swear an oath that you wouldn't betray our trust to anyone."

Narcissa quickly swore an oath never to betray them. After a flash of light, Harry hugged her and whispered the address of Grimmauld Place to her ear, making her shiver and Goosebumps pop up on her skin.

"Arry stop it." Fleur said hitting him on the head, as he let her go.

Harry smirked at the blushing witch. "Fleur, Nym, Why don't you take Narcissa shopping? Muggle clothing if you please. I'm pretty sure she doesn't have clothes and it'll be good for her to be away from the magical scenery for a bit. I'm going to be discussing something with Ragnok. Let's meet up in the usual McD's, the one near us at 1:00 for lunch."

Harry opened the door and let the girls out. Fleur and Nym went out first, but Narcissa stopped before going out. "Harry, Why are you

trusting me?"

Harry looked at her in the eye, "I didn't, but I performed a subtle legilimency to you and saw that everything you said was indeed true."

Narcissa was surprised, here was a boy – no a man, not even out of school, who was able to look into her mind so subtly. So subtle that she never even felt it, and she was an accomplished occlumens. Her skill enabled Lucius to trust her with sensitive information and secrets, secrets that she can now use against them.

She nodded sadly, "Alright." She said. "Thank you again Harry." She whispered as she tiptoed and lightly kissed him on the lips. "We'll see you later."

Harry, with a shocked expression on his face, could only nod, which is how Ragnok found him, making the old goblin laugh.

"You and older women Harry..." The goblin said in gobbledegook, as he shook his head.

"Ragnok, I need your help with something..." Harry said, his face darkening.

MI6 Headquarters, Director's Office

"Miss Delacour, are you 100% sure that, the Pink USB device is yours." Hermione asked.

"Yes Director Granger. And it contains some very, VERY sensitive information about Harry and his team." She answered, her face white.

"Well I guess your first mission is decided. Your mission is to acquire that USB stick at all cost. We both know that there are people who are after Harry in this world other than Voldemort. They would be

hunted by people and organizations, Japan's infamous team 2, have rubbed the wrong way if their real identities were to be leaked." Hermione explained.

Gabrielle's legs gave out from under her, "The death eaters must have gotten it from me at the Malfoy Manor... I can't believe I'm going to get them killed because of my stupidity."

"Miss Delacour! Hold yourself together!" Hermione barked and watched as the startled young veela quickly stood up and straightened her uniform. "Now, based on the information you've provided, the IT department have told me that they are not sure how long it will take before the protections you've placed on the device will hold, however their report said it will take time. According to them, it's not possible that the Violet Deux' team have cracked your 1024 bit encryption if you've protected it from virus attack and magical wards. However, they eventually will." Hermione said as she took out a folder from her table. "This folder contains all of the information we've collected on Violet Deux. Go through it and be ready to leave tonight. I will –"

A knock interrupted them and Master Jefferson walked in. "Hermione, you called for me?"

"Yes. Grant I'd like for you to go with Gabrielle to recover her USB stick. It's her first time outside since her training started and It's a level 4 mission." Hermione said, putting into perspective the austerity of Gabrielle's predicament.

"Isn't level 4 the highest level?" Gabrielle asked.

"No, it's one level below the highest, but there were never any level 5 missions issued from what I remember." Master Jefferson answered.

"Grant, miss Delacour, take this note with you to the armory. You're given a level 4 clearance so you may take any equipment you might

need for this mission." Their director said as she gave the note to Gabrielle.

Jefferson nodded and turned around to leave the Director's office, quickly followed by Gabrielle, holding a folder and a note one her hands.

"The future of my bestfriend's life is depending on this mission." She whispered, not wanting the two to hear as it might add more pressure on the situation. "Oh, Harry..." She whispered as she leaned back into her chair, and closed her eyes.

McDonald's near Grimmauld Place

"This is delicious." Narcissa said with her mouth full.

"I'm glad you like it. It's called Chicken McNuggets." Nym said, eating her own meal.

"I don't know why I ever hated muggles. This is bloody fantastic!" Narcissa exclaimed sipping her coke.

The quartet was sitting beside a window, with shopping bags surrounding them. Harry was glad that Narcissa seemed to be enjoying her day so far.

"How was shopping girls?" He asked.

"It was awesome." Nym answered. "Aunt Cissy was such a good mannequin to dress up."

"Oui, and she has such a hot figure." Fleur gushed, making Narcissa smile.

"She does! Auntie you're such a MILF." Nym said.

"What's a milf?" Narcissa asked.

"Nym – " Harry tried to warn the bubbly metamorph, but she was already answering.

"It means, Mothers I'd Like to...F –", but Nym stopped, her eyes wide.

"...Fuck" Narcissa finished for her bitterly.

Harry closed his eyes, while Fleur stared at her melting sundae. Nym dropped the nugget she was holding, her eyes going wider. "I-I'm so sorry. I d-didn't mean to..."

"I'm going outside for some fresh air. I'm sorry..." The witch who was close to tears quickly said before getting up and walking out the store.

"Shit." Harry said before going after her, leaving the shocked Nym and the glaring Fleur behind.

"Fleur, I really didn't mean to..." The now white haired witch tried to explain.

"Nym, put your hood on. You just changed your hair in front of all these muggles." She said as she quickly grabbed the shopping bags and followed Harry out of the store.

"Fuck..." The now hooded Nym, whispered as she banged her head on the table. She quickly threw out the garbage before walking out the store, the other patrons watching and pointing at her.

The restaurant was only half a block away from 12 Grimmauld Place, but the tense walk home seemed like hours. They walked in the house silently, the thick, tense air, almost stifling. Fleur and Nym awkwardly stood in the living room with Narcissa, holding the

shopping bags, while Harry left them to grab a strong drink in the kitchen. The air got thicker as the three waited for someone to break the awkward silence between them, which was provided by the disembodied voice of Sirius Black.

"What a lovely day to stare at each other eh?" He asked, making the three witches jump.

"Sirius?" Nym asked.

"Where are you?" Narcissa asked looking around.

"Here." He answered.

"Where?" Fleur asked dropping the bags on the floor.

"Up here." He answered, making them look up.

They gasped as they saw on top of the massive fire place, a posing Sirius Black inside a frame.

After a couple of minutes of silence, Sirius got tired of posing and turned to look at the three shocked faces looking at him.

"I know I'm handsome, but I didn't know I was breathtakingly stunning." He said.

"Did I just hear Sirius?" Harry asked poking his head through the door, holding a glass of firewhiskey on the rocks. Seeing nods in return, he asked. "Where?" The three pointed on top of the fireplace where a big painting of his godfather was found.

"What the fuck Sirius?" Harry yelled dropping his drink on the floor.

"Oh, Hello Harry." The painting said, waving vigorously. Padfoot smirked as he saw three witches' heads moving from side to side.

"What the fuck do you mean hello Harry? You're fucking naked!" Harry yelled pointing at his godfather. "And what the hell is that? That can't be real! What are you part elephant?" Harry asked.

"Of course it's real." Sirius answered indignantly. "Like I told you my young godson, you're godfather is – oh I mean WAS infamous among the witches circle."

"Can't you put some clothes on?" Harry asked, annoyed. "Nym wipe the drool from your mouth. He's your freakin' uncle. You too Fleur... Merlin, you too Narcissa." Harry barked.

The three blushed and quickly wiped their mouths, before excusing themselves out of the living room, clumsily grabbing the bags off the floor.

Sirius laughed as he watched the scene. He wiped the tears from his eyes as his laughter subsided. "Oh that's novel."

"Shut up." Harry said as he conjured a curtain that covered the lower part of the painting.

"Wha – What is this? I look like I'm wearing a bloody skirt!" Harry's godfather yelled heatedly.

"How do you expect me have a conversation with you, while you keep waving your elephant trunk around?" The young wizard asked, as he sat down on an armchair by the fireplace. "How did you get here? Not that I'm not happy to see you."

"Oh, I was sent to this address by Gringotts when my will was activated. Moony was here earlier and he's the one that put me here." he answered as he unsuccessfully kept trying to reach the curtain from inside the painting. He sighed, dropped his hands and finally gave up. "Now the memory I have is only up til' the day I was

painted which was almost a year ago. Remus has explained some things for me, on how I died and all, but he told me to ask you for the details because it wasn't his story to tell and I'm dying to know the details."

"Before I say anything, do you know if you can swear an oath not to divulge anything I tell you, to anybody?" Harry asked.

"Harry, I would never betray you, but I understand your concern. First of all they can't torture me for information since I'm a bloody painting. Second, they can't threaten to destroy me since I've paid the goblins a pretty penny to make me indestructible with Gobbledegook magic and third, you are now the Lord Black, which means as I'm a Black, even as a painting, you can command me to do anything my limited self can do, like to not betray you." The painting explained.

"Alright, then I command you to not betray me..." Harry commanded skeptically.

Nothing happened.

"What was supposed to happen?" Harry asked.

"Nothing..." A smiling Sirius answered.

"Then, how am I supposed to know if it works?" Harry asked.

"You don't."

Harry took a deep breath to stop him from getting annoyed at his godfather and his antics. "Well, I guess I'll just have to take your word for it, which is not much if I might say."

"You wound me Harry." He sighed dramatically, clutching his heart. "Now, tell me your secrets." He whined.

"Alright, remember the tri-wizard tournament?" Harry asked as he casted several privacy charms around them.

"The one you won?" Sirius asked back, receiving a nod, "Yes I remember."

"Well it was the night before the students were to board the Hogwarts Express home..." Harry proceeded to recount his life to his godfather.

Remus found Harry in front of the fireplace choking a pillow on the living room floor as he waved his other hand around.

"I was holding one of Vincent's vampires down as I casted a shield to protect Talons from a sneak attack – Oh, Hi Moony." Harry greeted the marauder who sat at the couch laughing at Harry reenacting his mission in America.

"Hello Harry, Hello padfoot." The man greeted back.

"Moony! Thank Merlin! Please remove this thing." Sirius pleaded.

"I see you solved his huge problem." Moony said mirthfully, pointing at the curtain.

"Yup. I say the color of the curtain brings out his eyes. Don't you agree Moony?" Harry asked.

"It does." The werewolf agreed sagely.

"Moony you betrayed me!" The painting of the marauder yelled disbelievingly. "When I helped you bag Septima Vector in our 7th year?" Sirius asked.

"Woah, Moony you banged professor Vector?" Harry asked amazed.

"Oh Septima Vector... I remember her like it was yesterday..." Sirius reminisced.

"That beautiful librarian look, those eyes, those lips..." Harry whispered.

"Those double D cups, That tight ass..." Sirius added reverently.

Moony readjusted his pants and coughed, "Ummm... Harry weren't you telling us a story about your mission in America?"

However Harry ignored him. "I can't believe he would betray you Sirius... After what you've done?"

"I know Harry... I know..." Sirius said, shaking his head sadly. "Anyways, continue your story before that traitorous werewolf interrupted us." He said, making the said werewolf laugh, as Harry continued with his tale.

The girls joined them as Harry was telling Sirius about meeting Ragnok. "— and he said 'I was just explaining to young Harry here how are bank works.'" He said, as the two Marauders laughed. "You should've seen Griphook's face!" Harry howled through his laughter.

"Harry, you still need to pack up. We're leaving for Hogwarts tomorrow, remember?" Fleur reminded him as their laughter died down.

"Oh wow, time flew by. I'm sorry Sirius I have to pack my stuff." Harry said as he stood up from the arm chair.

"Alright Harry, goodnight." The painting said. "You too, Fleur was it?" After receiving a nod, he smiled and said, "Of course, a goodnight to my wonderful niece Nymphadora."

Quick as lightning, a spell erupted from the metamorph's wand. A

huge fireball hurtled and impacted the painting. Fleur and Narcissa were shocked, while Nym smiled triumphantly at the smoke covered spot above the fireplace.

However, her expression turned from triumph to anger as the smoke cleared. There, hanging on the wall, was the unperturbed painting of Sirius, who was dusting an imaginary spec off his bare chest.

"Oh, that was scary Nymphadora." He said, putting emphasis on her name.

She growled in frustration, "Harry, what happened?" She asked, her voice full of anger.

"Ummm... as you can see, nothing." Harry said, pointing at the painting.

"I know that!" Nym yelled angrily. "I meant, how come nothing happened?" She asked.

"Oh that's because he was made indestructible by the goblins." Remus answered her.

"What? The goblins? Indestructible?" She asked incoherently, making Sirius and Harry laugh.

She pulled at her hair in frustration, as the colors cycled from red, to brown, to blue. She looked at Sirius evilly before stalking out the room.

"I'm going to sleep I need to leave early in the morning tomorrow." Moony said as he stifled a yawn. "Good night ya'all."

"Well, I'm off too. C'mon Fleur." Harry said beckoning for the veela to come.

"Goodnight monsieur Black." She said before linking arms with Harry. "Cissy?" Fleur asked the still form of the older witch.

She quickly turned and smiled at the pair. "You guys go ahead. I'm going to speak with Sirius for a bit."

"Alright, don't stay up too late though." Harry answered, before heading up the stairs.

Sirius watched as the couple went up the stairs before turning to the sole occupant of the room. "Well Narcissa?" He asked, his voice cold.

Mi6 Headquarters, Director's office

"Do you have all you need?" Hermione asked.

"Yes." Jefferson answered, as he slung a backpack on his back.

"Yes ma'am." Gabby snapped, as she also slung her pack.

"Very well. These are your official documents and identification cards." Hermione said she handed pair a folder. She waited until Gabrielle opened the folder, "Congratulations Ms. Delacour, you've officially finished your training as a Mi6 recruit. You are now an official agent of this organization. From today on, you will be known as Agent Gabrielle Delacour, code name Athena of the British Mi6."

Gabby looked at her Mi6 I.D. reverently, "Thank you Hermi – I'm sorry, I meant Director."

Hermione nodded and smiled. "Your mission is to acquire the USB key, which contains information we don't want in the wrong hands. The device is currently with the widow of the French Dark Lord Jacques Duex, Missus Violet Duex. You are given permission to do anything you can to retrieve, and if not possible, then destroy the

device. Are we clear?"

"Yes ma'am." The new agent answered.

Hermione nodded. "You leave in 5 minutes. Good luck."

The pair nodded and turned around to leave the office, but Hermione stopped Grant. "Grant if possible, I would like for you to assassinate Violet. She's a dangerous opponent because she's very smart. However, I don't want you to risk your lives for that. Your primary target is the device."

The American hero nodded. "Alright."

"Please, please watch over her. Don't let her do anything stupid. I can't let Harry lose her too..." She pleaded.

"I will Hermione." He responded, placing his hand on the beautiful Mi6 director's shoulder.

"Thank you Grant." Hermione whispered looking the older man in the eye.

"Let's go Master Jefferson!" Gabby yelled from outside the office.

The curly haired witch watched as Grant smiled and stepped back. "We'll see ya." He told her as he walked out her office. She looked up and closed her eyes, as she sighed. "Be careful..."

Number 12 Grimmauld Place

The trio walked downstairs with their bags all packed. They found Narcissa sleeping on the couch, her beautiful face stained by tear tracks.

Sirius motioned for them to be silent when he saw them. Harry

conjured a blanket and covered the sleeping witch with it.

He then walked towards the fireplace. "Is she alright?" Harry asked, referring to Narcissa.

"No, we talked about our pasts and apologized to me for her actions. Then she told me about what she was put through by her sister and son." He growled. "I can't imagine how she must feel." He sighed sadly.

"Well I'm entrusting her to you and Moony. Watch over her." Harry said fatherly.

"Yeah, good luck Harry. Give that old bastard hell." Sirius said mischievously.

"Alright, let's go." He said as he threw in some floo powder in the fire place, turning the fire green. The trio disappeared from Grimmauld Place in a green flash.

Narcissa stirred, "What was that?" She asked sleepily.

"It was Harry and them leaving. They said to take care." Sirius answered.

She smiled sadly, "I was hoping they wouldn't leave me..."

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Dumbledore sat in his office with Minerva McGonagall and Severus Snape.

"We still haven't got word on who the ministry have chosen as the teacher for Defense Against the Dark Arts." The old wizard said.

"Hopefully it's someone competent." The transfiguration professor

said.

"... and don't look like a toad." Snape drawled.

"Ah yes, Dolores... wherever she is, hopefully she is doing well." The headmaster said solemnly. "Anyways, is the room ready for our guest teacher?" He asked.

"Yes Albus. I had the house elves clean Dolores' old office and quarters." Minerva answered.

"Well new professor is arriving at the gates by portkey, please inform Hagrid to have a carriage ready for his or her arrival." He told his deputy headmistress, who nodded and left the room.

"Now Severus, what news do you have?" The old man asked.

Hogwarts Express

Neville looked sadly around the train, as he realized Harry Potter and Hermione Granger weren't coming to school this year. He found an empty compartment at the end of the express. He quickly stowed his trunk and sat down beside the window, looking at the kids saying goodbyes to their parents. "Goodbye mom, Goodbye dad. I'll see you on Christmas." He whispered.

Just then, Ron and Ginny Weasley burst in the compartment. Ron quickly stowed his and his sister's trunks before sitting down opposite the other Gryffindor boy. "Hey mate, you don't mind us joining you right?" He asked not waiting for Neville's answer he said "Good. Ladies, come in." Ron said motioning for two hufflepuff girls to come in, sitting one on each side. Ginny sat down across from them beside Neville.

The train started to move and Neville got comfortable.

"Hi." Ginny greeted.

"Hello –" Neville tried to greet back civilly, but was interrupted by Dean bursting in the compartment as well.

"Hey Longbottom! Don't be trying to talk to my girl!" The Gryffindor yelled as he jumped to sit between Neville and Ginny. "Hi, babe." He greeted before kissing her.

Neville rolled his eyes as the kiss quickly turned into a full out snog. He looked at Ron to see his reaction, but he was too caught up telling stories to the two fairly, attractive hufflepuffs.

"– there I was, fighting a basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets, deep under Hogwarts. The professor was knocked out, while my traitorous bestfriend, Harry Potter, have left me alone with the monster." Ron said to the two amazed girls. "The giant basilisk was at least a hundred feet long, and it prepared to strike as I watched you-know-who possess my little sister..."

Neville couldn't believe the lie Ron Weasley was saying. "Merlin help me... This is going to be a long ass ride." He muttered.

Ministry of Magic, Minister's Office.

"Harry, Fleur, Tonks, these are your contracts. Here it says that Harry has a mastery on the subject and that you are both his apprentices. Attached are the documentations that support your status, signed by Master Jefferson of the United States of America." She said as she handed them an envelope each.

"Thank you." Harry said.

"As Harry is your 'Master' –" She said smirking, making them laugh. "– and you are his 'Apprentices', you will be sharing an apartment style room, complete with your own loo, kitchen and study/living

room." She explained.

"Very nice of you to forget our other qualifications..." Harry said.

"I just thought you might want to keep some of your other masteries from that senile goat." Amelia said. "You will arrive at the school via, a special portkey that will drop you at the Hogwarts gate." She said taking out a length of rope with the ministry's seal on it, from her desk.

"I wish you the best of luck. Drop by anytime. Hogsmeade!" She said the activating the portkey and the three vanished. "Well, that's enough excitement for me. This paperwork will not get filed by itself." She said as she sat back down behind her desk and grabbed a stack of papers, preparing to go through it.

Hogsmeade, Hogwart's Gate

They arrived in front the gates of Hogwarts. As soon as they landed, Harry's honed reflexes activated as he waved his hand casting a shield over them, as spells of different colors impacted the barrier. They quickly rolled away and took cover behind a tree near the wall.

"So, they were waiting for us." Harry stated.

"I wonder how they knew we were coming here?" Fleur asked.

"A leak?" Nym answered. "Shit! This is going to ruin my clothes." She complained as a rain of splinters fell from the spell battered tree.

"You girls, just sit tight and let me take care of this okay?" Harry said as he disappeared.

He reappeared behind the group of death eaters hurling spells at the big oak tree where they were hiding behind. 'There's about fifteen, but I'm sure there's more hiding.' He thought as he flicked his wrist

and his wand snapped into his hands.

He quickly shot off three exploding hexes, killing at least five and shifting the attacks on him. He quickly dodged the spells and dropped two more with bone breaking spells on the head.

Meanwhile, behind the oak tree, Fleur had conjured a brush and was now proceeding to brush the brunette's hair, taking out the stray splinter here and there.

"Merlin, it took me so long to do my hair this morning." Nym whined.

"I know what you mean... magic just can't do your hair exactly the way you want it." Fleur agreed while she brushed.

After a couple of minutes, Harry finally killed the last hiding death eater. He dusted himself off as he sat with his witches. "Snape reported to Voldemort that the new professor was arriving here."

"That bastard." Nym muttered, scowling.

"Well. It was Dumbledore's idea. Apparently, he wanted to see if the new professor was competent." Harry informed them.

"That bastard." Nym muttered again.

"There you go, good as new." Fleur said as she clapped the metamorph on the shoulder.

Nym wandlessly conjured a mirror and smiled. "Thank you Fleur! I love you!" She said giving her a chaste kiss on the lips.

They stood up and walked towards the gate, which opened magically as they approached. The wind suddenly picked up, blowing their hairs about.

"Arry, do we have to ride that." Fleur said pointing at the carriage with no roof, trying to hold her hair down.

"I guess we don't have to." He answered. "Fawkes!" Harry yelled, making the phoenix appear in a flash. "Take us to the Great Hall."

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Great Hall

Albus Dumbledore stood up from his throne like seat, "Now that everyone had their fill, I would like to go through some announcements. As always, the forbidden forest, is just that, forbidden to all students. Unless a member of the staff accompanies you, no one is to enter the forbidden forest, if you don't want to suffer a fate worse than death. Also, some Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes products are banned from this school. There will be a list posted on the Mr. Filch's door. If you are caught to having one of the listed products, it will result to the confiscation of the item and a punishment, fitting the situation. Now, as you all know, Professor Dolores Umbridge is still yet to be found, which means we have a new DADA professor. However, he or she is running a bit late." He said indicating the empty seat along the staff table.

"I would like to ask professor Snape to –" However, a bright flash of fire interrupted Dumbledore, then the entire hall turned Dark.

Instantly, Albus, Minerva, Snape, Flitwick and a handful of students, among them Neville Longbottom had their wands pointed at the three individuals who have appeared in the middle of the Hall.

"Who are you? How did you get past the castle's wards?" The headmaster demanded, his white wand glowing as he waved it once, lighting the hundreds of floating candles in the Hall once again.

Everyone looked to where they were pointing their wands and froze. There in the middle of the Great Hall, stood the missing Fleur Delacour and Nymphadora Tonks. Everyone was suddenly

spellbound as Fleur, wearing a purple robe made of silk, which cuts off just below her buttocks, showing off her amazingly smooth, tanned legs that just went on forever, let her veela aura loose. The front of her robes was slightly open, revealing her impressive cleavage and the fact that she wasn't wearing anything under them. Nym was wearing the same robe, just in black, looking equally as hot as the purple clad blonde beside her.

"Oh my, It's pretty cold in here isn't it?" She asked no one in particular as she indicated at the protruding nubs on her chest.

"My word..." Minerva muttered.

The two sexy witches, one blonde, one brunette catwalked towards the podium where Dumbledore stood, their stilettos hitting the stone floor hard, oblivious to the hungry looks they were getting from everyone in the hall.

They stopped in front of the headmaster and took out a parchment from their robes, a parchment that Fleur clumsily dropped. A collective gulp could be heard as she bent over from her waist to pick it up, making her robe stretch over her awe-inspiring derriere, and ride a little higher, giving everyone a quick glimpse of her lacy white panties. Before she straightened up she looked up at professor Flitwick, who was standing on the staff table straining to get a better look, and winked at him. The diminutive man quickly blustered and fell off the table.

Nym quickly grabbed the parchment from her and handed them over the disgruntled headmaster. "Albus, these are our contracts. We're your new DADA professors. Actually, we're the teaching assistants since we are only apprentices." The brunette explained.

The silence became deafening as what she just said sunk in to the occupants of the enormous Hall. Out of nowhere a clap started, rippling through the students until it became a full blown cheer. Not

just the male students, but also some females, were jumping up and down.

Dumbledore quickly read through the contracts and determined that they were real. He put his hands down to silence the students. "If you are not the head professor, then who is?" He asked the pair of smirking witches.

They turned and pointed at the middle of the Hall. There, forgotten because of the excitement, stood an imposing figure wearing a long black coat, his hood up and the Hogwarts symbol over his right breast. He silently walked towards the podium all eyes, following him. Suddenly Snape dropped on the floor screaming, clutching his head.

A collective intake of breath was heard, even the headmaster, as he took off his hood revealing his face, which was smirking at the writhing form of the potions master. He then turned his piercing gaze towards the headmaster. "I am your new DADA professor. Harry Potter."

Author's Note: Well how did you like it? Don't you wish you went to Hogwarts as well? Read and Review guys.

Chapter 15 - Foot-in-your-Mouth

...

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Headmaster's Office

The lovely Fleur Delacour and Nymphadora Tonks are currently laughing inwards as they watch the headmaster, Albus Dumbledore and the potions master, Severus Snape, try to interrogate the new Defense against the Dark Arts professor, Harry Potter.

It has been an hour since the welcoming feast was abruptly ended, and the trio was brought to the headmaster's office. The two ladies are currently sitting on a couch at the side of the room, while a Spanish Inquisition is happening.

"Harry, it's imperative that you tell me where you were for the last two years." The old man sitting behind his desk, said in his grandfatherly voice.

"Albus, for the last time, I don't see why telling you what I've been doing has anything to do with you." The raven-haired wizard, whom is quickly losing his patience, answered.

"I'm very worried about you. You disappear for two years and you come back, not only with a Defense Mastery, but also one of the strongest mental shields I have ever encountered." Albus said, making Harry smile and the greasy professor scowl. "I'm just worried that you've delved into the dark arts and you may not know the consequences."

"I obviously know the consequences... If I'm not careful, I could turn out like him." He said pointing at Snape, who was glaring at him.

"What do you mean? A Death Eater?" The headmaster asked. "He's done with that life now."

"No, I didn't mean that. I meant that I would turn into a greasy asshole, who's a virgin because he became impotent while he was playing with his potions." Harry answered nonchalantly.

"That's it!" The said 'greasy asshole', quickly drew his wand, but froze halfway as a knife stabbed into the bookcase behind him, an inch away from his face. With wide eyes, he turned to look at the boy still sitting innocently on the chair in front of him, smiling at him.

"Severus, I don't think my apprentices like it when you draw your wand against their master." Harry said, as he took a sip of his tea. He tilted his head towards the two forgotten women at the side of the room, Fleur with her wand glowing white and Nym, with another knife in her hand.

No one moved as the occupants stared each other down, except for the young wizard who was still drinking his tea, seemingly oblivious to what was happening around him.

"Severus, that's enough." Albus commanded. "Nympha –"

"Albus, finish that and she won't miss this time." Harry said smiling; his eyes closed sipping his tea.

The old wizard turned towards the beautiful brunette, who had her hand cocked back, ready to throw the knife she was holding at him, and flinched. "Ah yes, Ms. Tonks. I would appreciate it if we handle discussions among staffs through words and without weapons being thrown around." He laughed uncertainly.

"You know I don't like being called that." She said dangerously.

The headmaster nodded. "I somewhat recall something to that extent. Anyways, I think this meeting is over." He said trying to decrease the tension in the room. "Your room is prepared and is located beside the

DADA rooms. I'll see you in the morning. Good night."

Harry finished his cup and stood up. "Let's go girls." He said heading for the doors.

Fleur nodded, while Nym stayed glaring at the two men behind the desk. Harry and Fleur stood by the door waiting for her, "You're lucky Fleur just made me cum before I threw that knife or I wouldn't have missed." She said before walking towards the smirking duo and throwing the door closed.

The two men quickly glanced towards the couch and their eyes widened. The red, velvet couch was stained wet where the metamorphagus was sitting.

"Oh boy..." Dumbledore said blushing, as he recovered from his shock.

Japan's Department of Mysteries, Unspeakables Research Wing

"Director Fujiwara! You have to see this." A hooded man said who was in front of several monitor screens.

"What is it?" The famous Japanese wizard asked.

The man let the memory of Fleur, of Harry dueling Voldemort in a standstill, the night he almost died in Malfoy's manor. The Unspeakable paused the memory as a black mist started to form on Harry's forehead. "Sir, I can't be certain... but I believe that is a –"

"Horcrux..." Master Fujiwara finished.

"Yes sir." The man confirmed. "I'm fairly sure that the mist is a soul fragment."

The Unspeakable's Director stood motionless, staring at the mist. He

then suddenly turned black and seemed to melt through the floor, until fully disappearing, leaving behind an astonished agent.

Outskirts of Diagon Alley

Gabrielle and Grant have been following Violet Duex who was with a young girl, looks to be 14 years old and wearing a muggle cap, around Diagon Alley. They just walked in and were currently buying some potion ingredients from the apothecary.

"Athena, that's her personal bodyguard. We don't have that much information on her. All we know is that Violette handpicked her to be with her at all times. She's only 14, but she's as good as anyone in the business. Her name is Astoria." Gabby heard Master Jefferson through her earpiece. "Stay sharp, don't lose them.

Gabby confirmed the instructions and moved to the same aisle the duo were filling a bag with what looks to be, Stag-Horned beetle horns. She moved in closer, as she pretended to look at some glowing mushroom heads.

"... I don't trust LeStrange... Voldemort... attacks..." She heard bits of their conversation, but couldn't make any sense out of it. She moved in closer as she looked at the ingredients beside the pair. She grabbed a jar of orange feathers, pretending to look at it.

With her back towards the pair, she strained to hear the pair's conversation without causing suspicion, then all of a sudden...

CRASH

...

"... Whoever owns that thing is a genius. I mean the level of protection on it is better than some countries." Violet told the young girl holding the bag open, as she impatiently dropped more beetle

parts in. "That's enough". She said weighing the bag. "Oh yes, our new headquarters is under the fidelius, so I need to tell you the location." She leaned in to the girl's ears and whispered. "The new headquarters is located at –" She was interrupted by the sound of glass breaking behind her.

She quickly turned around, while the young girl beside her drew out a knife. They saw a woman with her back towards them and a little girl about 5 years old sitting on the floor, orange feathers and broken glass were scattered around her.

"Oh dear, are you alright." The woman whose back was facing them asked the little girl with tears brimming in her eyes.

"Yes. I'm sowwy I wasn't wookin where I was going." She said, drawing breaths.

"Put that away. It's just a little girl." Violet told the young girl beside her. "Let's go Astoria."

...

Gabrielle quickly turned around, "Shit!" She cursed as she found no one behind her. The little girl's parents found her and quickly apologized for their daughter. "It's alright." She said as she looked around. "I have to go." She said as she took out her wand and with a flick, fixed the jar with all the feathers in it, and floated back to the shelf. "See ya."

She quickly went through the aisles looking for her target. After searching the store for a while, she realized she lost them. "Fuck!" She said, frustrated. She pressed her earpiece, "I'm sorry Master Jefferson, I lost them." She said tiredly.

"Yes, I know. I'm currently in pursuit. They are heading towards Knockturn Alley. Meet me there." He answered through the ear

piece.

"Damn stores and their anti-apparition wards." She whispered as she quickly looked around and saw the backdoor was nearest to her. Rushing towards the exit, she did not see the set of eyes following her every movement.

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Defense Professor's quarters

Harry opened his eyes as he felt the right side of his body starting to get cold. He looked to his left and saw the beautiful face of his veela girlfriend. He looked at his right, expecting to see his equally as beautiful metamorphagus, but saw no one.

He gently sat up as to not disturb his bedmate's sleep and slowly got out of bed. He quickly put on a shirt and jeans before silently getting out of the room. He thought for a second, before coming to a decision and walking towards the staircase leading to the seventh floor.

With ease, Harry got through perfects doing rounds, the resident ghosts and even Filch and his cat Mrs. Norris. He then suddenly stopped in front of the tapestry where Barnabas the Barmy was dancing ballet with some trolls. He paced back and forth three times, muttering, until a door magically formed on the once blank wall.

He slowly opened the door and smiled as he walked in. In the room he found Nym, sitting on the grass, looking at the night sky. He slowly closed the door and sat behind her, pulling her towards his chest. She complied unresistingly and leaned on his chest.

"I didn't need to use the map, or our mind link to know you were here." He whispered in her ear.

She smiled and turned her head to look at his face. "I was just

thinking."

He gave her a peck on the lips as he held her tighter against him. "Thinking about what?" He asked.

"About us." She said, smiling. "Remember when I first met you?"

...

Harry ran aimlessly through the castle, his mind racing. He just got into another fight with his bestfriend Ron Wesley about the stupid tournament in the common room.

"Why won't the fucking idiot believe me when I say I didn't put my fucking name in that fucking cup!" He yelled to no one.

He stopped running as his strength left him, and started to take deep breaths. He closed his eyes and started to pace. "Let me think. I need a place to calm down and think." A series of clicking sounds made him turn around with his wand drawn, only to find no one, but an unassuming door.

Looking around and finding no one, he realized that he was by himself in the eerily quiet seventh floor. He checked his broken watch, it could only tell the hour as the minutes and seconds hand wasn't working, and found out that he was well past the curfew.

'How long have I been running around?' He asked himself. He was about to turn back when he heard the telltale purr of Mrs. Norris.

"Do you see anything Mrs. Norris?" The raspy voice of Argus Filch asked.

'Oh shit!' Harry yelled in his mind. He looked around and contemplated on hiding behind the weird tapestry of trolls in tutus, but thought better of it. He quickly yanked the door behind him open

and gently closed it as the footsteps of the caretaker were becoming louder.

He leaned his forehead against wooden door and sighed in relief. He heard a sob, which made him spin around and finally noticed to his amazement what the inside of the room looked like.

It looked exactly like the Hogwarts Lake. He quickly took off his shoes and socks, and walked towards shore. The fine, soft sand under his feet felt real. 'This can't be real.' He thought. He was pondering about the authenticity of what he's experiencing when...

BAM

He smacked face first to what felt like a wall. He rubbed his nose, as he pushed his hands in front of him. To his astonishment it felt like a wall. 'What is it?' He asked confused, because he can see the shore of the lake in front of it.

"You've reached the end of the room." A voice from behind him said.

He quickly turned around and saw someone sitting on the grass, 'the patch where Hermione, Ron and I would usually sit.' He thought bitterly. He cautiously walked towards the person, as he can't tell who he or she was, because the moonlight was blocked by clouds.

"You could put your wand away, I won't hurt you." The voice said, which Harry thought was feminine.

"Forgive me if I don't trust you. I've been in too much shit to just believe someone off the bat." He answered, his wand now in front of him.

"Good." The voice whispered.

The clouds finally moved past the moon, illuminating everything,

Including the person behind the voice, who turns out to be a girl. She had deep blue hair, her eyes were purple and puffy, head resting on her knees and the saddest expression he had ever seen on someone.

He quickly ran and knelt beside her. "Hey, are you alright?" He asked her.

"No..." She answered, a sob escaping her lips.

Harry noticed that she wasn't any girl he's ever seen around the school. 'Maybe she's from Beauxbaton or Durmstrang' He thought., as he noticed the uniform she's wearing. She turned her head, tears spilling from her eyes, and his breath caught. 'She painfully beautiful.'

Another sob escaped her lips, then she suddenly flung her arms around him and sobbed on the crook of his neck.

Harry, never having been in a situation like this, didn't know what to do. What he knew for sure, is that he doesn't like seeing this creature in tears. "Damn, I work fast. You're already giving me hugs, when I haven't even asked your name yet." He said jokingly.

She pulled back, and gave him a sad smile. "I'm sorry." She said. Harry didn't know if it was about, the hug or the crying. "I'm Nym-Tonks." She corrected.

He smiled at her, "Nymtonks, I'm Harry." He said, exposing his famous scar.

She smacked his arm, "Prat! It's just Tonks." She said scowling, making Harry laugh.

"I was joking." He said rubbing his arm. "Now, will you tell me why you're crying?" He asked.

Tonks looked at his eyes, debating her response. She then looked away from his intense gaze and whispered, "They found the body of my parents in a Death Eater hideout."

He gasped, "I'm so sorry." Harry said, hugging the girl tight.

"They disappeared last year... I became an auror to find them." She said against his chest. "I just graduated... top of the class... yay." She whispered harshly. "I knew that they had a very low chance of survival being who they were, but... I just wished..." She trailed off angrily swiping a lone tear on her cheek. "What good is being an auror if I can't even protect my own family's lives?" She growled out, clutching on his shirt, as fresh tears fell from her eyes.

He had no answer, so he just stayed silent, holding the broken auror.

"I'm useless... I've got nothing to live for." She whispered, breaking the silence. "Maybe I should just kill myself."

"Don't... Don't do it. What about the rest of your family? Your friends?" He demanded.

"I don't have any family left Harry. And I don't have real friends." She answered. "I'm an only child, and my mom was disowned by her family. My dad was a muggle and I've never met his side of the family... As for friends, I don't have any. I'm a metamorphagus Harry." She explained, changing her appearance to a blonde, blue-eyed bombshell.

"Wow. That's amazing." Harry whispered, now holding a beautiful blonde on his lap.

"Yeah... I can change my appearance into anyone. "And 'My friends' –" She spat out, " –would always ask me to change my appearance for their amusement. I was a toy to them and that's what I did, so I'd fit in." She sighed.

"Tonks, can I see the real you?" He asked uncertainly.

She smiled at him sadly, and transformed. Her hair changed to wavy, dark brown, her face became more aristocratic and her body got slimmer, while her height shrunk about two inches. Turning to look at the boy's face, she found him with his eyes wide and his mouth open. She flinched and was about to revert back, when she heard him whisper. "You're beautiful."

She quickly looked back, her cheeks burning. "Thank you." She said ducking her head. "At least, one person thinks so."

He frowned at that, "Only a blind person wouldn't think so."

"Thank you Harry." She said, looking down.

Harry quickly made up his mind. "Tonks, I want to be your friend." He said, grabbing both her hands. "I want to show you what real friendship is." He said with so much conviction, it brought tears to her eyes.

She smiled brilliantly through her tears and nodded her head. "You already are."

Harry wiped the tears on her cheeks with his thumb. "Ummm, Tonks? Can you please stand up? I can't feel my legs anymore." He said, starting to blush as he noticed the position they were in.

She smirked and wiggled her butt, before nodding. "Sure." She said, smiling as she felt something poking her thigh.

She sat beside him on the grass, while he stretched his legs. "So, Tonks... Will you tell me more about yourself?" He asked.

She leaned her head on his shoulder, "Alright." She said. "What do

you want to know?"

He thought about it, 'I don't want to bring anymore painful memories to her...' He pointed at her uniform. "So you're an auror?" He asked, receiving a nod, "What are you doing here?"

"Well, because of the international dignitaries here for the tournament, the DMLE Director assigned aurors in the castle to keep everything orderly." She answered. "I'm supposed to watch over the French dignitaries because I'm a girl, and there are some veelas in attendance." She answered.

They proceeded to talk about everything, skipping any discussion about their parents and the painful memories that entails. Harry noticed the similarities between her experiences and his. They were both loners growing up and that people have expected them to be someone else they weren't. He was supposed to be the great and might boy-who-lived, while she was asked to become someone else other than herself.

She yawned and Harry checked the time. It was already four in the morning and he noticed that she was having trouble keeping her eyes open. "You should go to sleep Tonks." He said.

She nodded and rested her head on his lap, surprising him. "Harry, you make a good pillow." She told him. She then looked up to his face, "Will you still be here when I wake up?" She asked tiredly.

He thought about it, "Yes Tonks, I will." He whispered, moving her splayed hair off her face. Silently thanking that the next day is a weekend.

"Good." She whispered before making herself more comfortable and drifting off to sleep.

...

"...And now, we're more than just friends." She said, kissing him sweetly on the lips.

"But you're still my bestfriend." He said after the kiss ended. "You and Fleur."

"Yes, and you're ours too." She responded.

They sat there silently, watching the realistic night sky that the room provided, enjoying each other's company.

"Nym, love. We have our first day of classes tomorrow. I think we should go and sleep." He said, to the girl in his arms.

The witch sighed, her eyes closing and nodded. "We should." She said getting up. "Are you ready for this?" She asked.

He gave her his crooked smile, "The question is, Are they ready for me?"

Number 12 Grimmauld Place

Narcissa was walking around the old Black home, remembering snippets of memories of herself, Beatrix and Sirius, playing as children. She stopped at the door of the room where the Ancient and Noble House of Black Tapestry was located. She smiled sadly at the blasted face of her cousin Sirius off the wall beside his brother, Regulus.

She traced the lines that led to her name, and frowned at her husband's name attached to hers. Her face darkened, as she glared at her son's face.

"I'll kill that bastard if I see him again..." She growled out as her body shook with anger. She felt a presence behind her and she quickly

drew her wand and fired a severing charm.

...

Remus dusted himself off as he emerged from the green flames of the fireplace. "Hello, Sirius." He greeted his friend's portrait.

"Oh, hey Remus! How was work?" The marauder asked.

Werewolf took off his coat and hung it on the rack. "It was long and tiring..." He answered, sighing as he did so. "...but no news have been released about Harry. Which is weird... maybe Hogwarts' rumor mill ain't what it used to be."

"Maybe..." The naked man contemplated, as he rubbed something behind the curtain covering his lower half. This made Remus flinch and grab a drink on the bar beside the room. "Hey, by the way... can I ask you for a favor?" He asked, and got a nod. "Dobby isn't here, and Kreacher, my house elf is dead. So, there's no food. Can you make some for Cissy? She hasn't eaten all day."

Remus looked at him smiling, "You guys have made peace with each other... that's good." He said, taking a sip of whiskey. "I'll go see what's in the fridge I could make." He said, before heading to the kitchen.

...

"Narcissa! It's me! Remus Lupin! Sirius' friend?" He yelled, after he ducked from an angry red spell heading right for his head. He quickly put his hands up, showing her he means no harm.

"Oh, I'm sorry Mr. Lupin!" She said, quickly sheathing her wand. "I was just worked up about something..." She tried to explain, looking at the tapestry on the wall.

"It's ok... I understand. I came looking for you to tell you, I've made food downstairs. If you're hungry, would you mind joining me for a meal?" He asked gently, as he extended his hand as an invitation.

She looked at his hand, then at his gentle, smiling face, then quickly at the floor. "Sure, Mr. Lupin." She answered shyly, as she placed her hand in his.

Somewhere in Knockturn Alley

Gabby crouched behind the man leading their operation, who's currently holding a pair of night-vision binoculars up to his eyes. "Master Jefferson whe-"

"Code names Athena." He gently reminded her, as he adjusted the magnification on the binoculars.

"But I don't like your code name. It makes me sound like a little bitch every time I say it." She whispered harshly.

This time Grant looked away from his binoculars and smirked at the beautiful girl behind him. "Then, I won't respond to you. Besides, you ARE a little bitch." He said, ruffling the veela's blonde hair. Who swatted his hand and gave him a death glare.

She continued to glare at him, even though he already looked away and went back to watching something in a small tavern, across the building they were occupying. After a couple of minutes, she sighed loudly and gave up. "Big Daddy, what is going on in the tavern?" She asked, scowling.

He leaned back and moved to whisper in her ear. "Nothing."

She looked at him dumbly, "Nothing? What the hell do you mean nothing?" She asked incredulously.

"Like I said, nothing. There's nothing going on in that tavern." He said pointing at the building across from them.

"So, why are we watching it then?" She asked, very confused.

"Oh, I was just testing this new binocular set. It's pretty cool." He said holding up the said item.

Gabby reeled back, "What the fuck? Where's Violette and her bodyguard Astoria?" She demanded.

"Those two? I lost them somewhere in the Alley. They're very good at evading." He said in a matter-of-fact kind of voice.

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Harry's currently eating breakfast at the staff table alone, on one side of the table, while Snape and Dumbledore sat on the other side. He was thinking of how smooth the week has been going for him and his 'Apprentices', well... as well as it can be. Dumbledore and Snape were still pestering him about his disappearance, the castle can't seem to decide whether they loved him or hated him and Moaning Myrtle was giving him the creeps. The way she keeps popping out of nowhere and just watch him...

Harry was brought out of his reverie when a copy of the Daily Prophet landed in front of him, and there was a photo of himself, taking up the entire front page. He quickly skimmed through the paper and realized that the entire thing seemed to be about him and his return to Hogwarts as a teacher. It also recapped his story as a child and how he became the-boy-who-lived, his conquests in Hogwart's, the tri-wizard tournament, his financial status and his political influence.

The newspaper was suddenly yanked from his grasp, and was quickly replaced by the week's Witch's Weekly.

"Everyone now knows that you're back in England." Nym said as she sat down beside him, eating toast.

"Oui, and according to this 'orrible magazine, you are the most eligible wizard in the whole world." Fleur said, smacking the said tabloid to emphasize her statement.

Harry scowled at the magazine as he quickly flipped through the pages and smirked as he put it down. "...but I'm not eligible." He whispered in Fleur's ear making her shiver in delight, and playfully smack him.

This by play hasn't gone unnoticed by everyone in the great hall, causing waves of jealousy to ripple through the student body for several different reasons. However, two redheads seem to be emitting the most amount of envy out of everyone in the hall.

'I should be the one flirting with the two sexiest witches in Hogwarts. I should be the most eligible bachelor in the world. I should be rich. I should be famous. I should be...' Kept repeating in Ron's head.

'I should be the one Harry's flirting with. I should be the sexiest witch in Hogwarts. I should be his wife. I would be rich. I would be famous. I would be...' Kept repeating in Ginny's head.

However, oblivious to the bad vibes around the room, Harry and his 'apprentices' kept on with their overly friendly banter. They've decided to stick to being as professional as they can be outside of their private room, which means to everyone in the castle they aren't dating... yet. Although, it isn't uncommon among Master and Apprentices to be 'friendly'.

They've decided to put an act, that if they were to start dating, it'll be during their time working in Hogwarts together.

"Great, this is just great." Harry said sarcastically.

"Don't worry, it's the last day of your first week. It's been going smoothly so far. Non?" Fleur said encouragingly.

"Yeah, but this day we teach the Gryffindor's fifth and sixth years for the first time." He explained.

Nym's eyes widened, "So, Ron and Ginny for the first time? Today?" She asked.

Outskirts of Knockturn Alley

"Athena, have you seen anyone from the list of targets yet?" Grant asked through his earpiece.

"Not yet Big Daddy." Gabby replied.

"I love it every time you say that." He said, laughing.

"Ugh, you disgusting old man." The young French veela said through her earpiece. "You and Sirius would probably been the best of friends."

Grant was about to retort when he spotted Violette and her young bodyguard. "Athena, I've spotted 'Mommy' and 'her daughter'. Location is in front of the illegal pet store, 'Pets R' Us' and heading west." He said and gave chase to the pair.

He shadowed the pair at a constant distance and stayed blended with the crowd to keep his position hidden from the witch and her bodyguard. "Big Daddy, I've spotted them. I'm commencing shadow stalking." He heard Gabrielle report.

He was about to reply when someone grabbed him and pulled him to a dark side alley. He was about to fight back when he recognized the

face of his 'attacker'.

"Grant, we need to talk." Master Fujiwara said with a hint of urgency.

"Gab-. I mean't Athena, I need to take care of something important. Continue with your course and update me constantly." He instructed through his earpiece before turning to his friend. "Fujiwara, what is it?"

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, DADA Classroom

The day is almost over and so far, it has been going well for Harry. They just finished with the sixth years and the class went good. It was mostly due to Ron ignoring him while the redhead focused his undivided attention on Harry's two teacher assistants.

'I could live with that.' Harry thought as he opened the doors and let the 5th year Gryffindors in the room.

...

Ginny flattened her robe as she anxiously waits, among her classmates, for the doors of the DADA room to open. She's been running the conversation that she wanted to have with Harry in her head, explaining how she didn't mean everything she said in the papers.

She was brought out of her musing when a bunch of her fellow Gryffindor girls headed towards the room, dressed like they were about to go clubbing. Their hairs were all done, faces with make-up on, and their robes were both tighter and shorter than usual.

'They're all trying to get Harry's attention? My Harry?' She laughed inwardly. 'Like they have a chance.' She thought as she tossed her hair aside.

Finally, the doors swung open, and standing there welcoming everyone was their DADA professor, Harry Potter. She went to the back of the line so she can have the most time to interact with him, as he shook hands and exchanged a few words with everyone who entered.

It was finally her turn, but without batting an eyelid, Harry turned around, left her hanging and stood in front of the class, intending to start with the lesson.

Ginny was stunned, her face taking on a dumb look, as she wasn't expecting 'Her Harry' to act that cold towards her. She snapped out of her trance when she noticed that everyone was staring at her and Nymphadora Tonks was smirking at her.

She quickly took her seat at the back of class, her face red with embarrassment.

...

Harry asked Nym and Fleur to go through attendance quickly, before introducing the curriculum of the year. He let Fleur and Nym show the spells they are learning this year as he went through the list, much to the delight of the class.

"Now that that is over, I have a surprise for you." He said, as he put down his class notes on his desk. "This year, you are learning how to duel." He smiled as everyone cheered and talked among themselves excitedly.

Ginny smiled, as she finally had a chance to impress 'her Harry'. "I already know how to duel." She said loudly from the back of the class. She smirked as everyone looked at her including Harry and her TA's. "Ron and I have been learning this summer."

"Really?" Harry asked, genuinely surprised that his ex-bestfriend would do something during the summer that doesn't include quidditch and eating.

She then smiled mockingly at Fleur. "Really. In fact, I wouldn't mind doing a demonstration for the class with the French tart over there."

"Weasley! Mind your tongue!" Harry yelled. "That's 10 points off Gryffindor for insulting a teacher."

"Teacher Assistant, SIR." She reminded him sarcastically, not taking her challenging look off the beautiful blonde in the room.

"That's another 10 points-"

"Harry!" Nym interrupted. "Let her show us what she's got."

Harry continued to glare at the redhead standing confidently at the back of the room as he talked with the girls in his mind.

'Arry, let me do it.' Fleur demanded.

Harry sighed, 'Fine, but please don't kill her. I don't want to get fired yet.' Harry conjured a dueling circle at the front of the class while Nym stood between the class and the platform. 'Remember, we have a mission here girls.'

"Well, Miss Weasley, show me what you got." The part veela said as she stepped in the dueling circle.

Ginny quickly went towards the front, twirling her wand confidently between her fingers. "You asked for it." She said as she stepped in the circle. 'I'll impress Harry by beating this bitch.' She thought as she moved across her opponent. 'I can easily beat Ron, so I can probably beat her too. She's only Harry's apprentice.'

"Duelers, do you know the rules?" Harry asked.

"Yes." Both answered.

"Good, I don't need to explain." He said. "Start whenever you're ready."

Fleur put her wand over her chest and bowed formally, but had to crouch to let an angry orange spell fly over her. "That's how you want to play?"

"He never said we had to bow." Ginny said superiorly as she fired another spell at her opponent. "Petrificus Totalus!" She yelled.

Fleur was reading all of Ginny's movements and was easily stepping aside her attacks. 'She's very, very slow, yells out her spells and makes huge movements with her wand. Amateur...' She thought, as she tilted her head back to let another very weak spell whiz past her.

Harry had to conjure see-through walls around the platform to protect the room and its occupants from stray spells. 'Fleur, can you start fighting back? Class is almost done.' Harry reminder her through their mind link.

Ginny laughed, "What bitch? You can't fight back? Are you too scared?" she taunted as took in deep breaths. "You see this Harry? I'm better than your apprentice. Maybe you should take me as an apprentice instead of this French slut."

"Weasley! That's another 20 points for your language." Harry yelled seething. "Besides, you shouldn't be looking at me. You're still in a duel."

As soon as he said that, Ginny turned to her opponent only to receive a backhanded slap across her face that sent her sprawling on the floor. 'God, that felt good.' Fleur thought.

"You bitch!" The redhead shouted, as she wiped her bleeding lip with the back of her hand. "How dare you hit someone... in a duel? What are you? A- a mudblood?" She asked, making some students scowl.

"He didn't say you can't." Fleur said smugly, pointing at Harry who was standing beside his other TA. "Get up and stop whining, little girl." She taunted, emphasizing on the 'little' part.

"Fuck you!" Ginny spat. "I'll kill you!" She yelled, as her wand glowed green. "Harry is mine!"

"Ginny..." Harry warned stepping towards the enclosed platform, to undo the conjured walls.

Seeing her opponent's wand tip glow green, Fleur brandished her wand. She was about to shoot a severing charm at the delusional girl's hand to stop the curse, when the said girl suddenly dropped on the floor.

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Ginny Weasley, suddenly collapsed, faced down on the floor, surprising everyone.

"Magical Exhaustion?" Harry asked as he stood beside the equally perplexed veela.

"Maybe." She answered as she cautiously approached the girl ready to stun her if anything. She turned the girl over and started laughing.

There, in the middle of the redhead's face, was an imprint of a small tree. Harry looked over the laughing girl's shoulder and started laughing as well. He turned towards the metamorphagus smirking on the side and laughed even louder.

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The whole class was confused, they were all certain that their fellow Gryffindor, was about to cast an unforgivable curse at one of their teachers, before she suddenly collapsed. And now, the said teachers, are laughing hysterically. "They've gone bonkers." One of the students whispered, and everyone agreed. Until they heard Harry yell, "Good job miss Tonks!" as he wiped the tears from his eyes. This made everyone turn to the pink haired woman standing on the side smiling.

"Who said Timberlands aren't sensible footwear?" Tonks asked out loud before laughing.

The students just had enough time to notice that one of her boots were missing before a chime went off throughout Hogwarts, signaling the end of class.

Japan's Department of Mysteries, Unspeakables Research Wing

Mistress Sofie appeared in the middle of an argument between two of her friends.

"...Fujiwara you're basing your statements on assumptions!" Grant yelled.

"Grant! You saw the memory! It is the only logical explanation!" The Japanese hero yelled back.

"Grant Jefferson! Yoko Fujiwara! What is going on here?" The French woman demanded.

Both men quickly turned towards her and looked down. Grant sighed, "It's about Voldemort."

"What about him?" She asked.

"Fujiwara, believes he knows why Voldemort doesn't die." He answered.

"Horcrux." Master Fujiwara said, as Sofie looked at him.

"Horcrux?" She asked. "Well they've encountered those before, especially Fleur. I trained her how to destroy one."

"The thing is, he thinks Voldemort didn't only make one." Master Jefferson said grimly.

"More than one?" asked the shocked woman. "Is that even possible."

"Yes." Both men answered.

Sofie's face hardenend, "How many?" she asked.

"Probably more than 3." Fujiwara replied. "And... Harry was one of them."

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Great Hall

Harry and his ladies walked in the great hall, heading to the staff table before dinner started. They were almost to their destination when they were stopped.

"Potter!" Someone yelled.

"That's professor Potter to you Weasley!" The transfiguration professor corrected. "That's 10 points from Gryffindor.

Harry smiled at the stern woman before turning towards his ex-bestfriend, along with everyone in the silent hall.

"You sent my sister to the Hospital wing you bastard!" Ron yelled.

"Actually that was me." Nym said happily.

"I was the one dueling with her. Harry had nothing to do with it." Fleur added.

These two statements made Ron pause for a second, as he looked at the two beautiful women in front of him. However, his anger got impatient and didn't wait for his brain to process what they both said and continued his rant.

"How dare you! After what my family has done for you?" He asked.
"Just because you're rich and famous, doesn't mean you can do as you please asshole!"

"Mr. Weasley!" Dumbledore warned.

Harry pinched his nose, trying to slow the oncoming headache. "Ron, your sister participated in a mock duel against Fleur Delacour, got mad and almost performed a lethal spell against a member of the Hogwarts staff. If it wasn't for Miss Tonk's quick actions, somebody could've gotten hurt, and your sister expelled and maybe imprisoned without even finishing the first week of her fifth year." He explained.

Harry watched Ron's face trying to anticipate what he would do, but whatever Harry was expecting, he wasn't prepared for what happened next. Ron's face turned red, "How dare you threaten to expel and imprison my sister!" He yelled and took out his wand. His wand turned bright red before he was flung against the hall's wall.

Everyone gasped including Harry, Fleur and Nym as they saw a small creature dressed in a pinstriped suit with a matching hat, holding the stunned redhead against the wall. The creature took out a revolver from the inside pocket of his suit, the Potter crest on its breast, and pointed the gun right under the boy's chin.

"You shall not hurt the Great Harry Potter!" The creature yelled, cocking his gun.

The stunned silence in the Hall was broken by the said raven-haired wizard asking, "Dobby?"

A/N: Timberlands are a brand of boots and their logo is small tree =P

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